VOGUE

JUNE $3.00

LESS EFFORT MORE STYLE

SUMMER'S SEXIEST LOOKS

BEACHPROOF BEAUTY

THE VOGUE 100

MEN AND FANTASY: THE NAKED TRUTH

06
37132
0 751164 6

Cause

The Ford Probe GT creates an unforgettable effect wherever it meets the road. An effect caused by engineering that integrates driver and machine on the open road.

An effect that caused *Car and Driver* to name the Probe GT one of their 10 best cars for 1989.

Intercooled Turbocharger.

In an instant, the Probe GT's 145 horsepower intercooled turbocharged engine delivers the kind of power that has instantly made it a favorite among driving enthusiasts.

Driver Adjustable Suspension.

Its sport-tuned Driver Adjustable Suspension brings new meaning to the word responsive, allowing Probe GT to respond to the ever-changing condition of the road.

Specifications:

Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price: $14,077*

Wheelbase (in.): 99.0
Length/Width (in.): 177/68.5
Curb Weight (lb.): 2870

Powertrain: Intercooled, turbocharged, electronically fuel-injected 2.2L SOHC, 4-cylinder, 12-valve engine. 145 horsepower @ 4300 rpm, 190 lb. ft. torque @ 3500 rpm. Front-drive, 5-speed manual transmission.

Suspension: 4-wheel independent, anti-sway bars front/rear.

Brakes: 4-wheel disc brakes, optional ABS available.

Tires: P195/60 VR 15"

EPA est. MPG: 21/27 (city/hwy.)

*Price excludes title, tax, destination charges, and optional equipment. Prices higher in New York.

Speed-Sensitive Steering.

The computer controlled power steering system automatically adjusts to your speed, giving you virtually effortless steering when parking, and crisp steering at speed.

Anti-Lock Braking System.

With power you need control, and Probe GT's available Anti-Lock Braking System (ABS) helps you stop with authority.

Adjustable Instrument Cluster.

Designed with performance driving in mind, Probe GT's instrument pod tilts in tandem with the steering wheel for an unobstructed view of the gauges at any angle.

Compact Disc Player.

Choose the AM/FM stereo radio/cassette and optional compact disc player, and you get some of the most dynamic sound on wheels.

Transferable 6/60 Powertrain Warranty.

Covers you and future owners, with no transfer cost, on major powertrain components for 6 years/60,000 miles. Restrictions and deductible apply. Ask to see this limited warranty at your Ford Dealer.

Buckle up–together we can save lives.

Effect

Ford Probe GT

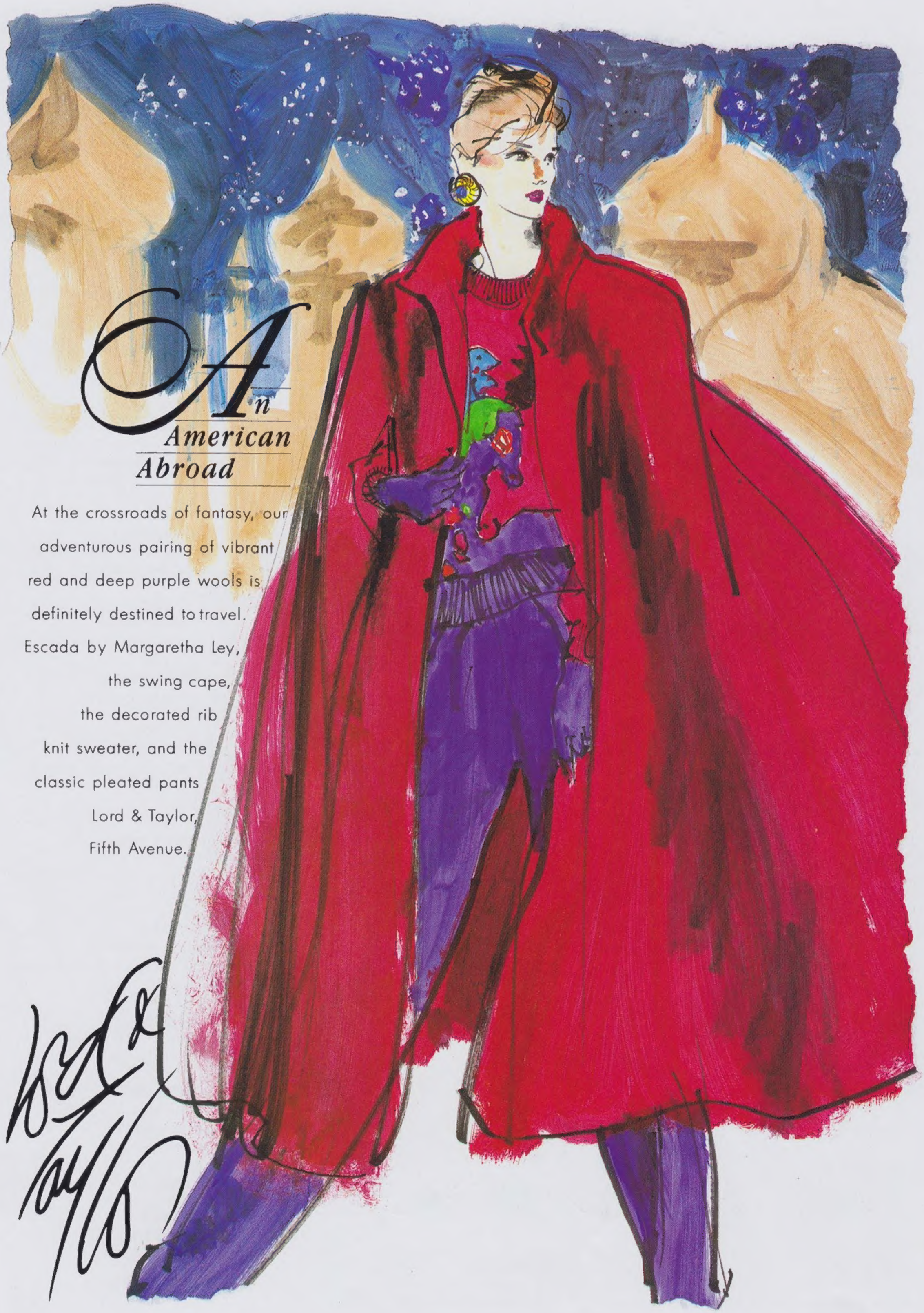
Have you driven a Ford...lately?

Ford

Donna Karan's earthen wear. Sculpted of washed silk, in bleached terra cotta and copper. Blazer; 395.00. Bodysuit; 145.00. Reversible scarf skirt; 325.00.

In Collectors. Washington/Oregon/California/Utah/Virginia

nordstrom



An American Abroad

At the crossroads of fantasy, our adventurous pairing of vibrant red and deep purple wools is definitely destined to travel. Escada by Margaretha Ley, the swing cape, the decorated rib knit sweater, and the classic pleated pants Lord & Taylor, Fifth Avenue.

VOGUE

JUNE

White heat: the coolest Gottex blouse, Isaia NYC bikini bottom, page 188

FASHION

52
Overseen and overheard
By Page Hill Starzinger

59–80
Vogue's view
Antifashion fashion . . . Dodie Kazanjian on Michael Kors . . . Stephanie Mansfield talks to actress Winona Ryder . . . Dance dresses

86
Elements
Designers launch a naval campaign with crisp marine accessories

187
Point of view

188
White heat
Swimwear goes glamorous

198
Water colors
Shades of blue surface in jewelry, sarongs, swimsuits

212
Mucho más: Miami moderne
A hot-weather fashion portfolio photographed by Bruce Weber

256
Neutral territory
Designers choose a new range of desert colors

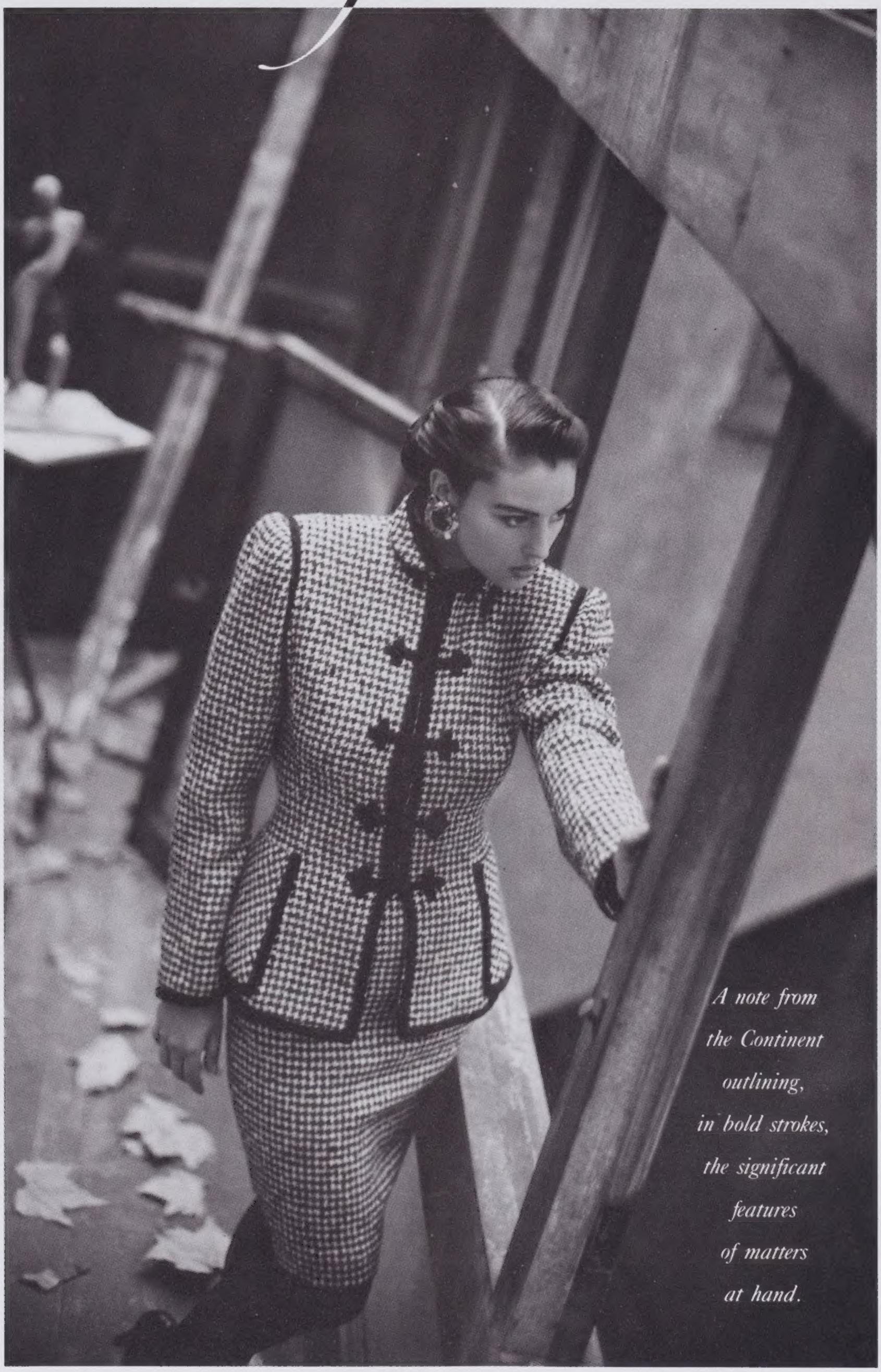
262
The Vogue 100
Women who define personal style, with an introduction by Cynthia Heimel

271–286
Talking . . .
Band-Aid dressing . . . Paparazzi profiles by Beauregard Houston-Montgomery . . . Josephine Baker . . . Parties . . . Society stand-ins by Billy Norwich

282
In this issue
Details, prices, stores, more . . .

▶ 8

BOULEVARD *four*



Emanuel Ungaro, a preview of Fall. Black and white houndstooth wool suit with braid trim and frog closing. On Boulevard Four, New York. Also White Flint, Chestnut Hill and North Michigan.

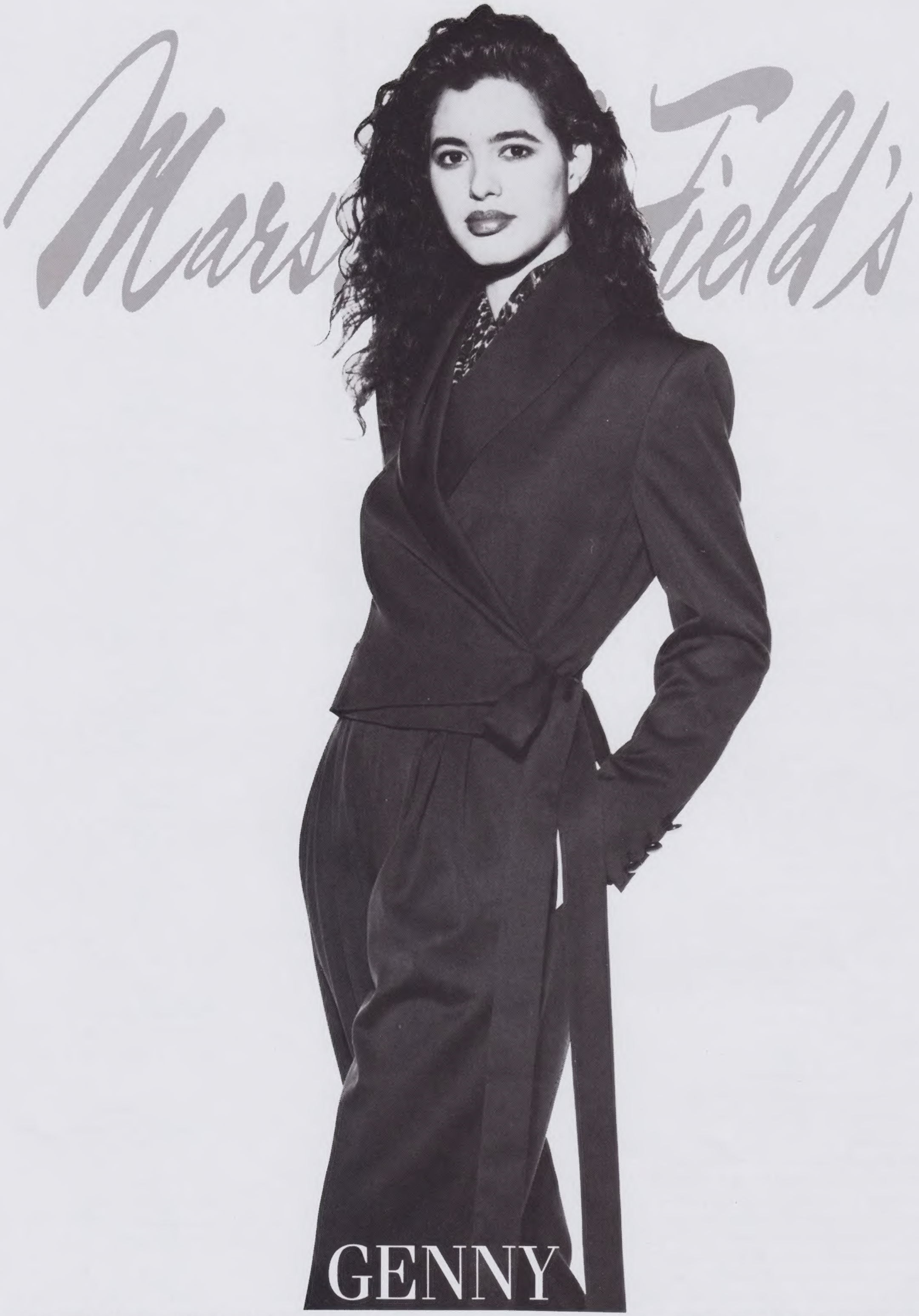
bloomingdale's

The Tiffany Tesoro

Tiffany & Co. introduces the definitive sports watch. In eighteen karat gold
or stainless steel and eighteen karat gold.
Also available at selected fine stores. Please call 800-346-3455.

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK LONDON MUNICH ZURICH HONG KONG
SAN FRANCISCO BEVERLY HILLS COSTA MESA DALLAS HOUSTON CHICAGO ATLANTA BOSTON



A SUBTLE ASIDE FROM ITALY. GENNY CROSSES OVER THE CONTINENT WITH A SLICE OF SOFT SUITING: SHAPE WITH A TIED SIDE EDGE. ROLL OUT THE RED CARPET FOR THIS SIDE SHOW SOON TO SWEEP THE NATION. GABARDINE SHORT JACKET, 675.00. LEOPARD PRINT, DRAPE-NECK JERSEY TOP, 530.00. GABARDINE HIGH-WAIST PANT, 365.00. IN OLIVE, SUMMER'S MOST WORSHIPPED SHADE. ALL, SIZES 4 TO 14. DESIGNER COLLECTIONS, SIXTH FLOOR, STATE STREET, WATER TOWER, OLD ORCHARD, HOUSTON GALLERIA AND SAN ANTONIO. **LET US DO THE SHOPPING FOR YOU!** FOR MORE INFORMATION ON THIS COMPLETELY COMPLIMENTARY SERVICE CALL 1-800-444-2882.

VOGUE

BEAUTY & HEALTH

91–114
Images
Jody Shields on the history of tanning...
William Geist on men's grooming...
Summer-care news...Beauty best-sellers
Beauty answers...Hair answers

116–122
Fitness
Rating exercise: the best workout depends on a woman's fitness goals. By Lori Miller Kase
Sporty gear: today's fitness accessories combine state-of-the-art design with an eye for style. By Pamela Kaufman

150
Health
Tropical-oil wars: the use of palm and coconut oils in America's food has spurred a debate that is as much about politics as it is about health. By Lori Miller Kase

198
Water colors
Waterproof makeup has come a long way since Esther Williams. By Shirley Lord

204
Sun—the new wisdom
Some sun may be better than no sun.
By William Bennett, M.D.

250
The politics of abortion
Right-to-lifers extend their reach into other reproductive issues.
By Peggy Orenstein

252
Second skin
Body-hugging actionwear starts a fitness-fashion trend. By Dorothy Schefer

COVER LOOK Summer style at its simplest—on model Estelle Lefebure. Ralph Lauren Swimwear's cotton terry robe goes to the beach or out on cool evenings. Makeup is equally versatile: Two Brush Mascara in Black/Brown, and Clear Gloss on lips, both from Elizabeth Arden. Hair by Julien d'Is, Paris; makeup by Stéphane Marais for L'Agence Bruno, Paris. Fashion Editor: Carlyne Cerf de Dudzeele. Photographer: Peter Lindbergh. Details, last pages.

A lasting concern with color: Helen Frankenthaler's *With Violet*, 1988, page 242

FEATURES

18, 22
Masthead

32, 38
Contributors

127
People are talking about...
Star power...Spandex...Talking heads...more. By Julia Reed

128–130
Movies
Michael Keaton is the new Batman.
By Graydon Carter
Movies in brief

134
Music
Karyn White: pop's latest diva. By John Leland

136
Books
Amy Wilentz creates a portrait of modern Haiti. By John Seabrook

140
Art
Glenn Weiss: architecture's maverick thinker.
By Nancy Princenthal

144
Politics
Fred Barnes looks at the short list of Republican women deemed qualified for Washington's big jobs

146
Horoscope
By Michael Lutin

162
Driving
Mary Schmich talks to Lyn St. James—at 100 mph...Racing-school roundup

164–172
Travel
Bali: beyond the beaches. By Tad Friend
True West ranch vacations. By Amy Dana
Travel news. By Richard Alleman

174–180
Food
Eating between courses: sorbets.
By Jeffrey Steingarten
Food notes

182
Living
Severin Wunderman's Jean Cocteau obsession.
By Rachel Urquhart

232
The real thing
Jimmy Stewart talks to Bart Bull about his long and wonderful life

238
Altered egos
'29, '59, '89: cycles of the American male identity

240
The naked truth
James Truman explains why men's tastes change while their fantasies endure

242
Living color
Helen Frankenthaler has held to her vision for three turbulent decades. By Carter Ratcliff

Courtesy André Emmerich Gallery

Louis Vuitton. Paris.

LV Negresco, by Louis Vuitton. For those who are seduced by travel. Created in black Cuir Epi, and lined with green cross-grained calfskin, they exude the savoir-faire of Louis Vuitton.

Louis Vuitton luggage and accessories are sold only in the exclusive Louis Vuitton stores in Paris and the other great cities of the world.

LOUIS VUITTON
MALLETIER A PARIS

MAISON FONDÉE EN 1854

The art of travel.

Photo Jean Larivière. Louis Vuitton®. Comité Colbert.

Fidelio
collection

Triumph In Dignity And Styling.
Stunning Swiss Handcrafted.
Masterpiece 18 K Goldplated.
Expansion Clasp.
Water Resistant To 90 ft.
Quartz Accurate To Within 60 Seconds A Year.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

RW
RAYMOND WEIL
GENEVE

© Louis Cuneo

For a brochure write to: Raymond Weil, Dept. AD, 587 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10017

PERRY ELLIS SHOES

REVLON

Anti-Aging Firmagel™

Now, there's no excuse to look your age. Introducing Revlon's Anti-Aging Firmagel™ Moisturizer with Sunscreen. This extraordinary breakthrough ***visually firms your skin.*** *In fact, in consumer testing 73% of the women who used it said their skin looked noticeably firmer. What's more, after just one week of use there was a dramatic decrease in dryness and the look of lines and a significant improvement in their skin's overall texture and appearance. Better yet, our sunscreen may even help prevent premature aging of the skin caused by overexposure to the sun.*

So discover this unique product and recover your skin's moisture, radiance and lustre. If you find all this hard to believe—we urge you to try this product. After all, seeing is believing.

DISCOVER.

© 1989 Revlon, Inc

RECOVER.

© 1989 Estée Lauder, Inc.

Compact.

Impact.

Now, Estée Lauder's Signature Collection Compact. With a remarkable array of eyeshadows, blushers and pressed and loose face powders to carry off—all formulated with Bioplex™, an exclusive complex of natural protectors that soothes and hydrates your skin with natural moisturizers, anti-oxidants and anti-irritants.

Here, a selection of our high-impact eyeshadows—with colors so impressive, you might be tempted to collect them all.

ESTĒE
LAUDER

NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS

GapKids

We made GapKids
part of the Gap about
three years ago.
And since then,
kids' clothes with a
sense of fun and style
have been a lot
easier to find.
GapKids. Radically
sensible clothes.

Our Tipped Cardigan
$29, Knit Collar
Chambray Shirt $18,
Plaid Pants $24, are
pure cotton. All with
great kid cool and real
grown-up quality.

Dick Nystrom © The Gap 1989

THE NEW FRAGRANCE FOR MEN

YVES SAINT LAURENT

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE • NEIMAN MARCUS • I. MAGNIN

VOGUE

ANNA WINTOUR
Editor in Chief

Fashion Directors CARLYNE CERF de DUDZEELE, GRACE CODDINGTON, POLLY ALLEN MELLEN Creative Director ANDRÉ LEON TALLEY
Managing Editor PRISCILLA FLOOD
Art Director DEREK UNGLESS Executive Fashion Editor PHYLLIS POSNICK Features Editor JAMES TRUMAN
Associate Editor GABÉ DOPPELT

Fashion

Senior Editors JENNY CAPITAIN, ELIZABETH SALTZMAN DUBIN, GAIL PINCUS, ELISABETH TRETTER
Accessories Editor CANDY PRATTS PRICE Style Editor LAURIE SCHECHTER
Fashion Features Editor LESLEY JANE NONKIN Fashion Copy Editor PAGE HILL STARZINGER
Bookings Editor PRESTON WESTENBURG Fashion Associate ANA LUISA BEHRENS (Shoes)
Assistants SUSANNA BILLINGSLEY, SUSAN CANNON, INGE FONTEYNE, LAURIE JAMES (Copy), EVYAN METZNER, DAVID PASCAL PEÑA, KATE REARDON, VIRGINIA SMITH, TRACY SCANLON, TONJUA TWIST

Paris Bureau Chief SUSAN TRAIN Paris Editor LYSSA HORN Coordinator FIONA DaRIN
West Coast LISA NORRIS EISNER

Beauty and Health

Beauty Director SHIRLEY LORD Health & Fitness Director DOROTHY SCHEFER
Health Associate LORI MILLER KASE Assistant PAMELA KAUFMAN
Beauty Associate COLLEEN SULLIVAN Assistant ELIZABETH BROUS

Features

Senior Editors MICHAEL BOODRO, JULIA REED
Travel Editor RICHARD ALLEMAN
Features Associates AMY DANA, MARIN GAZZANIGA, JEFFREY SHERMAN
Features Assistants PATRICIA PARKER, ELLEN SILBERMAN
Bookings Editor MAGGIE BUCKLEY Travel Coordinator DESPINA MESSINESI

Art

Design Directors RAÚL MARTINEZ, LAURENCE VÉTU-KANE
Designers NOËL CLARO, SALVATORE KERNAGHAN, KAREN SPIAK
Features Photo Editor KATHERINE SCHLESINGER Associate SUZANNE BARTH
Design Associate EDMUND WINFIELD Assistant LINA MAK
Assistant to the Art Director MARK GRISCHKE

Production Manager CHARLOTTE BARNARD Associate JENNIFER HAMILTON ASH
Art Production Manager PAUL KRAMER Associate AMY VAN BERGEN
Copy Production Chief MARJORIE HOLT Copy Production Editor LAURIE DRAKE
Associate CATHEE CRAIN Assistant PAMELA MADDEN
Research Editor PHYLLIS RIFIELD Associate MARTHA PICKERILL Assistant LISA SANDERS
Reader Information SHIRLEY CONNELL
Editorial Administrative Assistants KAREN BRESSLER, KERRIE GRIFFIN
Assistant to the Editor in Chief ANNE ALEXANDER

Contributing Editors ANNE BASS, JOAN JULIET BUCK, GRAYDON CARTER, ELEANORE PHILLIPS COLT, KATHRYNE HAYS, CYNTHIA HEIMEL, GEORGINA HOWELL, DODIE KAZANJIAN, ANNE McNALLY, PATRICIA DUFF MEDAVOY, JED PERL, BEATRICE VON REZZORI, BARBARA ROSE, JODY SHIELDS, EDMUND WHITE
Consulting Editor DIANA VREELAND
Editorial Business Manager WILLIAM P. RAYNER Associate Business Manager LINDA RICE

Editorial Advisor LEO LERMAN
Associate Editorial Director ROCHELLE UDELL

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN
Editorial Director

© 1987 Clinique Laboratories, Inc

CLINIQUE supermascara

Available at these and other fine eyewear Professionals:

Dr. C.D. Denney and Associates
Dothan, AL 205-793-2633

The Hour Glass
Tallahassee, FL 904-877-4687

America's Best Contacts and Eyeglasses
Check Local Listings

Vision Associates
Havre De Grace, MD (main office) 301-939-2200

Heritage Optical
Millender Center, Detroit, MI 313-965-2740

Dr.'s Eye Care Center
Burlington, NJ 609-387-3800

Visualeyes
Asheboro, NC 919-626-3937

Eye Care Superoptics
Durham, NC 919-286-7732

Buckeye Optical
Columbus, OH 614-846-6166

Outervisions Eyewear
Salem, OR 503-362-8252

Dr. Allen Soffer
Optimall, Norristown, PA 215-279-0431

Lor-Ron Optical
Wyomissing, PA 215-372-2821

For information and FREE brochure, call Ellen at 1-800-234-TURA. In Canada, call 1-800-448-8789, ext. 250.

© 1989 TURA

COUTURE COLOR

ALLURING APPAREL FOR LIPS AND NAILS

© 1988 Yves Saint Laurent Parfums Corp.

YVES SAINT LAURENT

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE • NEIMAN MARCUS • I. MAGNIN

VOGUE

VERNE WESTERBERG
Publisher
BARBARA McKIBBIN Executive Editor NORMAN WATERMAN Associate Publisher

Advertising

Director NANCY LEWINTER
Manager DIANE M. WICHARD Retail Director WENDY TALBOT
Beauty Manager DIANNE WALLACE Beauty Marketing Manager MIKE GREENBERGER
Fashion Manager KIP HERRICK Fashion MARIANNE BUCHANAN
Furs and Fashion SUSAN SCHWARTZMAN Accessories ANNE BALABAN
Health/Fitness Manager LYNNE DOMINICK
Shoe Manager KAY CAVENER Travel and Beverage Manager SCOTT FORD
Marketing Manager ANITA SAVITT
Public Relations Director SUZANNE EAGLE

Merchandising

Director DIANE HARRELL
Project Director ELIZABETH GROVES Editor KELLY BEVAN Southwest Editor BEVERLY PURCELL
Coordinator LAURA M. KECHEJIAN Services ROBIN McCOWN MUMFORD
Store Credits DOLLY MORTON Associates JEANNE WERTHEIMER, LISA KINGSTON, LAURA SCHOLES
Fashion Marketing Editor LAURINDA FINELLI Coordinator JULIE KELLY

Promotion

Director LYNDA GREENBLATT
Art Director MARCIA WEINBERG Senior Designer MARC BENHAMOU
Writer LISA McCOMSEY
Production Director DAMIAN CARLINO Manager MARY SIRI

Branch Offices

Midwest JOHN KELLY, Manager, 875 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago IL 60611
Detroit PEGGY DAITCH, Manager, 3250 West Big Beaver Road, Troy MI 48084
West Coast JOHN P. DEMOREST, Manager, 9100 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills CA 90212
CHRISTINE MATHEWS, Manager, 50 Francisco Street, San Francisco CA 94133
New England ELMO ECKER, 350 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10017
Southeast MILLER & TILLMAN, Reps., 4651 Roswell Rd., N.E., Suite 201-C, Atlanta GA 30342
Southwest BEVERLY JAMESON, Metro Southwest, 3988 N. Central, Dallas TX 75204
Florida & Caribbean DAVID RUBIN, DBR Associates, 454 Alamanda Drive, Hallandale FL 33009
Hawaii PAMELA HOEY & Associates, 4218 Waialai Ave., Suite 204, Honolulu, HI 96816
Canada VICTOR W. BROWN & Associates Inc., 15 Zorra Street, Toronto, Ont., Can., M8Z4Z6

Europe

GARDNER BELLANGER, Associate Publisher for Europe
ISABELLE CLEMENCEAU, Account Executive, France
284 Boulevard Saint-Germain, 75007 Paris
SYLVIE McKENZIE, Account Executive, United Kingdom and Spain
19 S. Audley Street, London W1Y 5DN
MARVA GRIFFIN, Account Executive, Italy
Viale Montello, 14, 20154 Milan

BRITISH VOGUE Vogue House, Hanover Square, London, WIR OAD
FRENCH VOGUE 4 Place du Palais-Bourbon, 75007 Paris
GERMAN VOGUE 44 Leopoldstrasse, 8000 München 40
ITALIAN VOGUE Piazza Castello 27, 20121 Milan
SPANISH VOGUE Serrano 3, 28001 Madrid
VOGUE AUSTRALIA is published by Bernard Leser Publications Pty. Ltd.
BRAZILIAN VOGUE is published by Carta Editorial Ltda.
MEXICAN VOGUE is published by Carta Editorial de Mexico

VOGUE is published by The Condé Nast Publications Inc.,
Condé Nast Building, 350 Madison Avenue, New York NY 10017
Chairman S.I. NEWHOUSE, JR. Deputy Chairman DANIEL SALEM President BERNARD H. LESER
Executive Vice Presidents JOHN B. BRUNELLE, JOSEPH L. FUCHS
Vice President–Corporate Resources FRED C. THORMANN Vice President VERNE WESTERBERG
Vice President–Treasurer ERIC C. ANDERSON Vice President–Secretary PAMELA M. VAN ZANDT
Vice President Circulation PETER ARMOUR
Vice President Manufacturing and Distribution IRVING HERSCHBEIN
Vice President Condé Nast Package NEIL JACOBS
Corporate Marketing Director ECKART L. GÜTHE

Lenox.

Because art is never an extravagance.

Lenox China and Crystal

Send $3.00 for color brochures. Lenox, Lawrenceville, N.J. 08648

For further information call 1-800-635-3669. © Lenox 1989

BEVERLY HILLS ■ NEWPORT BEACH ■ SAN FRANCISCO ■ PHOENIX ■ BEVERLY CENTER ■ LAS VEGAS ■ PALM DESERT ■ CENTURY CITY ■ HONOLULU
SCOTTSDALE ■ PALO ALTO ■ WOODLAND HILLS ■ SAN DIEGO ■ CORTE MADERA ■ REDONDO BEACH ■ BAL HARBOUR ■ BRENTWOOD GARDENS

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE • NEIMAN MARCUS • I. MAGNIN

YVES SAINT LAURENT

1989 Yves Saint Laurent Parfums Corp.

JUST WHAT YOU NEED

Never more. Never less. Our Body Rinse gives your skin exactly the amount of moisture it needs.

Simply apply while bathing or showering, when the skin is most receptive to retaining moisture. Body Rinse is a cream that conditions, then seals moisture in. Encouraging your skin to take care of itself.

Just as nature intended.

For your nearest store, please call 1-800-624-5211; in CT: 928-0577. (In Canada: Dept. VG6, 1010 Adelaide St. So., London, Ont. N6E 1R6)

CRABTREE & EVELYN

Christian
Dior

STOP DAMAGING YOUR SKIN.

IMMUNAGE UV DEFENSE CREAM

You're looking at the most ambitious moisturizer we've ever created in defense of your skin. It has a dermatologist-recommended SPF 15 to help block UV rays that weaken skin's support structure and devastate surface skin. Plus a superior, creamy rich moisturizing formula that leaves skin looking soft, luminous and ready for makeup.

Immunage, it's the beginning of environmental protection for skin.

©1989 Elizabeth Arden, Inc. Sunglasses: Morgenthal-Frederics.

ELIZABETH ARDEN

bloomingdale's

Christian
Dior

DECLEOR

PARIS

AROMATHERAPY AND PHYTOTHERAPY
SKIN CARE PRODUCTS FOR FACE AND BODY
A FUNDAMENTAL APPROACH TO BEAUTY

DECLEOR · 9 E PUTNAM AVE · GREENWICH · CONNECTICUT 06830 TEL: 1 (800) 722-2219

SUN CONSEIL PARIS

Christian
Dior

SECTOR ADVENTURE WATCH. 7:22 A.M.

A school of fish overhead.
A Great White below.
Definitely time to leave.

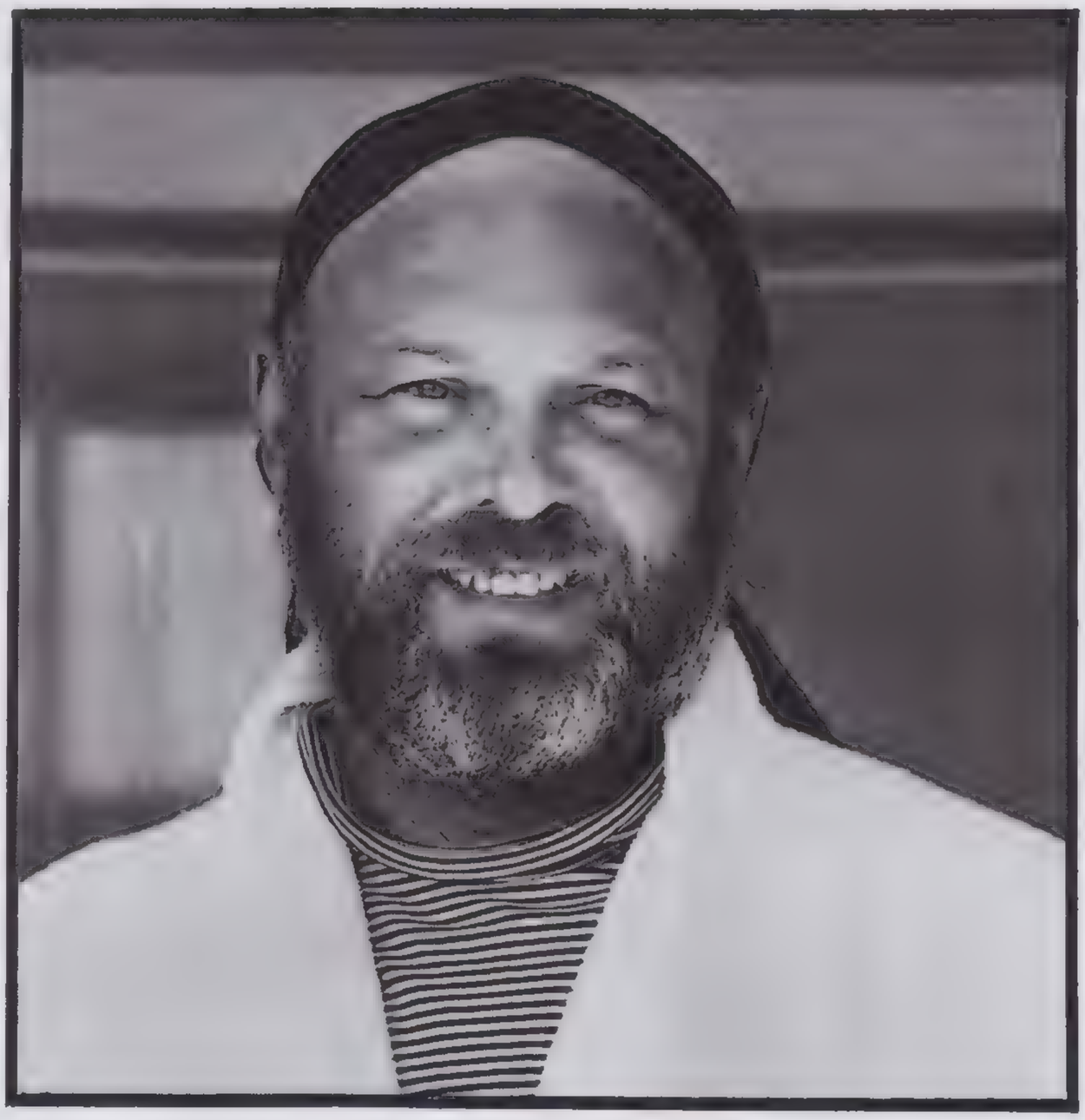
KENIG, New York
PEPI FINE JEWELRY, Beverly Hills

SECTOR ADVENTURE®

ARTIME USA (213) 215-9933

CONTRIBUTORS

VOGUE



Bruce Weber

Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, and a robbery inspired Bruce Weber's photo essay, "Mucho Más," in this issue. "I was staying in Liz and Dick's former home in Puerto Vallarta, and I was robbed at gunpoint," he remembers. It was 6:00 A.M., and in the dawn light he was struck by images of the former owners: "Liz in a bathing suit, surrounded by wild colors, with Richard Burton lounging about, all drenched in sunlight. I could feel their passion. They were like ghosts in the house." He re-created that vision in the Miami penthouse of his friend and art dealer Robert Miller, because "it looks like an old surfer lives there."

Weber has just exhibited at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London, released his Academy Award–nominated film *Let's Get Lost* about jazz great Chet Baker, and supervised a volume of more than 120 of his black-and-white photographs, to be published by Knopf in September. What's next? "I like not knowing what will happen," says the man who has created the memorable, and sometimes controversial, images for both Calvin Klein's and Ralph Lauren's ad campaigns. "You may plan to do strong black-and-white portraits and end up entranced by a girl in a bright yellow robe with hot-pink shoes. What's great about being a photographer is it constantly changes the way you see things. You're young forever."

CONTRIBUTORS ▶ 38

NAN BUSH

The ultimate protection for beautiful skin.

CONQUÊTE du SOLEIL

From Lancome, Paris...
serious sun care. Because today,
no skin is safe from the
damaging effects of the sun.

It conquers the sun.
Exclusive French formulas with sunscreens, moisturizers and 100% natural botanical extracts protect, pamper and improve the condition of your face, body and hair. Special waterproof formulas provide even longer lasting protection.

It respects your skin.
For beautiful skin after the sun, Soin Extrême Soleil with the exclusive Niosôme System to soothe and protect.

RECOMMENDED
Special SPF 15 and 23 recommended by the Skin Cancer Foundation.

LANCÔME
PARIS

© Cosmair, Inc. 1989

NOW
COVER GIRL
UNWRAPS

FRESH CUT COLOR

Perfect Pinks. Blues that go from deep to delicate.

Orchid. Magnolia. A tender and tempting Peach.

Morning-misted Heathers. And luscious Buttercremes.

Gather your personal favorites from this fresh and captivating collection. And take your eyes to the peek of perfection.

1. Soft Orchid 2. Milk & Honey 3. Sterling Blue 4. Dewy Pink 5. Highland Heather 6. Chantilly Blue 7. South Sea Blue 8. Silver Mist 9. Pink Chiffon 10. Buttercreme 11. Peach Nectar 12. Magnolia 13. Ballet Pink 14. Moonlight.

© 1989 Noxell Corp.

Cover Girl®

Carol Alt

Carol is wearing Soft Orchid and Highland Heather.

AMERICA'S LOOK IS COVER GIRL

le Jardin
FLEUR DE ROSE™
If there is a more beautiful rose, nature has yet to create it.
MAX FACTOR
© 1989 Max Factor & Co. Available in Canada.

J.F. LAZARTIGUE

revitalize dry and fine hair

J.F. LAZARTIGUE HAS THE ANSWER

Have you ever dreamt about beautiful, shiny, full-bodied hair? Now Jean-François Lazartigue's range of hair-care products can put that dream firmly within your grasp!

1. As a pre-shampoo, SALMON PROTEIN HAIR RESTORER is a light cream which restructures fine, dry hair. Unlike most creams and oils which make fine hair heavy and lank, Salmon Protein Hair Restorer contains active ingredients which moisturise and repair damaged keratin, giving the hair softness and fulness like never before.

2. As a shampoo, HAIR WASHING CREAM WITH COLLAGEN will leave your hair silkier, glossier and more manageable, recovering its natural balance. You will notice an improvement after just one application. With regular use, you will soon be able to say goodbye to dry hair forever.

3. As a conditioner, VITA-CREAM WITH MILK PROTEINS comes in a special formula for fine hair. It gives the hair body without any risk of lankness, and leaves it tangle free. Regular use of this product, rich in Vitamin E, will encourage even the very dry and damaged hair to recover its natural gloss and balance.

Jean-François Lazartigue believes it is the right of every man and woman to have beautiful, healthy hair. With the help of his extensive team of scientists, and the most advanced research techniques, he has created a range of products which are gentle but spectacularly effective.

J.F. Lazartigue's line of specially formulated hair care products is available at: Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Neiman Marcus, North Park, Dallas; Neiman Marcus, Beverly Hills and can also be purchased directly at the salon.

For further information and brochure contact the J.F. Lazartigue Hair Treatment Center.

j.f. lazartigue® PARIS

HAIR TREATMENT CENTER.
764 Madison Avenue
New York
NY 10021
Tel: (212) 288-2250

As a special offer, you will be given $ 15.00 off the purchase of all three products exclusively at: J.F. LAZARTIGUE HAIR TREATMENT CENTER.
764 Madison Avenue - New York, NY 10021 - Tel: (212) 288-2250

☐ Salmon protein hair restorer : **$ 34.00**
☐ Hair washing cream with collagen: **$ 31.00**
☐ Vita-cream with milk proteins for fine hair: **$ 40.00** TOTAL: **$ 105.00**
☐ SPECIAL OFFER FOR ALL THREE PRODUCTS: **$ 90.00**
(valid until 06.30.89) - PLEASE PRINT

Name _____

Address _____

_____ Tel _____

BEFORE YOU MAKE YOUR MOVE...

MAKE CERTAIN THAT YOUR

VOGUE

ACCOMPANIES YOU!

At least 8 weeks **before** you move—send us your new address (or name change) and attach the mailing label from your latest VOGUE.

Mail the information to:

VOGUE
P.O. Box 55980
Boulder, CO 80322-5980

P.S. If you wish your name removed from VOGUE subscriber lists available for rental, tell us that, too.

CONTRIBUTORS

VOGUE

Fred Barnes

"My own tactic for getting information is a cash payoff," jokes Fred Barnes, who writes in this issue about the small (and unchanging) pool of female candidates for Republican administration posts. "Actually," he continues, "what you really need is to know a lot of people who'll return your phone calls." A native Washingtonian, Barnes has covered politics for the past fifteen years—first at the now defunct *Washington Star*, then the *Baltimore Sun*, and now *The New Republic*—and he's a regular guest on TV's fiery *McLaughlin Group*. Doesn't he ever alienate some of his friends in high places with his White House Watch column? "Sure. People balk all the time about what I write—that's why I need a *lot* of friends. But writing about power and what people do with it is fun. I can't think of anything I'd rather do."

Cynthia Heimel

Contributing Editor Cynthia Heimel describes herself as "a humor writer with a depraved addiction to dresses." Her work (including *Sex Tips for Girls* and *A Girl's Guide to Chaos*) has established her as a downtown cult figure and serious uptown humorist. "Jokes are sacred," she says. "Comedy is the truth; everything else is lies." As a teenager Heimel trekked into New York City in search of miniskirts and vinyl coats ("Philadelphia didn't know from Mary Quant"). She is still enthralled by fashion's little mysteries: "Sometimes we all suddenly want to wear chartreuse and nobody knows why." This month Heimel brings her acerbic pen to The Vogue 100, a roster of this year's most stylish women.

Top: TOM WOLFF; *bottom:* SIGRID ESTRADA

EBEL

The Architects of Time

Versatile, thin, elegant in 18 kt. gold. Water resistant. Extremely accurate, very Swiss.
Five year international limited warranty. Intelligently priced.

d'amore jewelers
SINCE 1917

731 Anderson Avenue, Cliffside Park, N.J. 07010
(201) 945-0535 (201) 945-0530

XERYUS POUR HOMME

XERYUS

GIVENCHY

EAU DE TOILETTE

GIVENCHY

NORDSTROM

The artist's masterpiece.
Hand crafted perfection.
Designed by Michael Cromer.
MCM . . . adventure in style.

The Roman numeral 1900 symbolizes the 20th century, the era of mobility.

MCM products are available in exclusive MCM boutiques at the world's finest shopping locations. For more information call 1-800-634-3032 (in N.Y. 1-516-283-7400) or send $15. for a complete catalog to: MCM, 25 Main Street, Southampton, New York 11968

© 1989 MCM / MICHAEL CROMER

HOT *and* GOLD

Singular sensations. . . two terrific. But perfect when piled on!
14K bangles in your choice of four styles. Wheat engraved. **$99**
Polished and textured twist. **$179** Heart engraved. **$249** Octagonal. **$279**
We offer a 100-day money-back guarantee!

Littman

Jewelers Since 1885

We make people happy

For further information, call toll-free 1-800-621-7799

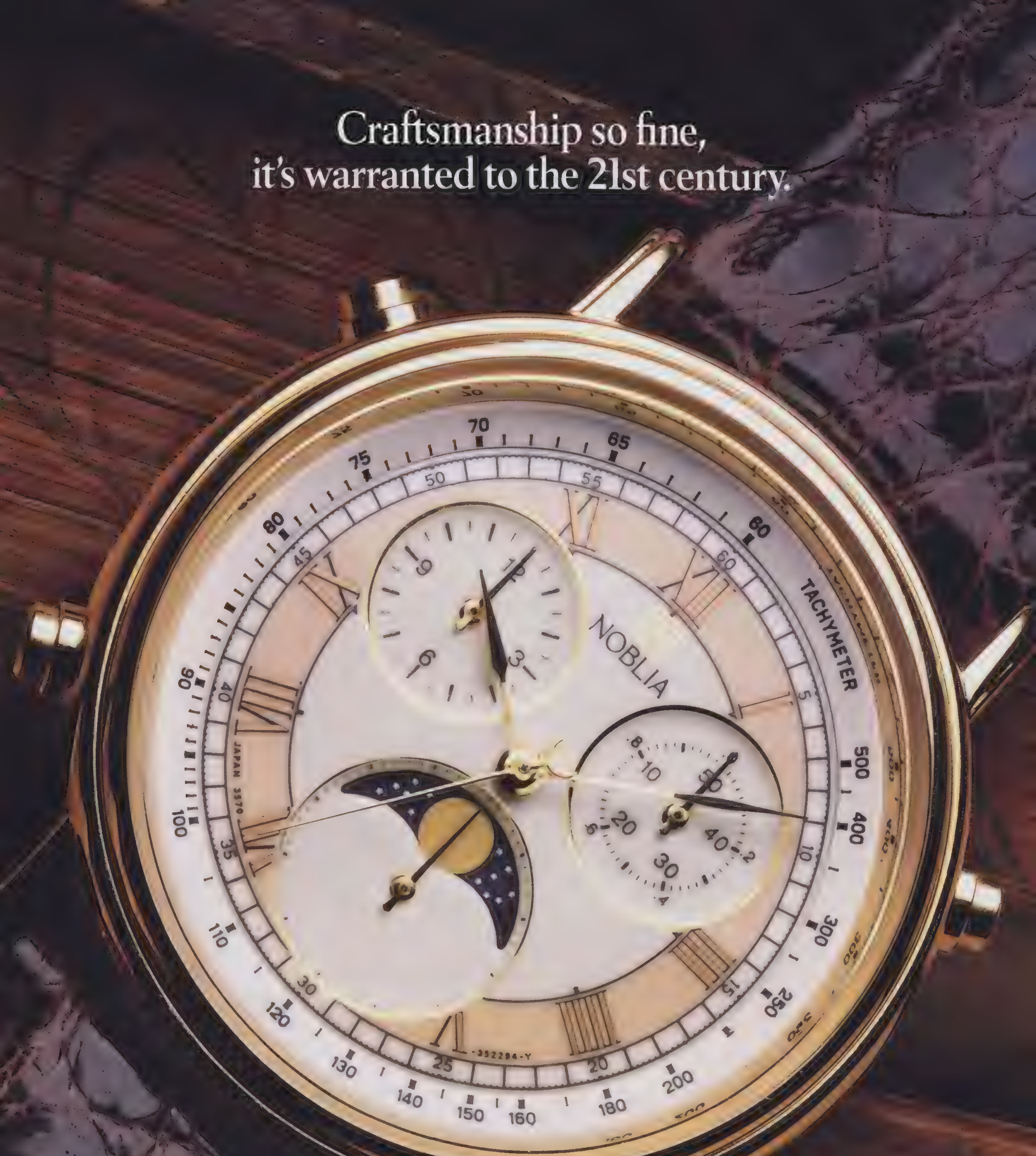
Connecticut · Delaware · Florida · Maryland · Massachusetts · New Jersey · New York · Pennsylvania

Over 100 fine stores located throughout the East
Littman and Major Charge Cards Accepted

Enlarged to show detail.

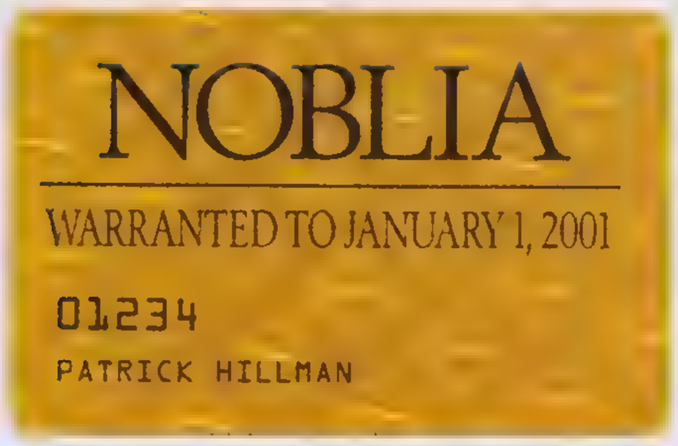
MCM COSMETICS AND FRAGRANCE DIV. FOR INFORMATION CALL: 1-800-634-3032

Craftsmanship so fine,
it's warranted to the 21st century.



There is a lot to be said for a watch that can live up to a classic dial. Or in our case, fifteen classic dials.

Let us begin, as few other watchmakers would, with the back of the watch. The back of a Spirit™ watch has the same mirror bright finish as the front bezel – the result of a patented process, originated by NASA, that combines the durability of titanium with the warmth of gold.



Detailing on a Noblia® watch is not confined to the dial. Something as insignificant to other watchmakers as a winding stem is to us a full, coin-edged cabochon crown, set with onyx.

Nor have we neglected the parts of the timepiece that don't keep time. Our bands are fashioned only from genuine lizard or crocodile or peccary (the finest glove-grade pigskin), and even the narrowest straps are padded and finely stitched for comfort and good looks. (Bracelet versions of Spirit watches are joined with a jewelry clasp that has been engraved with the maker's mark, a sign of nothing but pride.)

This painstaking approach to watchmaking reflects an era when craftsmanship was a given; when the moon wasn't a destination; and when time was measured by the slow sweep of a second hand over Roman numerals on a mother-of-pearl dial.

But unlike its mechanical forebearers, a Spirit watch is water-resistant to three atmospheres (99 feet). And it is equipped with a quartz movement so accurate it may take years before the loss of even a few seconds can be detected by its owner.

And so it is only fitting that a timepiece from Noblia be protected by the most remarkable warranty of our time: One that lasts until the year 2001.* Upon registration, Noblia owners will receive a personalized gold card embossed with their name and warranty number. Classic timepieces were always designed to last; it is time they were constructed that way.

KAY
JB ROBINSON
JEWELERS
The diamond people ®

NOBLIA
SPIRIT
Warranted to the Year 2001.

*For details, see manufacturer's warranty.

Now sensitive skin has something to **celebrate.**

introducing new Oil of Olay

Sensitive Skin Beauty Fluid. Bringing sensitive skin softness, smoothness, radiance.
And a younger look.
This new, white beauty fluid is so compatible with your own sensitive skin, it absorbs almost instantly, without being irritating. Helps to restore moisture levels to sensitive skin so well, so thoroughly, it, too, can look younger.
And isn't that really something to celebrate?
color free. fragrance free.
dermatologist tested. non-comedogenic.

new, new, new sensitive skin formula.

Why grow old gracefully?
Fight it with Oil of Olay
Sensitive Skin Beauty Fluid.

© 1987 Calvin Klein Industries, Inc.

Calvin Klein

FRAGRANCE FOR MEN

To Order Call Toll Free 1-800-645-6789. Credit Card Orders Only.

OVERSEEN AND OVERHEARD

By Page Hill Starzinger

Parisian street looks: the inside editions . . . Iridescence . . . Latino hot spot to shop

Even jaded observers are surprised by the latest chapter in the Parisian street-style saga, in which clothes are being turned inside out. At nightclubs men and women parade in jean jackets, leather vests, T-shirts, and berets—worn seam-side out. Staid tweed sport jackets and plaid socks reverse into a thread-dangling web. While the most prized pieces (those by Charles Chevignon) carry silk scarf linings printed with old maps or World War II fighter planes, half-a-foot-long, psychedelic labels from Workers for Freedom carry equal clout. Watch for the trend coming down the runway this fall. . . . Another way to get at color mixing: iridescent fabrics in offbeat tones. WilliWear WilliSmith turns out a fitted jacket in shimmering purple cotton; Romeo Gigli designs cropped pants in a silk that flickers between earth-red and tangerine. Yves Saint Laurent and Emanuel Ungaro paired day clothes with iridescent pearl-toned stockings at the spring couture. . . . With all the interest in Latino dressing, the new hot spot to shop: Los Angeles's Modern Objects—just opened last fall—at 4355 Melrose Avenue. Women line up for the men's pleated gabardine pants in sea green or electric purple, bright vests in crushed velvet, white French-cuffed shirts.

Throwing a new light on legs: skirts with slits . . . New printed matter—shoes

Continuing the focus on the leg: short or long columnar skirts that are audaciously sliced up to midthigh. Some—such as Franco Moschino's long navy jumper—open to the waist to reveal matching shorts. Following Yves Saint Laurent's thigh-high-slit tour de force at the spring couture, more leg baring is expected for fall. . . . The heat has caused flowers to bloom everywhere—on lingerie, on swimsuits, on evening dresses. For those who prefer to pick their flowers one at a time: espadrilles burst with pansies (Charles Jourdan), sneakers and narrow-toed Louis-heeled slingbacks sprout red tulips (Susan Bennis Warren Edwards).

Historical mix-up: baroque with rock . . . Russian front: *glasnost* gives way to *fashnost*

It's dubbed *barock* by French *Glamour*. It means a mix of baroque with rock and roll. And it's a style that belongs solely to the young kids of London and Paris. There, baroque vests and ornate antique jewelry combine with skintight rocker pants or jeans; peplumed velvet jackets take on giant black leather belts worn low on the hips. . . . *Glasnost* may be a success, but will *fashnost*? Young Russian designers eager to cash in on the new openness are rushing to American shores (and stores) weighed down by what they consider to be the latest: punked-out clothes exploding with studs and chains. Ironically, what American youth are already buying at Unique Clothing Warehouse (New York City and Philadelphia) is the complete opposite: kitschy Russian military uniforms, government-produced wool coats.

Match points: how far does it go? . . . 18k gold luggage . . . Alarm clocks to wear

One would think that the fifties habit of matching handbags and shoes had gone the way of the fin-tailed Cadillac. Think again. Not only does Adrienne Vittadini allow us to match our swimsuits with towels (both come woven with crests), but Ralph Lauren throws in poolside wicker chairs and sofas (in a fuchsia floral print). . . . Everyone—and everything—wants to travel first class . . . even pills and vitamins. Theo Fennell, the British jeweler who designed the Duchess of York's wedding gift to Prince Andrew (a miniature 18k gold helicopter), now creates miniature carpetbags and doctor's bags, guitar cases, and hatboxes for pills; they come in silver and 18k gold. There's even a picnic basket—replete with silverware, napkins, and a removable thermos (at Tiffany & Co.). . . . Style-conscious city kids first borrowed the idea of high-top sneakers, gold chains, and porkpie hats from rap musicians. Fashion mavens, though, are hooked on hip-hop necklaces (big, bold clocks worn as pendants on gold chains or black silk cords). Dangling over the usual urban uniforms—black jackets, white Hanes T-shirts, and short skirts—the necklaces are a new status symbol. One fashion follower went so far as to glue a wall-size, battery-operated clock to the back of a cotton jacket.

HELENE TRAN

AD DIR: PAUL MARCIANO PH: DOMINICK

FOOTWEAR

GUESS®
USA

GEORGES MARCIANO

they say it can't be bottled. Don't believe it.
Believe the facts:
Fact one: Your skin is constantly losing the essential fluids that help keep it looking younger.
Fact two: This amazingly similar fluid starts sinking in instantly.
Believe the proof: The way your skin looks within moments of application: Softer. Smoother. Younger.
And radiant again.

Why grow old gracefully?
Fight it with Oil of Olay.

Superga. Torino, Italia. 1 800 537 5238

The Original. Handmade. Italian.

You look Superga.

Sport & Leisure Shoes Since 1911

Saks Fifth Avenue

SUPERGA®

©1989 Giorgio, Inc.

RED

Nothing so soft was ever so exciting.

The subtle new sensation from Giorgio Beverly Hills.

PREMIERING AT GIORGIO BEVERLY HILLS, NEW YORK

GIORGIO
Beverly Hills

The 1989 Jaguar XJ6—its elegance is refreshing. Unmistakably Jaguar, the XJ6 reflects the classic character of its forebears, while achieving a higher degree of aerodynamic efficiency and high-speed stability.

Beneath the low, tapering hood resides Jaguar's latest masterpiece in double overhead cam engine design. Jaguar's light-alloy 3.6-liter engine incorporates the added sophistication of four valves per cylinder for enhanced power and responsiveness. Revised torque converter specifications and a new final drive ratio for 1989 give the XJ6 even more vivid performance.

Jaguar's fully independent suspension provides smooth riding comfort and athletic handling agility. Patented pendulum isolation tunes out the annoying effects of minor road imperfections. The self-leveling rear suspension automatically compensates for changes in passenger or cargo loads. And Jaguar's four-wheel power disc brakes are complemented by one of the most advanced anti-lock (ABS) systems.

Spacious and serene, the XJ6 cabin is rich in Old World splendor and enlightened comfort and conveniences. It is trimmed with hand-finished and inlaid walnut veneers. The orthopedically contoured seats are faced with finely stitched leather. The automatic climate control system is regulated by computer. The 80-watt stereo system plays through six speakers. Infrared remote control lets you operate the central locking system without a key.

To appreciate all of the art and Jaguar traditions of the XJ6, see your dealer for a test drive. He can provide details on Jaguar's uniquely comprehensive three-year/36,000-mile limited warranty, applicable in the USA and Canada, and on Jaguar's Service-On-Site℠ Roadside Assistance Plan. For the name of the dealer nearest you, call toll-free: 1-800-4-JAGUAR.

Jaguar Cars Inc., Leonia, NJ 07605

ENJOY TOMORROW. BUCKLE UP TODAY.

The British
have an affection
for art and tradition
and a motorcar
that embodies both.
The 1989 Jaguar XJ6.

STOW-ON-THE-WOLD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE, ENGLAND

JAGUAR

A BLENDING OF ART AND MACHINE

VIEW

Editor: Laurie Schechter

There's a new definition for classic clothing. Some designers call it antifashion fashion. Donna Karan calls it "using your own personal style"

1. The traditional trench—in packable washed silk; it's a dress, a jacket...by Benetton.
2. Calvin Klein's body-hugging shirtdress.
3. "Antifashion fashion is what I'm all about," says Michael Kors. "The days of wearing something because it's 'in' are over." His little black dress—with a sarong.
4. A dress with a double life—in the city, it's a sundress; on the beach, a cover-up showing a lot of leg. By Ralph Lauren.
5. Not just for evening: an all-purpose silk pajama shirt and pants by Norma Kamali. Slipped over the right bikini, it works indoors and out. Details, last pages.

VIEW ▶ 60

ARTHUR ELGORT. Hair, Christiaan; makeup, Sonia Kashuk

VIEW

His cat doesn't shed. His apartment is bare. His clothes are sparer than spare. DODIE KAZANJIAN says designer Michael Kors *is* Mr. Clean

2

3

1. Kors's summer collection was inspired by his own clothes—khaki, black, and white—which he takes from work to the beach and owns by the dozen. 2. A cotton sarong cools down a classic navy jacket. 3. A better kind of denim: indigo stretch jeans, with a cotton vest. 4. Clothes as easy as those a man wears—silk paper-bag pants and shorts, jackets.

5

5. The ultimate minimalist, Kors lives in a white-white apartment but dreams of a house that can be "cleaned with a garden hose." Details, last pages.

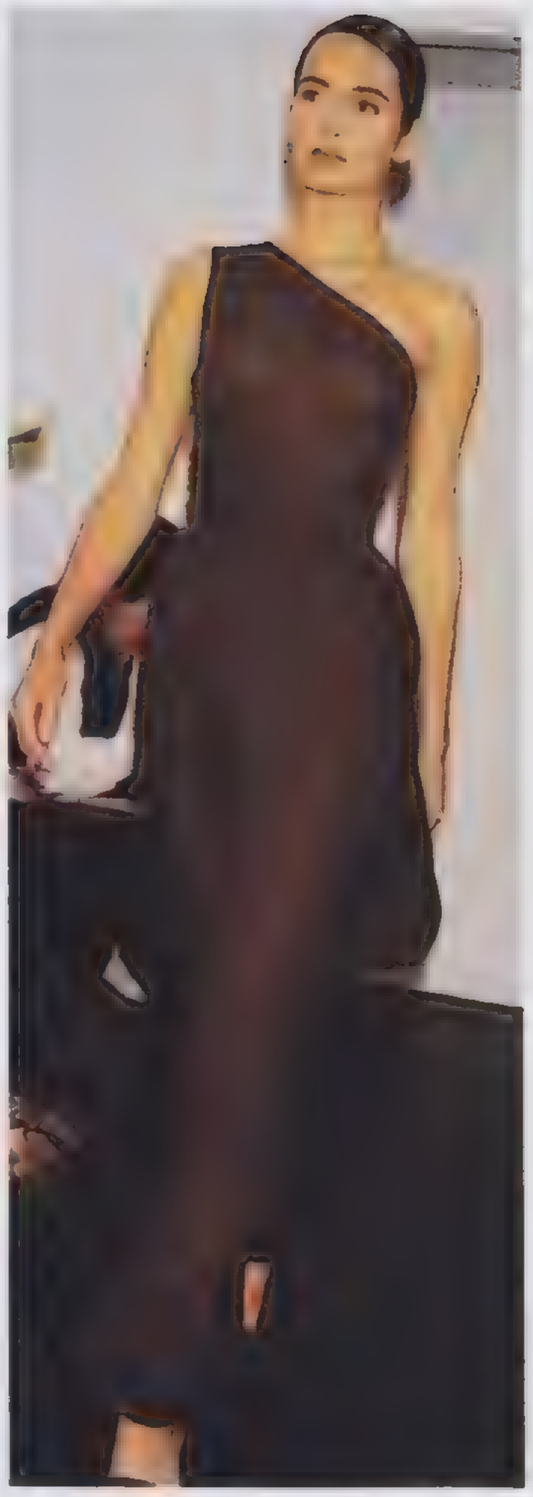
"OH, GOD, CARRIE! HOW MUCH DID John Loring pay you to say that?" Michael Kors is talking at his television set where Carrie Donovan, fashion editor for *The New York Times Magazine*, is singing the praises of a Tiffany scarf to Kathleen Sullivan on *CBS This Morning*. Kors never watched morning TV until anchorwomen Kathleen Sullivan and Deborah Norville (*NBC News at Sunrise*) became his customers. Beyond the TV, the big view of the Hudson, a photograph of a nude by Herb Ritts, and two books (Arianna Stassinopoulos Huffington's *Picasso* and *Herb Ritts: Pictures*), there's not much else in his white-white apartment in the Village. There is a cat, Max. He's black and white. He's a rare breed that doesn't shed. And there is also, very emphatically, Michael Kors. Blue-eyed, curly haired, and dazzlingly articulate, Michael Kors could probably sell refrigerators to the Eskimos. But in his case, salesmanship is hardly needed. His tailored-yet-sexy clothes sell themselves.

"Part of my job is to make it ▶62

1, 5 CHRIS SANDERS; 2 MICHAEL KORS; 3 WILLIAM GARRETT; 4 PIERRE SCHERMAN
3 Hair and makeup, Judith O'Connor

easier for people to get dressed,'' says Kors, inhaling one of his ubiquitous Merits. He is wearing what he always wears: Levi jeans (sometimes it's gray flannels or khakis), a camel cashmere Armani jacket (it could be gray, khaki, or navy), and a white football jersey. He's got thirty-seven of them stacked just so in his closet. ''I wear them all year,'' he says. ''To the gym, to dinner parties, *everywhere*. They're comfortable. They have the right neckline.'' Not many businessmen could get away with dressing like that, but it works for Kors. ''For me and anyone who is busy, it makes life easy. I don't have to think about what I put on. I know it works. I just grab it and go.''

This is the key to all the clothes Kors designs: they're easy. They're neutral—gray, khaki, navy, black, and white. Color is an accessory: an acid-green glove appears with a gray cashmere coat. His clothes are practical, but with a twist that takes them out of the realm of the expected: his ''strapless'' jacket is a traditional blazer, but sleeveless, done in glen-plaid linen. His clothes are also seasonless. Everything is an improved version of a classic.



Wrapped to go: Kors's georgette top and pants

Kors's summer collection is inspired by his own wardrobe, which takes him from work to the beach. Everything is in gray, khaki, navy, and white. ''Literally, my closet,'' he says. ''Take that principle and give it a feminine twist. Change the proportion. Soften the waistline. Make it as easy as the way a man dresses.'' He dangles a cotton jersey romper in the air. ''Wouldn't you love it if you could throw on your husband's T-shirt and that was it? This is a little romper that you just pop on. No belt. A pair of sandals, and done.''

Michael Kors's mother was a high-fashion model, and he grew up around clothes. An only child, he was born in Merrick, Long Island, next to Jones Beach, where his father owned a string of gas stations. At fifteen, he began designing jeans and shirts. At seventeen, as a student at the Fashion Institute of Technology, he was a slave to trendiness. ''I wore tight white silk shirts that laced up the front and platform shoes. And I actually lay down on the floor to get into a pair of French jeans.'' After taking a job at Lothar's, the store that made tie-dyed French jeans famous, he dropped out of F.I.T.

Kors's chance came in 1979 when Lothar's asked him to design what he felt was missing from the store. Lothar's was across the street from Bergdorf Goodman, and Dawn Mello, Bergdorf's president, saw his clothes in the window, called him in, and gave him the money to produce his first collection. He was nineteen. ''Michael is a young star,'' says Mello. ''He's much further along than his peers.'' (Meaning Isaac Mizrahi and Marc Jacobs.) Saks Fifth Avenue's senior vice president for fashion, Ellin Saltzman, calls him ''a cross between a Zoran and a Calvin.'' ''Hmmm,'' muses Kors. ''I never thought of myself as a hybrid. Blass is the hybrid. He's all-American couture.''

Kors's mother and grandmother wear his clothes. So do Jessica Lange, Faye Dunaway, Sherry Lansing, and Gloria Steinem. ''Calvin Klein is a little too 'ladified' for me,'' says Steinem, who only wears Mary McFadden, Geoffrey Beene, Mary Ann Restivo, and Michael Kors. She owns a good supply of Kors's tube skirts that hike up and down. ''His clothes have a great cut, great fabric. Definitely not old lady.''

Michael Kors plays by his own rules. His new showroom isn't in the garment district—it's in the publishing district, on West Twenty-fourth Street. Architect Glenn Gissler designed it to Kors's specifications: matte-black tile floors and benches, no mirrors.

No mirrors in a showroom?

''Oh, God, okay. They pull out of the walls,'' says Kors. ''First off, mirrors are so expected. Second off, it's so 'ill-lusion.' It's not reality.'' Reality for Kors is his Spartan apartment or the house he rents on Fire Island. He would love to build a house on the beach that's so stripped-down inside that it could ''be cleaned with a garden hose.''

When it comes to his collections, Kors plays by his own rules as well. For fall he's using evening fabric for day, and day fabric for evening. ''It's more versatile,'' he explains. ''If you have a bare dress, and it's in black bugle beads, it's only an evening dress. But that same bare dress in gray flannel worn with gunmetal shoes and terrific earrings is an evening dress. Worn with loafers, tights, a super sweater under it, and a jacket, it's day. A tailored daytime shape, done in an evening fabric, can be either night or day. You're looking at something that's beaded, and it's a man's shirt.'' Kors claims blithely that this is just the thing ''to wear under a jacket for a business meeting or a power lunch.''

Right now Kors is concentrating on womenswear, but in a year or two he will tackle menswear too. That's only the beginning. This year, he will introduce his first shoes: loafers of cognac ostrich, riding boots in metallic leather, sixties Beatle boots lined with silver kid. He'd like to ''get into'' home furnishings. He'd also like to flood the world with Michael Kors boutiques.

There's no end to it. ''Oh, God, women have changed so much,'' he says, throwing his arms in all directions. ''Life is so different. Everyone works. Everyone's rushing. Within the course of five days, I might be in four cities. And I think there are a lot of people who are as crazed as I am.'' VIEW ▶ 72

PIERRE SCHERMAN

INTRODUCING THE AUTOMATIC TAN

NOW... A GOLDEN YOUNG GLOW, COME RAIN OR COME SHINE.

At last, from CHANEL Research, BRONZAGE AUTOMATIQUE Perfect Colour Self-Tanning Lotion that provides an even, natural-looking golden glow in just a few hours, *without* exposure to the sun. SPF 8 protects in-sun, too. A luxurious addition to the SOLEIL CHANEL In-Sun and After-Sun Collection, for every skin type, every tanning stage.

© CHANEL, INC. 1988

CHANEL

LORD & TAYLOR

ESSENCE OF SKIN CAVIAR CELLULAR EYE COMPLEX

LA PRAIRIE, SWITZERLAND

La Prairie presents new solutions to serious concerns.
SKIN CAVIAR is an intensive skincare treatment in a revolutionary encapsulated form. This advanced encapsulation technique allows unique combinations of ingredients in a high-powered concentration of vitamins, humectants, emollients and plant naturals.
This gives the skin the look and feel of a more perfect texture.
Now, ESSENCE OF SKIN CAVIAR CELLULAR EYE COMPLEX, a silky micro-gel, condenses daily care into treatment that is just as intensive—just as exclusive—as the product from which it evolved. The critical difference—it's formulated specifically for the eye area, making it appear firmer, more toned, retexturized.
Learn exactly how these concentrated new forms of skincare can work for you.
And, while at the La Prairie counter, receive a valuable complimentary sample of still another La Prairie treatment product.
La Prairie, the cellular skincare system developed at Clinic La Prairie, Montreux, Switzerland.

Available at

nordstrom

LINEN
the
Designer
Fiber

Pure Western European
Linen. The L symbol is
the registered trade-
mark of the Confeder-
ation Internationale du
Lin et du Chanvre
(CILC).

LINEN
the
Designer
Fiber

RONALD'S
SEAMASK

LINEN
the
Designer
Fiber

MAX
MARA

LINEN
the
Designer
Fiber

OLIVIER
STRELLI

LINEN
the
Designer
Fiber

GUY
PAULIN

LINEN
the
Designer
Fiber

BETTY
JACKSON

LINEN
the
Designer
Fiber

HUGO
BOSS

Winona Ryder loves thrift-shop clothes and funky hats. Left: Easy Ryder—a vintage gray suit, floral man's vest, white shirt. Looking young and innocent, below, in her rickrack-trimmed blouse, Ryder tackles the role of Jerry Lee Lewis's thirteen-year-old cousin/bride in *Great Balls of Fire.* Details, last pages.

Top and bottom left: DEWEY NICKS; hair and makeup by Lucienne Zammit for Cloutier. *Bottom right:* BOB MARSHAK

Winona's own antique find, above, tossed over an Agnès B. blouse, Kenzo cotton pants, khaki hat.

Winona Ryder likes men's suits, *Batman,* and good thick steaks.

STEPHANIE MANSFIELD chats with the young actress over dinner

WINONA RYDER FISHES THROUGH HER 1950s THRIFT-store purse and pulls out a silver bracelet dangling with silver hearts. "I love charm bracelets," she says. She also loves spider pins, funky hats, vests, comic books (*Batman* in particular), antique pocket watches, vintage men's suits, and retro sunglasses. Offbeat and disarming, with a quirky charm and eclectic tomboy taste, she's part Annie Hall, part Holly Golightly. She is a haunting beauty reminiscent of a young Vivien Leigh who uses words like "rilly" and "funnest" and says she's just begun to discover her own "girliness."

At seventeen, she's also on the verge of stardom, her clean good looks and deliciously weird sensibility already having wowed the critics. She played the wacked-out daughter in *Beetlejuice,* the chapeau- VIEW ▶ 78

NEW PROTECTEUR GENTIL. IN SPF's 20 TO 30.

TO THE WOMEN OF ST. TROPEZ, PROTECTION IS A DELICATE MATTER.

Now Bain de Soleil creates ultra sun protection that's gentle to your skin.

In SPF's 20 to 30, Protecteur Gentil guards against the sun's harmful rays. Clinically tested for gentleness, it isn't harsh. Even to a child's delicate skin. So light, it feels like liquid silk. And leaves your skin beautifully cared for.

For luxurious protection that's never at the expense of beautiful skin, indulge in Protecteur Gentil.

BAIN·DE·SOLEIL®

ELEGANT SKINCARE FOR THE SUN

©1989 Richardson-Vicks Inc.

SHOW OFF™ THE ART OF RAISING EYEBROWS

"It is where the real beauty of the eye begins. At the brow. Eyebrows beautifully arched to open the eyes wide as never before with Brow Control from Visage Beauté. A sleek eyebrow wand that softly lifts, holds and adds a hint of colour to your brows for a whole new expression of beautiful eyes."

Roy Karrell, Creator
Visage Beauté Cosmetics

bloomingdale's · RICH'S · nordstrom SELECTED STORES · BULLOCK'S SELECTED STORES

VISAGE BEAUTÉ

The Custom Color Company

Visage Beauté Cosmetics, Inc., Beverly Hills, CA • (800) 847-2431. In California (800) 451-5079.

GIVENCHY

MARSHALL FIELD'S

IVEY'S

KAO SOFINA™

Penetrating deeply to replenish and retain moisture.

Kao Sofina. Works with your skin. Not just on it.

You know the feeling. You cleanse and moisturize before bed, only to discover your skin feels dry and dull the next morning. That's because moisturizer that merely rests on the skin's surface doesn't hydrate the cells.

Now, Kao Sofina offers a unique skin care system that goes far beyond superficial moisture. Remarkable patented ingredients—virtually identical to your skin's own vital substances—penetrate deeply into the skin to replenish moisture and hold it in.

Kao Sofina actually works with your skin to bring out its natural, healthy glow.

SO SMART. SO SIMPLE. SOFINA.

1-800-833-1338

c 1989 KAO SOFINA

Come in for a complimentary computerized skin analysis at:

MACY'S Northern California
Union Square Stanford Corte Madera Valley Fair Hillsdale

BULLOCK'S Southern California
At Selected Locations

Satisfaction guaranteed. Return unused within 14 days. Florida residents add 6% sales tax. Add $2.00 for postage and handling.

☐White (fully lined) ☐Black (lined) ☐Pastel Pink (fully lined)
☐Small ☐Medium ☐Large

☐SM (3-5) ☐MED (7-9) ☐LRG (10-12) ☐XLG (14-16)
Satisfaction guaranteed. Return unused with 14 days.
Florida residents add 6% sales tax. Add $4.00 for shipping.
Allow 2-3 weeks for delivery
☐Mastercard ☐Visa ☐Check/Money Order (Payable to Hillary)
#_____ Exp.Date_____
Signature _____
Mail To: Hillary
P.O. Box 160787 • Miami, FL 33116
CALL TOLL FREE: 1-800-462-3446
Name:_____
Address:_____
City,State,Zip:_____

VIEW

loving tough in *Heathers*, and is about to be seen this month, opposite Dennis Quaid, as the young bride/cousin of rocker Jerry Lee Lewis in *Great Balls of Fire*.

Born Winona Horowitz, she grew up in San Francisco, the daughter of Cindy and Michael Horowitz, Haight-Ashbury veterans who own a bookstore specializing in works by the Beat poets and sixties writers. It was definitely a counterculture lifestyle. As a child, Noni, as she is affectionately known, ''fixated'' on certain costumes, according to her mother, whose own taste in clothes runs to comfortable pants and embroidered Chinese slippers.

"Every day I dress differently. It depends on how I feel when I wake up"

''The funnest thing to do is to dress up,'' Ryder says one evening in her New York hotel room. ''But nothing ever fits me, because I'm so small.'' She curls up on the sofa, wearing size two faded jeans, a punk T-shirt, little white cotton socks with lace trim at the ankles, and a navy blue Nike baseball cap pulled over her chin-length hair. She has flawless skin, light-flecked brown eyes, and an easy laugh. She took the stage name Ryder (''My dad picked it out of a hat'') when she was thirteen and tapped for her first role in *Lucas*. ''Noni Horowitz just wasn't gonna sound good,'' she says, wrinkling her nose.

The buzzer announces dinner, and a waiter sets down a plate with a steak large enough to feed a lumberjack. ''I'm a growing girl,'' she says, cutting into the meat. And definitely not a vegetarian. ''I don't like killing animals, I just like eating them. Ha!''

She is asked about her unusual taste in clothes. ''My personal style, huh?'' she says with a laugh. ''You see, every single day I dress differently. It just all depends on how I feel when I wake up. The music I listen to. That always determines who I want to be that day.'' A perennial favorite is the soundtrack from *Breakfast at Tiffany's*. ''I always want to get up and look for my little black dress, look for my shoes in the flower box.'' She giggles. ''When I was growing up, you know like thirteen, fourteen, people could never put me in a certain clique because I always dressed differently.'' One year, she wore nothing but vintage boys' suits. ''I had *rilly, rilly* short hair and used to think I was a boy. I watched a lot of gangster movies from the forties.''

At the age of fifteen, Ryder took the part of pale-skinned, black-veiled Lydia in *Beetlejuice*. The role brought out her own sweetly macabre instincts, and the costumes reflected her knack for ferreting out flea-market treasures. ''A lot of those clothes were my clothes. My skin was actually that pale; they didn't have to use a lot of makeup.'' Today she considers herself ''more feminine. In the past year, I've found myself looking at dresses more.'' She puts down her fork and reaches into the purse again, pulling out a Polaroid of a young woman, head cocked, in a tight-bodiced white dress. On the cusp of sensuality, she is beginning to shed some of the kooky accoutrements of her adolescence, while refining others. She stares at the picture as if it were another creature. ''I haven't really grown into my style yet,'' she says.

Or her libido. When confronted with one of Hollywood's sexiest young matinee idols, Ryder was uncommonly cool. ''Quaid,'' she says, ''was *rilly, rilly* great.'' But she didn't fall in love. ''God no, he's thirty-five!'' ♥

VIEW ▶ 80

Over-achiever.

This is an extremely ambitious cigarette. Even though it is an ultra light, it promises to deliver a richer, more satisfying taste than you'd ever expect at such low tar levels. And judging by the fact that it has quickly become one of America's fastest growing brands, Merit Ultra Lights is fulfilling that promise. Enriched Flavor™ is the reason why. Only Merit has it. So raise your expectations of ultra low tar. Switch to Merit Ultra Lights.

Enriched Flavor,™ ultra low tar. A solution with Merit.

Merit Ultra Lights

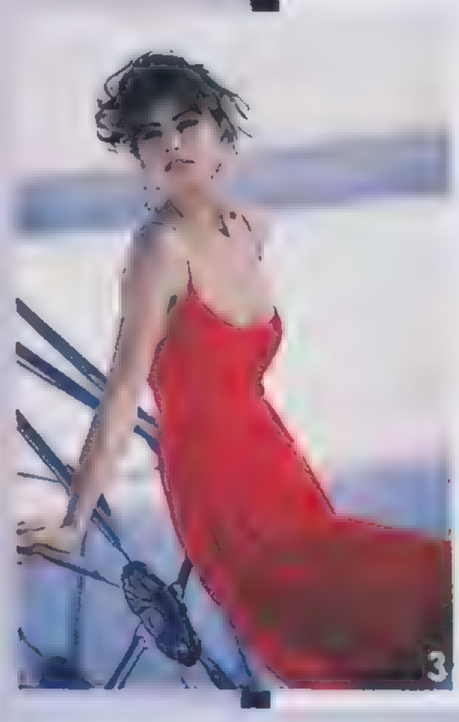
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1989

Kings: 5 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

VIEW

The closest thing to a dance dress in this decade has been a second-skin Lycra tube skirt. The next step: full layers in sheer organza and silk



Transparent dresses that move were one of the strongest ideas at the last European couture. Back home, Giorgio di Sant'Angelo is inspired by "the costumes of Ginger Rogers and Cyd Charisse. Dance dresses should flow; they should be illusions."

1. Shorts are normally worn for sports. Not here. Comme des Garçons' in silk organdy, silk chiffon blouse. 2. Azzedine Alaïa's one-piece party dress wraps in front. 3. Reminiscent of "the Greeks who danced in gauze togas": di Sant'Angelo's dress in silk and nylon. 4. The innerwear look goes out: Alaïa's layered dresses in patterned organza. 5. A softer pairing of black with color by Dolce & Gabbana. Details, last pages.

ARTHUR ELGORT. Hair, Christiaan; makeup, Sonia Kashuk

LIVE THE LIFE.

GIORGIO BEVERLY HILLS, NEW YORK.

GIORGIO

Beverly Hills

FOR MEN

©1989 Giorgio Beverly Hills, Inc.
Giorgio, Giorgio Beverly Hills, Giorgio and Crest Design and the Yellow and White alternating stripe design are registered trademarks of Giorgio Beverly Hills, Inc. with the U.S.P.T.O. and may be pending or registered in countries foreign to the U.S.A.

NORDSTROM

BROADWAY

Also Available
At Fine Optical Stores.

Style # 8829

Style # 8757

CR-39 Lenses
100% Protection
Against UV Rays
Up To 400 NM

Imported Exclusively By
SUNLOVERS EYEWEAR - Miami, Florida

Classic Rope Pearls.
Now Available In Gardens.

You may never have imagined shopping for a string of pearls out among the string beans, but thanks to Spiegel it's possible. Our Fall Catalog features the latest designs from Adrienne Vittadini, Ralph Lauren, DKNY, Anne Klein and others. To receive your copy for only $3, simply call (toll-free) 1-800-345-4500 and ask for catalog 867.

Spiegel

Carol
dauplaise
Too smart to be just an accessory.

nordstrom
SELECTED STORES

SOME COLOR MASCARA

Still, no raccoon eyes.

Max Factor's new Some Color™ Mascara: a unique mascara gel with extraordinary see-through color. Light, pure.

A transparent blue. A light-washed brown. A rare sheer black. A crystalline green.

So clear because it's free of waxes, oils and binders that cloud color, block light.

Plus it treats your lashes with a natural moisturizer to help keep them supple.

Won't flake, smudge, build up or fade. Or raccoon. While it lengthens, defines, individualizes each lash.

It's hypoallergenic, fragrance-free, ophthalmologist-tested.

Some Color Mascara. Perfect for you if you want great color, clear advantages.

MAX FACTOR

© 1989 Max Factor & Co Available in Canada

ELEMENTS

Editor: Candy Pratts Price

Lady Diana Cooper's fondness for her husband's yachting gear inspired the nautical look at Christian Lacroix. Other designers launch their naval campaigns, too, with marine accessories

2

Ship shapes: 1. Anne Moore's sun hat; translucent resin bracelets in sea-foam colors from Migeon & Migeon, Paris; Deborah Leser's handkerchief. 2. Military salute: Eric Javits's captain's hat trimmed in black and brass; handpainted earrings, Brett Lewis Couture; The Honey Collection's striped chiffon scarf. 3. Sub-marine: white wood starfish earrings by José and María Barrera, NYC. 4. The Lady Diana Cooper look at Christian Lacroix

3

1

Couture: linen jacket and chiffon skirt-pants. 5. Shades of navy: with metal frames by Gaultier; in plastic by Alain Mikli; white from Christian Dior; and black by Cutler & Gross. Shown with Fendi handbag and flowered hat by Whittall & Shon. Details, last pages.

5

1, 2, 5 WILLIAM GARRETT; 3 WAYNE MASER; 4 GUY MARINEAU. 1, 2 Hair and makeup, Jim Brusock. 3 Hair, Eric Gabriel for Oribe at Parachute; makeup, Maria de Schneider.

Nightlife.

All night. Every night.
Emollient-rich Night of Olay
goes **all** out to
give your skin eight hours
of uninterrupted replenishing
treatment.
Boosting moisture and
resiliency.
Easing dry lines.
Skin feels **firmer.**
And, **oh,** the little
lift you get from
looking younger in the a.m.

SUNSCREEN UIZ

Are you caught in the numbers game?

Thankfully, researchers have developed remarkable sunscreens that let us bask in the pleasures of the sun without inviting premature aging and skin cancer. But is it enough to use a high SPF number? How high? Are they safe for sensitive skin? Test your sunscreen savvy:

1. What does an SPF number mean?
(a) The strength of protection.
(b) The hours of protection.
(c) The extra time you can stay in the sun without burning.
Answer: (c). If you normally burn in 30 minutes, you can sunbathe 6 times longer, or 3 hours, with an SPF 6. *But if you burn in as little as 15 minutes,* an SPF 6 will only protect you for *1½* hours.

2. What SPF number guarantees you full protection?
(a) SPF 20 or above.
(b) SPF 15.
Answer: (b). The FDA (Food and Drug Administration) has determined that even a sun-sensitive person is totally protected by SPF 15 *if* the sunscreen stays on your skin throughout exposure. (See Question 6.)

3. Just to be safe, does it make sense to use an SPF higher than 15...
(a) On your face.
(b) During all-day exposure.
(c) Never.
Answer: (c). The fact is, you may actually be *giving up* safety with an SPF higher than 15. Not safety from the sun, but safety for your skin. For example, an SPF 30 can't protect you from sun damage any better than an SPF 15, but it puts about *50% more chemicals on your skin,* leaving you vulnerable to irritation.

4. Which rays does an SPF number protect against?
(a) UVA.
(b) UVB.
(c) IR (infrared, or heat).
Answer: (b). Only UVB or "burning" ultraviolet rays are measured during SPF testing. But screening out UVB rays only gives you partial protection. Evidence now indicates that long term, UVA rays may also contribute to skin cancer, and at the very least, hot IR rays can dry out your skin like an oven. On-going research also suggests that IR rays may be linked to longer term damage. So be safe; choose a sunscreen labeled to protect against all three.

5. How can sunscreens affect people with sensitive skin?
(a) Cause burning and stinging.
(b) Clog pores.
(c) Cause brown spots.
Answer: (a) and (b). Many people are sensitive to fragrance, excessive chemicals, or to PABA, a leading sunscreen ingredient. And some formulas can clog pores, causing bumps and pimples. You're safest with a fragrance-free formula that's both non-comedogenic (won't clog pores) and PABA-free.

6. Why do some sunscreens work better than others with the same SPF?
(a) They use better ingredients.
(b) They're formulated to stay on the skin until removed with soap.
Answer: (b). A waterproof sunscreen stays on even when you sweat or swim. But more than that, you need a formula that won't *rub* off either. That's very important, because the best sunscreen in the world can't protect you if it isn't there! Being waterproof and "rub-proof" also prevents the sunscreen from dripping into your eyes when you perspire.

7. How do you know when it's time to reapply sunscreen?
(a) When you begin to burn.
(b) By setting a timer.
(c) After you go in the water.
Before today, the answer was (a), (b), or (c). Now there's a sunscreen that lets you test quickly and easily to be sure it's still working. It's invisible, waterproof *Neutrogena® Paba-Free Sunblock.* Just sprinkle a few drops of water on your skin, and if the water beads, protection is still active.

Dermatologists are reporting that Neutrogena Paba-Free Sunblock protects you effectively and safely against the darker side of sun exposure.
It's a maximum shield against both UVB and UVA rays, and an exclusive, patent-pending ingredient blocks IR rays as well. It won't rub off, and tests show the SPF stays at 15 even after 6 hours in water. The PABA-free, non-comedogenic formula won't clog pores or irritate sensitive skin, and as a safety bonus, it's also fragrance-free.

Can you be sure the sunscreen you're using passes the test? To be safe, look for new, easy spreading, non-greasy Neutrogena Paba-Free Sunblock at your drug store. The future of your skin—and your children's skin—is too important to gamble on the numbers game.

Thank you for reading our advertisement.

©1989 NEUTROGENA CORP

FENDI

The Latest Roman Masterpiece

Macy*s / Bullock's

SWISS QUARTZ-TIMEPIECES FROM $250 TO $750.
PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.

© ULTIMA BRANDS USA INC. 1989.

The rippled
bodyskin smoother...
that no body
should be without.

SCULPTURALE FLUIDE AMINCISSANT

© Cosmair, Inc. 1989

IMAGES: the suntan

Editor: Shirley Lord

Fun in the sun no longer means hours of sunbathing. As the once fashionable tan loses its appeal, JODY SHIELDS charts its origins and many-hued history

On the beach in Azzedine Alaïa's black stretch bodysuit and—now—a sunscreen

TODAY, WITH SUNBATHING CONSIDERED almost as dangerous as smoking, women have adopted a conservative, neo-Victorian attitude toward tanning. Cosmetic, skin-care, and tanning products are labeled with big-numbered SPFs, all the better to block ultraviolet rays and even prevent the tiniest of freckles. But for more than sixty years—during the great age of the suntan—sunbathing was an idyllic pastime and the bronzed look a status symbol.

Legend credits the rise of the suntan to a pair of celebrities in the 1920s. Josephine Baker, the toast of Paris, was famous for her performing, the beauty of her slicked-down hair, and her caramel-colored skin. About the same time, Coco Chanel acquired a tan while vacationing on the Duke of Westminster's yacht. Soon fashionable women everywhere followed suit.

Bodies browned on the Riviera, helped with oils from designers. Standard beach gear included rubberized silk shawls and large hats, worn for show, not shelter from the sun. Off the beach, brown- and beige-tinted powders and creams colored what nature missed. Fashion followed the vogue for newly bronzed skin: women wore dresses without sleeves, shoes without stockings. Photographer Cecil Beaton's description of the Duchess of Penaranda stands as an elegant testament to the look: "She wore sunburn stockings with white satin shoes, whose Spanish spike heels were fully six inches high. . . . The duchess's complexion matched her stockings, for she was burned by the sun to a deep shade of iodine."

Though a light tan was fashionable for clothes, stockings, and even artificial pearls, some skin tones were unabashedly dark. Magazines and cosmetic companies were enthusiastic about sunning, rhapsodizing, "It's glorious to be tan, golden of skin, bronze."

It wasn't until the end of the decade that a shadow fell. In 1929, cosmetic queen Helena Rubinstein's advertisements dourly proclaimed, "Sunburn menaces your beauty." Moved to denounce sunbathing still more was Dr. W. A. Evans of Chicago, who promoted the totally startling theory that sunburn caused something worse than premature skin damage, announcing: "Maybe these tanned men and women are inviting premature senility."

By 1935, fashion accepted both dark and light skin tones. Vogue offered a trio of complexion suggestions: pearly white, café au lait, or deep mahogany. The au lait suntan was the color of choice. To have the best of both worlds, there were products like Ocre Mystérieux. By day, this makeup gave skin a temporary burnt toast color; at night, it washed off so a woman could go dramatically pale. A little over ten years later, pale came around again.

▶ 92

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER. Hair by Didier Malige for Jean Louis David; make-up by Mary Greenwell. Details, last pages

IMAGES: the suntan

"Suddenly a white skin looks cherished and positively pretty," gushed Vogue in 1948, "not merely and negatively unburnt." Vogue's sweetly cherished attitude stood alone against the lure of the golden tan. In general, women's magazines encouraged women to go out into the blazing noontime sun with little or nothing to protect them. There were vague instructions for using tinted sunburn creams to help with gradual sun exposure, but the goal was to produce the right color. Skin care was not on the beauty menu.

Tans of the times

Modern chemistry began the change, introducing some breakthroughs—news of PABA, a major sunscreen still in use today, was published in 1943. During the war, other sunscreens were also developed, some later embellished with an insect repellent. However, sunscreens alone didn't change the appetite for a tan. On the contrary. Cosmetic companies shifted into high gear, creating a host of tan-promoting products. In 1948, Elizabeth Arden pitched a suntan oil to cultivate a skin color "sweet as buckwheat honey." In 1945, there was even a suggestion for a pretan warm-up with a session under the sunlamp.

The 1950s rate a bronze medal for the most versatile suntan performance, with the introduction of artificial skin color in a bottle: Man-Tan. Once applied, it turned the skin various shades of brown, beige, and often orange. But a suntan acquired by natural means was still the standard, although fashion preferred bodies toasted to gold, not the "seared bronze of a 1925 movie queen."

Sun-worshiping wisdom, alas, had its limits. Women's magazines in the 1950s promoted the theory that acquiring a tan gradually canceled out its harmful, skin-damaging effects. The language of suntanning was also on the mild side. While the sun's "burning rays" was a familiar term to magazine readers, the more heavyweight "UV" rays appeared to be too alarmingly clinical to mention. On the plus side, as *Harper's Bazaar* reported in 1954, "Today there are sunscreen preparations that. . .can cut the intensity of the sun's rays by about 75 percent." They added that "they don't stain beach towels." Some special sun products also contained silicones, which also made them waterproof.

It was open season on pale skin in the 1960s. But rich, dark-toned skin was still the ultimate accessory and status symbol. There was a stop-at-nothing approach to showing off a tan, from transparent clothing to the mini, followed by faux tan enhancers—bronzers, powders, and blush-ons for face and body in various shades of brown. Nothing Flatters You Like a Tan was the motto of the decade, which transformed bronzing into an art form.

By the 1970s, fun in the sun was over. Tans were only moderately golden. Straight baby oil was a favorite tan enhancer—an ad for Johnson's Baby Oil promoted the "tan, romantic heroine"; but the company also cautioned her to "take a little less sun" with their product, since it contained no sunscreen. The Food and Drug Administration was busy promoting the value of sunscreens. In 1978, it was concluded that sunscreens with SPFs could not only preclude sunburn, but could also help prevent skin cancer and slow down premature skin aging caused by the sun's UV rays. With the introduction of the SPF rating, the fashionable suntan had its eclipse. In the last ten years, the intimidating parade of SPF numbers has brought fashion full circle, from the chic, avant-garde sunburn of the 1920s to today's play-it-safe paleface. ▼

IMAGES ▶ 94

Sunbathers in Palm Beach, 1926, right. The enormous flowered cushion and umbrellas were created by couturier Paul Poiret.

In 1929, the Jean Patou swimsuit, top, was "cut in such a fashion that not a fraction of possible tan is lost."

Top right: HOYNINGEN-HUENE. Bottom: GEISLER

Uplifting Support For Your Bust.

With CLARINS Natural Care.

How can you stay firm and avoid slackening? CLARINS, the Specialist in Skin Care, provides the answer to promote bust beauty...Every application of Multi-Tenseur Buste offers triple actions (immediate tightening, firming and lifting) to visibly improve the skin of the "natural bra." Light and refreshing, formulated with firming natural extracts—ginseng, gingko biloba and echinacea to name a few. The uplifting results speak for themselves.

CLARINS. The natural choice for skin care.
Premiere in France.

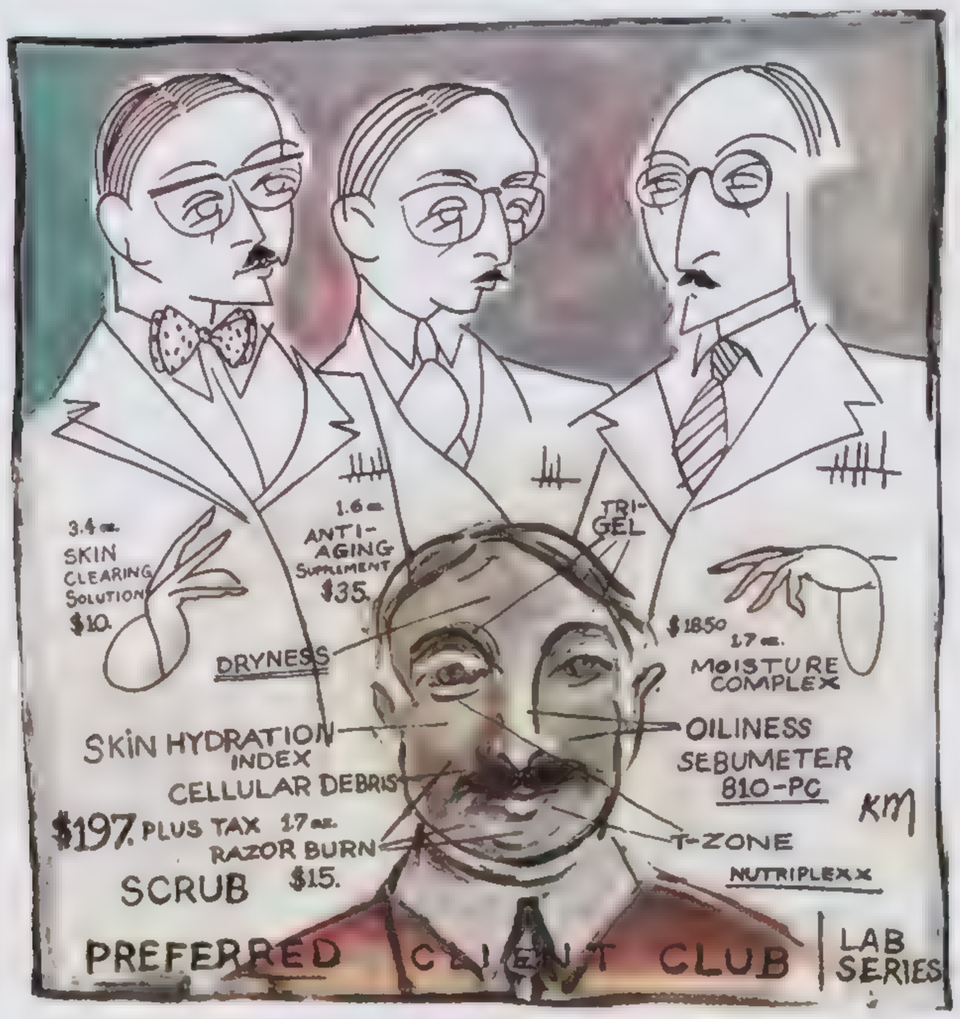
CLARINS
PARIS
Gel
Multi-Tenseur
Buste
galbe et fermeté
Bust Firming Gel
contour and firmness

CLARINS
PARIS

MACY'S

IMAGES: men's grooming

Guiding a man through the labyrinth of lotions and potions now available for the care of his skin and hair is a new computerized counter in a department store. WILLIAM GEIST pays a visit



SPLASH! WELL, THERE GOES THE DAMNED TOOTHPASTE again, plunging off my overcrowded bathroom shelf right into the toilet.

Too much stuff. Too much stuff! Used to be there was just my toothpaste, toothbrush, shaving cream, and razor, and that was about it. But yesterday I came home in a trance with a bag the size of the week's groceries filled with soaps, scrubs, solutions, supplements, shampoos, lotions, moisturizers, and gels.

How did it happen?

I'd lost my way in Bloomingdale's and stumbled on something called the Aramis Lab Center, where I was set upon by a strange, yet friendly people dressed in white lab coats (scientists? doctors?), speaking of skin hydration and mechanical exfoliation of microscopic cellular debris and such. I didn't speak the language.

They turned out to be called Lab Technicians and took me to a place called the Aramis Diagnostic Station—the decor all beakers and test tubes—where they proceeded to interrogate me on a variety of highly personal matters, such as: "What do you usually do in the morning before you shave?"

Actually, they let their computer, the ASQ—Aramis Skincare and Haircare Analyzer—ask most of the questions, the worst being date of birth, with a follow-up on exactly how my face was showing the ravages of time. They called the computer "user friendly." I did not.

As they put me through a series of tests and smeared my face with potions, I glanced around for any sign of store security personnel. I don't know what was in the stuff, but at one point I lost my head and found myself standing at this counter in Bloomingdale's with my face lathered up, *shaving!*

This is not something I would normally do. I don't think people in the Midwest, where I grew up, *have* skin that's too dry or too wet or too anything. At least they never talked about it. Must be a coastal problem. Sea breezes or something. If some guy in the Midwest started telling you about his skin moisture, you moved a couple of stools down the bar.

At the Diagnostic Station, the first stop on the "face fitness circuit," the lab tech came at me with a Sebumeter SM-810-PC, which proved to be a harmless device for measuring oiliness—luckily, just of the surface skin and not the character of the individual.

I was shown a propaganda video in which Dr. Daniel Maes, executive director of research, and his colleagues at the Aramis Research Laboratories were conducting some "laser Doppler testing for razor-burn symptoms."

Now, I ask you: in what other country are the medical and scientific communities even *thinking* about world-wide razor-burn symptoms suffered by *billions* of men? I mean: does America always have to do *everything?*

They interrogated me on a variety of personal matters, such as, "what do you usually do in the morning before you shave?"

As I was patting on lotions in the "state-of-the-art Testing Area," word came down that my test results were back. My computer analysis was ready. It was now time to sit down with one of the men in white lab coats for my consultation.

I was nervous, of course, as he silently looked over my printout, occasionally nodding his head or raising an eyebrow.

"You're suffering," he said finally, looking up, "from razor-burn symptoms."

I didn't know what to say. Or do. Weeping openly in a department store seemed extreme, but I didn't want to laugh either. He was a nice man and this, after all, was his chosen field.

"Has the family been notified?" I said. He informed me he thought I would pull through, thanks ▶ 98

KEN MARYANSKI

Firm Up–For A Beautiful Body.

With CLARINS Natural Care.

Have you "gone soft" in all the wrong places? Take action to visibly firm skin with CLARINS Firming Body Treatments. Formulated with natural botanicals—including skin tightening horse chestnut, invigorating rosemary and sage. Research reflects their ability to improve the appearance of slackened skin. They are invaluable for use during/after weight loss or pregnancy. The firming results speak for themselves.

CLARINS. The natural choice for skin care.
Premiere in France.

Crème Fermeté
un corps ferme et doux

Firming Body Cream
toning, smoothing

CLARINS
PARIS

Saks Fifth Avenue

© 1988, Compar, Inc. Photograph by Joel Baldwin

Hello?

How would you like to come and make a dishonest woman of me?

Where are you?

If you look out the window . . .

Porthole.

. . . porthole, you'll see a pink stucco hotel overlooking the bay. My plane just got in. I'm in Room 16. First bed on the right.

You told me you hated flying.

I didn't know I'd miss you this much.

I never thought I'd hear you say that.

I said to myself, "What am I doing up here while he's down there in the islands? He's probably wearing that Paco Rabanne cologne of his—and damned little else—and flashing that smile at all those able-bodied and weak-minded women he's meeting."

Listen, you've caught me at a bad time. I've got a cabin full of dusky women in skimpy sarongs plying me with papaya and passion fruit. They've been teaching me the secret island ways of love, as handed down from generation to generation. Only four more lessons and I . . .

Oh, shut up! Room 16. And step on it, sailor!

Paco Rabanne
For men
What is remembered is up to you

Neiman-Marcus

to something called Aramis Razor Burn Relief lotion ($15/1.7 oz.).

I wanted to hug him. I'm a journalist, sure, but I'm also a member of the human race.

I wasn't out of the woods, not by a long shot. He said I was also suffering from "localized T-zone oiliness," even though I had set a new lab-center record for the least oily score of the Sebumeter. Thank you.

My chances for recovery were good, he said, with the help of Skin Clearing Solution ($10/3.4 oz.).

My skin was also quite dry, yet he was cautiously optimistic, largely because of Instant Moisture Complex ($18.50/1.7 oz.). The brochure boasts that this product is noncomedogenic, which may mean it won't attract canines (a big plus), but that's just a guess.

Finally he told me that I'm aging, which I understand to be terminal in most cases. The lines around my eyes and mouth had been determined by the computer to be early warning signs that my skin is "being stressed by time [my driver's license could have told me that], fatigue [yawn], neglect [absolutely], or the environment." The *environment?* After all those contributions to the Sierra Club?

Putting a stop to that nagging aging process costs a little more. Anti-Aging Supplement turned out to be $35 for 1.6 ounces.

The complete Aramis Lab Series was recommended, including Dual Action Face Soap, Active Treatment Scrub, Tri-Gel Shave Formula, Nutriplexx Shampoo, and Nutriplexx Thinning Hair Supplement.

Now, which products did I wish to take home? Were they kidding? This was Bloomingdale's. You take them *all*.

My lab tech was pleased. He said I could be a card-carrying member of the Aramis Lab Series Preferred Client Club.

He said the lab often has a wonderful woman there giving complimentary shiatsu massages to relieve customers' stress. Unfortunately, I then discovered she wasn't working today. He said the cost of the products would come to $197 plus tax. I asked if he thought he could reach her at home. ▼

More grooming for men: coast to coast, top to toe services—and new notes in men's fragrance

PAUL LANGE

For face: lunchtime facials ($95) include a dermatological evaluation at the Dr. Ronald Sherman/Trish McEvoy Skin Care Center, NYC; mint facial masks ($18.50) at Le Erbe, SoHo, NYC; at the Pierre Michel Salon in Trump Tower, NYC, ninety-minute Lancome Skin Firming Facials ($65); Aveda Aromatherapy Botanical Skin Cleansing ($20) at the Ric Bishop Salon, Dallas, TX. Good face toners/cleansers—allergy-tested, fragrance-free Gruene's Daily Cleansing Scrub, Clinique's Post-Shave Healer. Cool and soothing: Yves Saint Laurent's Kouros Moisturizing After Shave Gel, Perry Ellis's Efficient Cooling Body Refresher, Giorgio Armani's After Shave Lotion.

For body: chest and back waxing at Ole Henriksen of Denmark, West Hollywood, CA; foot therapy massage ($28) and hand masks ($18) at Aida Thibiant Salon, Beverly Hills, CA; Electrofirm body treatments ($35) to fight flab at Umberto, Beverly Hills, CA; Herbal Body Pac ($75) includes massage at Georgette Klinger, NYC, Chicago, Los Angeles, Dallas, and Palm Beach, FL. Pedicures ($25) at Cassandre, Beverly Hills, CA.

For hair: eyelash tinting, eyebrow grooming at the Torrenueva Salon, West Hollywood, CA; Philip Kingsley scalp conditioning treatments ($45) at Raymond & Nasser Salon, NYC; on Lexington Avenue in NYC, Lia Schorr's salon will color gray in moustaches ($24); a complimentary shiatsu head massage comes with a shampoo by Jerry at Louis Licari Color Group, NYC; haircuts ($35) hot oil and acupressure treatments ($25) by Carlo at René Hairdressers, Pierre Hotel, NYC.

For fragrance: cloves, basil, and thyme are some of the new herb-based essential oils found in Geoffrey Beene's Bowling Green After Shave Balm, Alfred Sung's Sung Homme cologne, Aramis's New West Pacific Blue Shave Foam. Other winners: Paco Rabanne's Ténéré, Roger & Gallet's Open, and coming this fall, Christian Dior's long awaited Fahrenheit.

"I know what I want."

A little luxury

in daily routines, like washing your face with something special, something as mild as cleansing cream, yet as clean as soap and water.

A new strategy

against time: a light night cream that keeps up with your skin's increasing needs even better than a heavy one.

Safety

even if you wear contact lenses, while smoothing
the delicate skin around your eyes.

No problems

for your skin with an effective moisturizing formula that's non-comedogenic (won't clog pores).

LASTING PAINLESS HAIR REMOVAL IS NOW IN YOUR HANDS. FINALLY FREE

You don't have to suffer to be beautiful anymore. Now there's Finally Free. A new method of hair removal for the most sensitive areas, so advanced it makes waxing, shaving, tweezing—even electrolysis—obsolete.

Finally Free took seven years of research to develop. It uses the same energy as electrolysis, except there's no needle and no heat. So there's no pain, not even a twinge.

The exclusive, insulated tweezer-like tips are so revolutionary they are patented. And so easy to use, you simply hold the unwanted hair between the tips and press the button. Energy is gently delivered down the hair shaft, right to the root. Within 15-35 seconds, the hair easily slides out of the follicle.

Should any regrowth occur, the hair will be lighter and finer, and after additional treatments the hair will be removed.

And you needn't worry about irritations or side effects. With Finally Free, you can even apply make-up or put on your skimpiest bikini immediately after treatment.

Once and for all, take care of unwanted hair. At home, at your own discretion. Call our toll-free number, 1-800-366-2200, either to order directly, or for a personal consultation to see if Finally Free is right for your problem. Or, use the coupon.

LIMITED WARRANTY: Finally Free is WARRANTED against defects for one year from date of purchase. ©Selvac Corp. 1987

No needle. No pain. No side effects.

Finally Free™

Call Toll Free 1-800-366-2200

9:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m.(E.S.T.)

Finally Free, $95.00 plus $4.50 shipping and handling.
(Sales Tax: PA and NJ residents add $5.70. MA residents add $4.75)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check or money order enclosed

Total Cost _____

Charge: Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ Exp. Date _____

Account # _____

Signature _____
(required if using credit card)

Mail to: Selvac Corp., 1752 Limekiln Pike, Dresher, PA 19025
Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Sorry, no COD's.

VG069

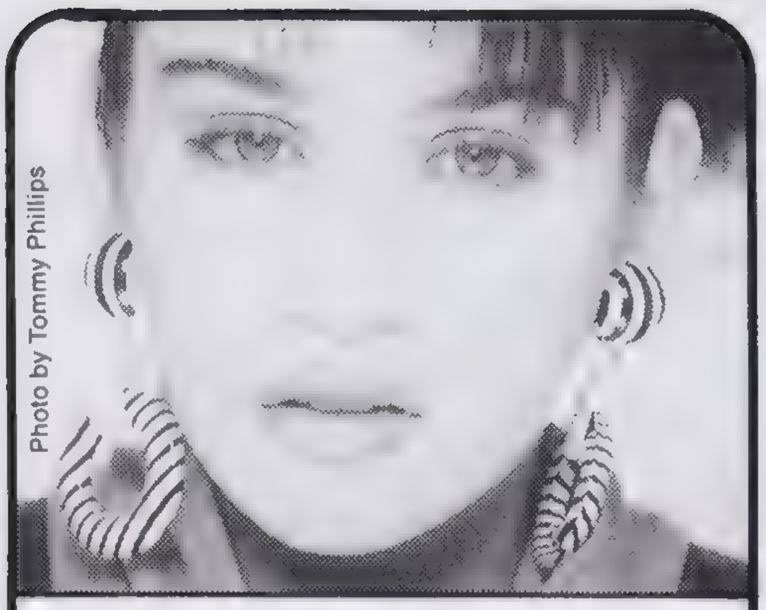


Photo by Tommy Phillips

Train to
Be a model.
(or...just look like one)®

NOBODY DOES IT BETTER THAN BARBIZON!

You've dreamed about it . . . **NOW** you can do it! Barbizon gives you a privileged glimpse at modeling and model's training in this free 32 page booklet, "Train To Be A Model Or Just Look Like One." Barbizon models have earned worldwide fame . . . maybe you can too! For your booklet, send coupon today or **CALL**

(212) 371-4300

• Children's program now available! •

THE BARBIZON SCHOOLS, Dept. V
950 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10022

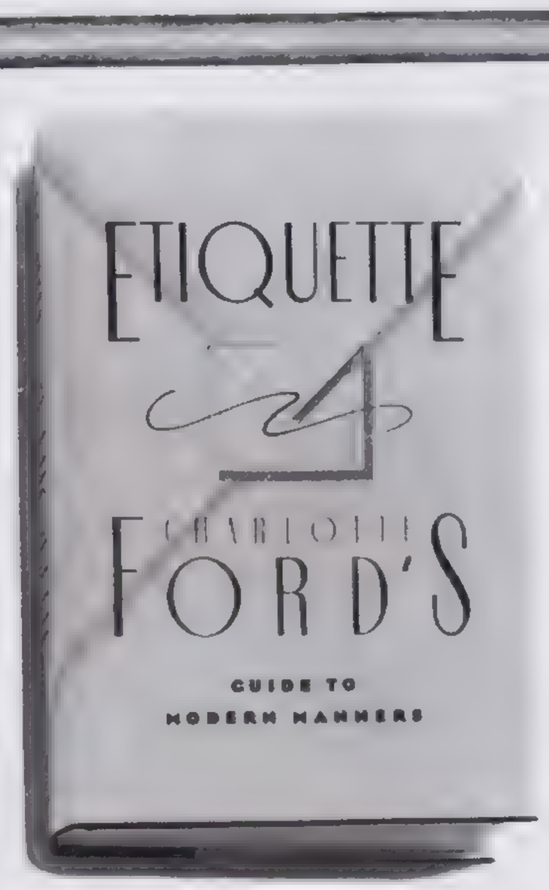
name _____

age _____ phone (_____) _____
area code

address _____

city _____

state _____ zip _____



From the squash court to weddings to office politics, you'll know how to handle contemporary situations with Etiquette: Charlotte Ford's Book of Modern Manners. *More than 500 pages of entries provide answers for gracefully managing every occasion.*

Now available at a 20% savings off the bookstore price of $19.95. To order, send check or money order for $15.95 plus $2 shipping to: The Conde Nast Collection, Dept. 560003, P.O. Box 10214, Des Moines, IA 50336 or

Call Toll-free 800-542-8200

Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Residents of NY, CA, CO, GA, IL, KY, MI, MA please add sales tax

IMAGES

Summer hair– new sun, salt, chlorine defense

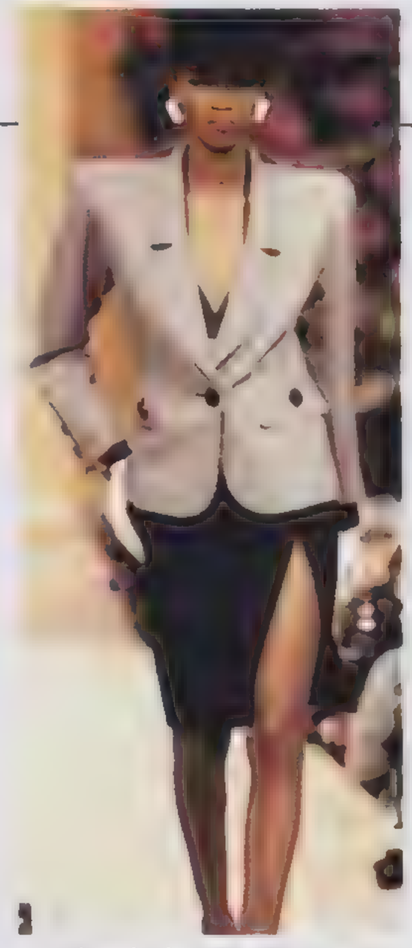
SUMMER HAIR CARE USED TO MEAN A drastic haircut after Labor Day. Not anymore. Now, there's an armory of products that preclude problems.

Before you venture out from under your parasol, slap on Philip Kingsley's SwimCap Cream 15, which looks like vanilla ice cream but ensures your hair won't turn brassy from the sun or get dried out from the salt.

France's hottest-selling hair-care line, Phyto Plage, has just arrived here with a track record earned on the Riviera for great hair defense.

For those into pool laps all summer long, fight the damaging effects of chlorine with Ultraswim Shampoo, Shampoo de Pantene for Color Treated Hair.

And just as there are new hair protectors, so there are new kinds of hair salons that scrutinize hair as closely as skin salons scrutinize skin, then treat accordingly. Philip Kingsley was the first. Now, J. F. Lazartigue, well known as a hair diagnostic center in Paris, has opened an American branch on Madison Avenue, New York. On the West Coast, Aida Thibiant has added a hair and scalp clinic to her skin salon.



Thigh-high slit skirt from Yves Saint Laurent couture

Summer legs– now, fast, easy ways to smooth

FROM YVES SAINT LAURENT'S SLITS TO summer bikinis, legs are now very much on view. With the variety of efficient hair removers available, there's no excuse for legs not to be smooth. Waxing at home is a breeze, thanks to cold waxes, applied as simply as a moisturizer with no equipment needed. One of the best (underarms/bikini line, too) is Ella Bache's My Epil Cold Wax, made of chemical free beeswax.

Depilatories, which lift hair with chemicals from below skin's surface, are gentler now, so are less likely to cause irritation. Bain de Soleil's Bikini and Leg Creme Hair Remover is packed with soothing aloe.

Cordless appliances for hair removal, like Epilady Ultra, remove hair at the root, as in electrolysis; another fast, efficient worker is Clairol's battery-operated Bikini Shaver.

For those who prefer professional waxing, the Trish McEvoy Skin Care Center, NYC, uses soothing powders and hydrocortisone creams to lessen irritation. Other salons that specialize in waxing: Ole Henrikson of Denmark, Ernie Benson's Face Place, both in West Hollywood, California; Barbara The Barber, Boulder, Colorado.—**S.L.**

IMAGES ▶ 108

Top: PATRICK DEMARCHELIER. Hair, by Didier Malige for Jean Louis David. Makeup, by Mary Greenwell. Bottom: PIERRE SCHERMAN. Details, last pages

JHIRMACK LITE. IT'S NOT YOUR EVERYDAY EVERYDAY SHAMPOO.

Even if you shampoo as often as twice a day, you can keep your hair in beautiful condition. With Lite–Jhirmack's salon-tested formulas for frequently washed hair.

In fact, when women used Lite Shampoo and Conditioner for just one week, **more than 7 out of 10 saw a difference in their hair.**

Women also saw **a difference in softness, fullness and manageability.**

Lite can make a difference for you, too, because it cleans gently but thoroughly. And it moisturizes as it cleans so your **hair doesn't feel dry or flyaway.**

And Lite Conditioner helps maintain your hair's delicate moisture balance. **Without dulling build-up. Without over-conditioning.**

Who says you can get too much of a good thing?

Lite. Another salon-developed formula from Jhirmack.

LITE. 7 out of 10 frequent shampooers saw a difference.

Jhirmack®

For salon results at home.

Jhirmack is a registered trademark of Playtex Jhirmack, Inc. ©1989 Playtex Jhirmack, Inc

© 1989 The Gillette Company

The way a woman wants to feel.

Gillette Daisy PLUS

Daisy Plus from Gillette

Now there is Daisy Plus,™ a razor especially designed to make you feel the way you want, beautiful, confident. Its Moisture-Smooth™ strip releases moisturizers that soften and pamper your skin as you shave and lets Daisy's twin blades glide safely and smoothly over your sensitive curves. The first time you start shaving like a woman? Daisy Plus from Gillette.

IMAGES: best sellers

Some beauty products never go out of date—although their formulas haven't changed in years. Here, reasons for their ongoing success

IN ONE YEAR, HUNDREDS OF new cosmetic formulations may arrive on counters, stay awhile, then disappear without a trace. Then there are the superstars of the business—products that have been around for years, whose formulas have never changed, because the public won't allow them to change: they are relied on so much. Names such as Clinique's Dramatically Different Moisturizing Lotion, Elizabeth Arden's Eight Hour Cream, Noxzema Skin Cream, Vaseline Petroleum Jelly, Maybelline's Great Lash Mascara, and—for men—Aramis Shampoo on a Rope and Special Shaving Formula come up again and again in focus groups studying what people are buying regularly.

What makes these products stand out? In some cases, it's sheer versatility. Elizabeth Arden's Eight Hour Cream and Vaseline are known to be used for many jobs: to smooth rough, dry skin, to soften cuticles, to massage feet, protect lips, groom brows. And, say consumers, they "last forever."

Noxzema Skin Cream has a double life—as a cleanser and a sunburn salve. Time-honored, Vaseline is more than a hundred years old; Noxzema Skin Cream just celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary, and Eight Hour Cream (some say created by Miss Arden herself to protect her racing thoroughbreds' delicate legs) has been around since the mid-1930s.

The biggest successes among newer products excel by meeting a woman's changing needs. For example, for those who still prefer a tanned look but rightfully fear a suntan from "natural causes," Guerlain has created a totally "safe," natural-looking tan with Terracotta Bronzing Powder, which is versatile enough to be used as an allover bronzer, a blusher, and even an eye shadow.

Versatility, high performance for the price, and consistent quality are all selling points

Maybelline's Great Lash Mascara was introduced in 1971 and is still their number-one seller, despite the huge number of mascaras they make. Why? It goes on quickly and comes off easily with soap and water, say its fans. Clinique's Dramatically Different Moisturizing Lotion and the Aramis Shampoo and Shaving Formula have been hits since their inception (1968 and 1965, respectively) because of their lightweight, nonirritating formulas.

So what are the main elements that make a cosmetic's reputation? Versatility, high performance for the price, a company reputation for quality, and a real purpose unequaled by other products are the factors that persuade a woman to choose one product over another—the real "ingredients" to a best-selling beauty item. —**LAURA FLYNN McCARTHY** **IMAGES ▶ 110**

STORE ADDRESSES

NEW YORK
Crystal Pavilion
805 Third Avenue

NEW JERSEY
The Mall at Short Hills
Route 24 & Kennedy Blvd.
Short Hills

BOSTON
Copley Place
1 Copley Place

WASHINGTON D.C.
Union Station
50 Massachusetts Avenue N.E.

Georgetown Park
3222 M Street

CHICAGO
Avenue Atrium
900 N. Michigan Avenue

Northbrook Court
2171 Northbrook Court

MICHIGAN
Somerset Mall
2801 West Big Beaver Road
Troy

LOS ANGELES
Beverly Center
131 N. LaCienega

SAN DIEGO
Horton Plaza
354 Horton Plaza

North County Fair
200 E. Via Rancho Pkwy
Escondido

SAN JOSE
Valley Fair
2855 Stevens Creek Blvd.
Santa Clara

SAN FRANCISCO
150 Post Street

DALLAS
Highland Park Village
52 Highland Park Village

Dallas Galleria
13350 Dallas Pkwy

HOUSTON
Houston Galleria
5015 Westheimer

LOUISIANA
Canal Place
333 Canal Place

ATLANTA
Perimeter Mall
4400 Ashford Dunwoody

Lenox Square
3393 Peachtree Street

MIAMI
Town Center at Boca Raton
425 Town Center
Boca Raton

Dadeland Mall
7221 Dadeland Mall

Aventura Mall
19575 Biscayne Blvd.
N. Miami Beach

HONG KONG
G/F & Basement, Shell House
24 Queen's Road Central

KOWLOON
69, New World Centre

287, Ocean Galleries
Harbour City

TAIWAN
361-363 Tun Hwa South Rd.
Taipei

NORWAY
Oslo

EPISODE

EPISODE

DRESS IN A NEW DIRECTION

IMAGES: skin care

Black skin, like all skin, has problems that need special attention. Now, with more understanding of its needs, there are new solutions

IS BLACK SKIN THICKER AND MORE sensitive than Caucasian skin?

"Not exactly," says Pearl Grimes, M.D., assistant professor of dermatology at the King Drew Medical Center in Los Angeles and a black woman herself. "Some studies have indicated that the stratum corneum of black skin is thicker and more sensitive than white skin, but other studies refute this."

Dr. Grimes elaborates on the most obvious difference between black and white skin: pigmentation. "Contrary to what many people believe, black skin doesn't have more pigment cells (melanocytes) than white skin; it's just that those pigment cells are much more active and produce more melanin than white skin," she explains.

This activity can be both a blessing and a problem for black skin—on the one hand, it gives greater protection against sun exposure and the consequent premature aging and danger of skin cancer (although dermatologists still recommend a sunscreen with an SPF of at least 8 for black skin). On the other hand, pigment cells in black skin react more dramatically to skin inflammation and other irritations, resulting in hypo-(less) or hyper-(more) pigmentation, which can give the skin an uneven, blotchy look.

For this reason, the use of exfoliants or acne medications such as benzoyl peroxide or Retin-A have to be handled with great care. "Sometimes increased pigmentation will disappear on its own if use of the product is stopped," says Harold R. Minus, M.D., professor and chairman of the department of dermatology at Howard University Hospital in Washington, D.C. "In other cases we prescribe bleaching creams containing hydroquinone, to minimize discoloration." Hypopigmentation that doesn't clear up on its own is also treated with drugs such as psoralen and UV light to darken too-light areas of skin.

There are now more foundations available that can camouflage problems or even out patchy pigmentation. In the new Montaj cosmetic line developed by actress Shari Belafonte Harper, there are ten different shades for black skin. The foundations in Naomi Sims's cosmetic line have a yellow base, rather than the red or orange bases often used in foundations for Caucasian skin, and there are also matching matte powders available "because black skin reflects light more readily than white," says Byron Barnes, creative director of cosmetics, Naomi Sims Beauty Products Limited.

"Black women, like all women, need to choose a foundation that matches their skin type," adds Dr. Grimes. "I often see patients who try to cover up an acne condition with an oil-based foundation, which just compounds the problem. Women with oily skin should look for water-based products; women with dryer skin can opt for richer creams." (Naomi Sims's foundations are both oil- and water-based; Montaj's foundations are water-based only.)

This month, Estée Lauder introduces six new shades of Fresh Air Makeup, plus coordinating lip, cheek, and eye colors, all for dark skin tones. Princess Marcella Borghese is also adding five dark shades to the Hydro-Minerali makeup line, sheer but pearlized, for instant luster.—**LAURA FLYNN McCARTHY**

IMAGES ▶ 114

Christian Dior

Christian Dior

Colour Shown: Indian Red #763 © 1989 Christian Dior Perfumes, Inc. Tyen

PUT YOUR TAN ON FAST FORWARD.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if you could get a deep, dark tan, and actually spend less time in the sun?

Well, that's the idea the research scientists who develop Coppertone® pursued for years before they launched this extraordinary new Tan Magnifier Suntan Lotion.

Incredibly, it allows you to stay in the sun less time than it would ordinarily take to develop your deepest tan.

And, in the process, you're treating your skin to enriching emollients and drenching moisturizers, like aloe and vitamin E.

Because it's SPF 4, you're still screening the sun's burning ultraviolet (UVB) rays, so like every Coppertone sunscreen, it's anti-aging. And with regular, liberal use, you can

© 1989 Plough Inc. Coppertone is a registered trademark of Plough Inc.

actually help prevent premature aging and wrinkling of your skin due to overexposure to the sun.

Coppertone Tan Magnifier contains no dye or bronzer. It simply and beautifully enhances your tan. And it works right then and there, while you're out in the sun.

If you're serious about a tan and serious about your skin, put yourself on fast forward and get Coppertone Tan Magnifier.

Coppertone®

FOR A LIFETIME OF BEAUTIFUL SKIN.

ADVERTISEMENT

REDKEN

hair tips

Battle hair burn out…
Summer frizz-buster…
Break through build-up

You know about protecting your skin… now SHINSEN™ Leave-In Nourishment delivers spray-on protection for your hair. A unique invisible 'protein shield' actually guards hair from sun and heat styling damage–24 hours a day. The spray-on, leave-in formula takes care of detangling and conditioning in one, easy step. And, Leave-In Nourishment has the unique SHINSEN blend of botanicals…exotic passion flower essence and soothing herbs that *nourish* hair… for extra body, brilliance and manageability instantly.

In warm humid weather, controlling frizz and keeping styles shapely can be a challenge. Enter the Creatíf line of styling products, from Redken. Designed to hold any style (even during summer), Creatíf products make creating and keeping every hair in its place–easy. Try Creatíf Designing Sprays… 12-S for shape, volume and lift, 24-S for radical hold and directional "freeze"…or Creatíf Shaping Lotion 8-L to shape or sleek, wet or dry…all 3 contain sunscreen (especially necessary now). With Creatíf's exclusive, Hold Factor (style-by-number) system, you get exactly the hold you want–exactly when you need it.

Has your old shampoo stopped working? Does it feel like your hair isn't really clean? Maybe your hair needs cleansing creme–Hair Cleansing Creme, from Redken. As gentle as a fine facial creme…more effective than shampoos…Hair Cleansing Creme gently removes hard water deposits, styling product build-up and chlorine chemicals by way of a rich, lightly scented lather. The results are extra-clean, extra-beautiful hair and (added bonus) more effective perms and longer-lasting haircolor.

TO HAVE YOUR HAIR QUESTIONS ANSWERED IN THIS COLUMN, write to REDKEN Laboratories, Dept. H, 6625 Variel Avenue, Canoga Park, CA 91303. For free samples of Redken Classic haircare products or to contact the salon nearest you, call 1-800-542-REDKEN. ©Redken Laboratories, Inc. 1989

IMAGES: hair answers

Hair resistance: what to do if a new perm drops out of shape or your hair color fades a week after the salon visit

MANY WOMEN WHO HAVE PROBLEMS WITH PERMS OR HAIR COLor believe their hair is "allergic" to the chemicals used, but that's impossible. Hair is made of an inert protein (keratin), has no nerve or blood supply—in other words, it's "dead" and so can't have an allergic reaction. But hair *can* be resistant to perming and coloring. Here's why.

Resistance to haircolor: The pigment you're born with comes in two varieties: eumelanin (black) and pheomelanin (red). True redheads are born with only pheomelanin pigment, which is fiercely resistant to the hydrogen peroxide used in all haircoloring. The more pheomelanin in the hair, the more the hair will put up a fight.

If a redhead wants to change her hair color—although most of us would wonder why—the colorist might need to use a presoftener, which is an extra peroxide rinse to open the cuticle more for the color that follows.

Haircoloring problems (and complaints) are often magnified when it comes to covering graying hair. Women who want to cover the first sign of localized areas of gray often find it difficult to do, because, according to John Corbett, vice president for technology at Clairol, gray has to be treated differently, independently from the rest of the hair. "If the gray is evenly distributed, it can be easily masked by the normal coloring process," he explains. "However, if there are areas of solid gray, treat those areas first and leave color on for a longer period of time."

Ironically, hair can also become resistant to haircolor because of overprocessing. The solution: a professional rescue job. At the Imo Beauty Salon, New York City, Imo first takes a strand test to see exactly how overprocessed hair is. If new color doesn't hold, the holes in the hair fiber are filled in with a professional cream color-filler specially made for the job.

Of course, the best solution is to use haircolor sparingly and condition heavily between haircolor sessions. (Creme Conditioner de Pantene, Paul Mitchell's Hair Repair Treatments, and Systema's Formulaiting Creme by Sebastian are specifically made for color-treated hair.)

Resistance to perming: Hair's ability to hold a perm is also determined by hair type. The determining factor is the cortex, where the perming process takes place. In fine hair, the cortex takes up only about 50 percent of the volume of the individual hair, whereas in coarse hair, it can account for up to 80 percent—therefore, the perm solution has more to hold on to. Here, redheads and brunettes score. In the majority of cases, their hair is coarser than blond hair, which is more difficult to perm well.

You can't change hair type. You can, however, improve a perm's success rate by using one that adds body. Good ones to try: Toni's Epic Waves Adaptable Perm, Vidal Sassoon's Basic Wind Perm, Mastey de Paris's new Volumineux perm, and Waves by Sebastian. —**COLLEEN SULLIVAN**

CHOOSE THE MAX FACTOR MAKEUP THAT LETS YOU LOOK MOST BEAUTIFUL

SATIN SPLENDOR™ FLAWLESS COMPLEXION MAKEUP
In one swift stroke this unique cream creates a poreless finish, a satiny radiance that makes your skin look soft and luminous. Totally weightless feel. Sunscreen SPF 8. Fragrance-free.

WHIPPED CREME® MAKEUP
Rich emollients are whipped into this deliciously creamy formula. Covers imperfections beautifully. Soft, natural finish stays fresh hour after hour. Cream or fluid.

PAN-CAKE® MAKEUP
You decide on your perfect natural-looking coverage—from light to full. The beautiful matte formula smooths on with a moistened sponge, keeps flaws under cover all day.

ACTIVE PROTECTION™ MAKEUP
Sun protection (SPF 6) for the active life and for all outdoors. Super-light, waterproof, grease-less formula slips on a clean, natural matte finish that won't streak, run or shine.

CREME PUFF® PRESSED POWDER
The fashionable soft-matte finish that sets your makeup, keeps it impeccable hours longer. Sheer powder and creamy foundation in one. Perfect for touch-ups. Or as an all-in-one finish alone.

ERACE® SECRET COVER-UP
This remarkable concealer covers flaws and blemishes, hides dark circles. The creamy formula blends effortlessly for a smooth and natural-looking finish.

PAN-STIK® MAKEUP
This moisturizing stick makeup is the choice for true coverage, whether medium or more sophisticated. Skin looks refined, delicate, with flaws smoothed over completely.

MAX FACTOR

$20 VALUE ONLY $3.95.

Max Factor Special Edition Makeup Kit. For only $3.95 you can try 4 sample-size foundations: SATIN SPLENDOR. PAN-STIK. WHIPPED CREME. ERACE SECRET COVER-UP. Plus, you'll get $10.00 in coupons for selected Max Factor cosmetic products.
Just send a check or money order to: Makeup Kit, P.O. Box 2259V, Maple Plain, MN 55348.

Please send me the Max Factor Special Edition Makeup Kit plus $10.00 in coupons for selected Max Factor cosmetic products. Enclosed is $3.95 (check or money order only).

Choose your skin tone:__Fair;__Medium;__Medium Deep

Name_____

Address_____

City_____State_____Zip_____

Send to: Makeup Kit, P.O. BOX 2259V, Maple Plain, MN 55348. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Limit one kit per envelope. No commercial or group requests. Void where prohibited. Offer good in USA only, while supplies last. **Offer expires 12/31/89.** © 1989 Max Factor & Co.

FITNESS

Which exercise is best depends on one's fitness goals. LORI MILLER KASE talks to fitness pro Jack Wilmore, who rates top workouts according to benefits

HEART HEALTH OR WEIGHT LOSS, STRONG BONES OR toned thighs—the fitness goals women set for themselves are as varied as the means to these ends. There is no universal exercise prescription; instead, workouts should reflect a woman's fitness priorities. Bicycling, for instance, is a top choice for women striving for cardiovascular fitness but does little in terms of overall muscle definition—and even less to keep bones strong.

Jack Wilmore, Ph.D., professor, Department of Kinesiology and Health Education at the University of Texas, Austin, rated ten popular activities—bicycling, running, walking, rowing, swimming, low- and high-impact aerobics, aerobic circuit training, weight circuit training, and racket sports—according to their various fitness benefits. (The definition of aerobic circuit training: exercisers alternate between aerobic and weight stations, always moving quickly between exercises to keep heart rate up.)

Experts recommend that exercisers devote about thirty minutes—three to four times a week—to their workouts. The ratings used in the charts that follow are based on this standard. *1* indicates little-to-no-known benefits; *2*, modest-to-moderate benefits; and *3*, moderate-to-high benefits. Rowing emerged as the best total-body workout, with top ratings in several categories, including cardiovascular fitness, overall body toning, and number of calories burned.

The well-defined body is a relatively new goal for women exercisers. Where the focus was once on slimming abdomen, buttocks, and thighs, women are now equally interested in developing strong, sleek muscles in these areas, as well as in the upper body. Activities like rowing and aerobic or weight circuit training, which utilize the widest range of muscle groups, are the best bets for women whose goal is overall body definition. (See chart, right.) Adding light hand weights during an aerobic or calisthenic workout is also a good muscle-toning strategy. (Exercise elastics are a less stressful—but equally effective—alternative.)

Exercises that work to strengthen muscles have a hidden benefit: strong muscles protect bones and joints, making them less susceptible to injury. Still, weight training itself has a high injury potential—especially when unsupervised. Dr. Wilmore strongly recommends that anyone planning to begin a weight program consult a professional trainer.

Muscle-toning benefits

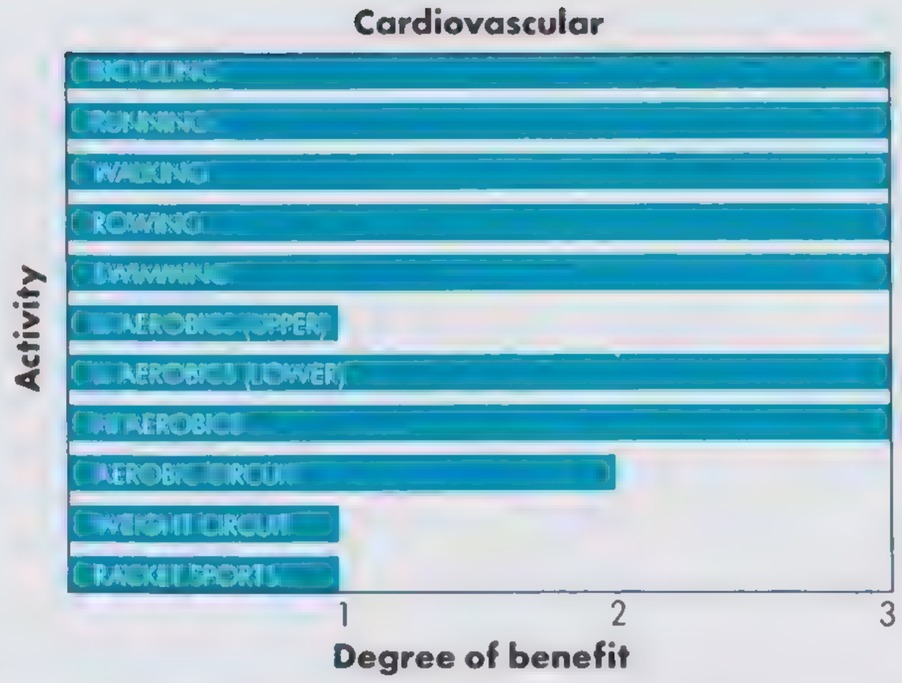
Activities	Upper body	Lower body	Abdomen	Overall
Bicycling	1	3	1	2
Running	1	3	1	2
Walking	1	3	1	2
Rowing	3	3	2	3
Swimming	3	2	1	2
LI Aerobics (upper)	3	2	2	2
LI Aerobics (lower)	2	3	2	2
HI Aerobics	1	3	2	2
Aerobic circuit	3	3	2	3
Weight circuit	3	3	2	3
Racket sports	2	2	1	2

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER. Hair, Didier Malige for Jean Louis David; makeup, Mary Greenwell; Ralph Lauren Swimwear.

Regular aerobic exercise has been shown in scientific studies to lower cholesterol, reduce stress, and help maintain optimal body weight—all key factors in reducing the risk of chronic heart disease. Indeed, both the American Heart Association and the surgeon general endorse regular aerobic exercise as an important preventive health measure.

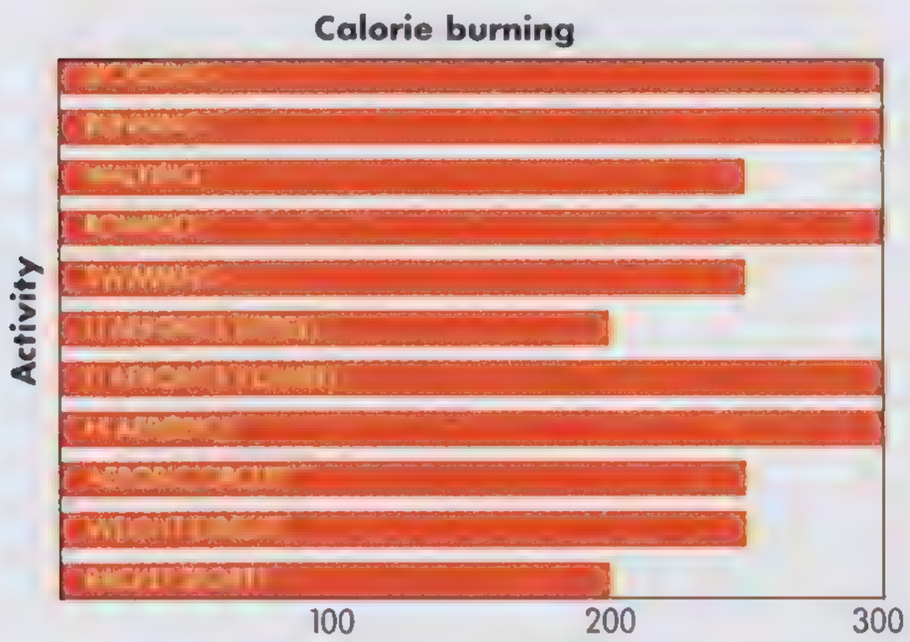
To get the most out of an aerobic workout, one should be able to maintain an elevated heart rate (starting at about 60 to 70 percent of maximum heart rate, gradually building to 75 to 80 percent) throughout the duration of exercise. While activities like racket sports and weight circuit training are too intermittent in nature to have much aerobic benefit (see chart, right), they are useful as maintenance activities once cardiovascular fitness is achieved.

When it comes to aerobic dance, high-energy low-impact programs that emphasize the lower body are just as beneficial as high-impact aerobics and less likely to result in injury. But low-impact classes that emphasize



the upper body do not increase the body's metabolic rate to the same extent as the others and, consequently, do not generate the same cardiovascular gains.

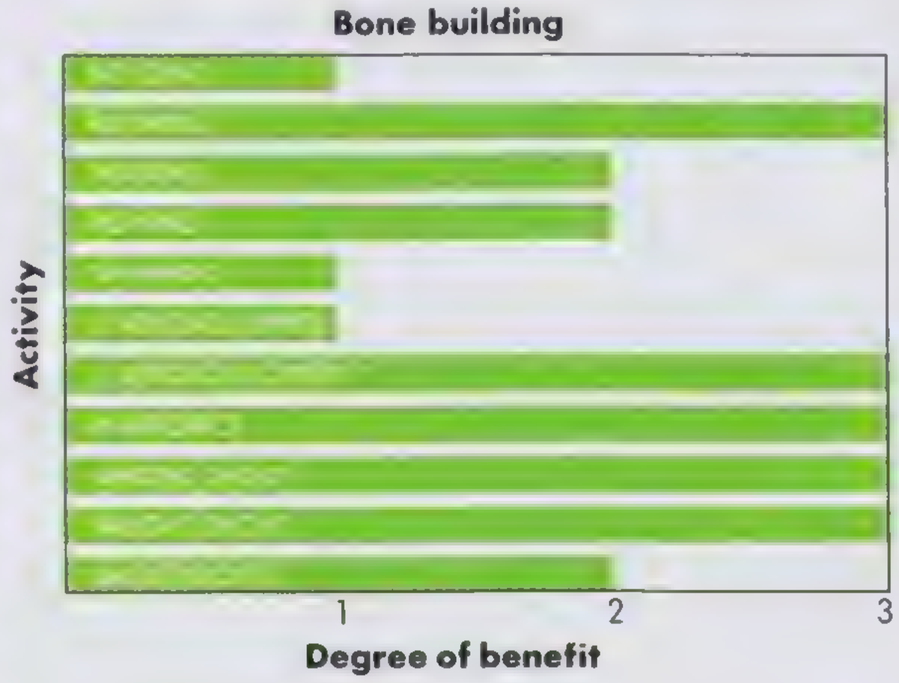
Contrary to popular belief, adding hand or ankle weights is unlikely to affect the cardiovascular aspects of an activity, as the body tends to compensate for the increased burden by performing at a slower pace.



Even as health experts extol the many pluses of regular exercise, the motivating factor for many women is—and always has been—a desire to lose weight. Generally speaking, the activities that are most successful in maintaining an elevated heart rate will also burn the most calories. But there are exceptions to this rule: swimming, walking, and low-impact aerobic programs that emphasize the upper body. (See chart, left.) Recent studies suggest that one's metabolic rate can remain elevated for several hours after high-intensity exercise: an increased metabolic rate translates into more calories burned. According to Dr. Wilmore, it is theorized that a swimmer's body temperature is not elevated to the same extent as is that of someone exercising out of the water; thus, the swimmer's metabolism recovers more quickly after her workout. Similarly, because walking and low-impact (upper-body) aerobics do not elevate the body's metabolic rate as much as higher-intensity activities like running or cycling, they also tend to result in a lower expenditure of energy post exercise.

Few women embark on exercise regimens with bone-building in mind, but recent research indicates that weight-bearing exercise, combined with a diet that is sufficient in calcium, may be a woman's best defense against the brittle-bone disease osteoporosis. Though osteoporosis usually waits to strike until the years following menopause, women may begin losing bone mass—as much as 1 percent per year—as early as age twenty-five. The latest studies show, however, that not only can regular weight-bearing exercise stave off bone loss for decades, it may even increase bone density. And because a woman who exercises regularly will have stronger bones when she reaches menopause, the bone loss normally induced by the hormonal changes that occur at this time may be more subtle.

Bones are strengthened by stress, so exercisers will derive the greatest bone-building benefits from weight-bearing activities like running and high-impact aerobics. (See chart, below, for details.) The drawback of such high-impact activities is that by unduly stressing joints, they can also lead to injury. Walking, though not quite as effective in increasing bone mass, is an injury-free alternative to running that still contributes moderately to bone growth. In addition, any kind of work with weights—whether it's aerobic or weight circuit training or the use of wrist or ankle weights during an aerobic class—will also add to an activity's bone-building benefits. ♥



FITNESS ▶ 122

I.S.

INTELLIGENT SKINCARE
is smart about color, too.

We can put a drawerful of makeup into the palm of your hand.

THE SELECTOR
The ingenious lift-up, slide-out, click-in Selector is a pleasure to own. You select the precise shades to carry – anywhere.

The combinations for lips, eyes, cheeks and flawless skin are endless. But you can handle it. Once you hold the sleeked-down elegant Selector – you'll click. In no time.

Burdines
THE FLORIDA STORE

© 1989 J&J Consumer Products, Inc.

Johnson & Johnson introduces a new moisturizer that helps stop wrinkles. It's called PURPOSE.™

Dermatologists have scientific evidence that the overwhelming majority of facial lines are caused by the sun.

Everyday sunlight actually breaks down the skin's structure, causing the wrinkles commonly associated with age. And ultimately threatening the health of your skin.

PURPOSE™ Dual Treatment Moisturizer helps prevent this. Developed by Johnson & Johnson, its light, greaseless formula is more than a regular moisturizer.

It also contains highly effective sunscreens. So it helps screen out the sun's ravaging rays. And the lines and wrinkles that go along with them.

What's more, PURPOSE leaves your skin wonderfully soft. And it's non-comedogenic, so it won't clog your pores.

Look for PURPOSE™ Moisturizer and PURPOSE™ Gentle Cleansing Soap. And help stop wrinkles now.

The prescription for healthy skin.

Johnson & Johnson

FITNESS

Near left, from top to bottom: Uvex's sun visor and sunglasses in one; I.D.C. and Uvex sunglasses combine bold shapes with UV protection; Rolex's Cosmograph with three minidials; Saranac gloves add weight without bulk....Far left: Anti-UV sunglasses (Uvex); Pop watch by Swatch; Free Style's neoprene pouch protects portable cassette and CD players (here, Sony's Discman).... Bottom: Oglio's locker bag organizes toiletries, sports props (e.g., Sony's cordless phone, I.D.C.'s sun goggles); Swatch's Pop watch.

Today's fitness accessories combine state-of-the-art design with a discriminating eye for style. The result: a modern take on form-plus-function

WOMEN WHO HAVE MADE EXERCISE A PERMANENT part of their lives now look for fitness gear with the style of other accessories. Yet the new fitness options—which run the gamut from weighted exercise gloves to cordless sports phones to mini-locker bags—don't get by on good looks alone: their designs are both highly functional and high tech, yet tough enough to withstand the demands of an active life without damage. Sports sunglasses, for example, have never been sleeker; but they also block UV light, are impact-, scratch-, and fog-resistant, and have the versatility to keep pace with a woman's changing fitness needs. The new sports watches are chic enough for office or even for nightclub; yet, more than just pretty faces, they are shock-, scratch-, water-, and pressure-resistant. A few of these watches display several minidials that let the wearer perform complex timing calculations; others have one huge face with bold graphics for at-a-glance reading. One sports watch (Swatch's) can be popped from its band and pinned to a bathing suit, tennis shorts, or even a gym bag for maximum efficiency—and a new kind of style.—**PAMELA KAUFMAN**

WILLIAM GARRETT. Hair and makeup, Jim Brusack. Details, l

Maybelline PERFECT PEN eyeliner
INCREDIBLE
Maybelline PE
Mayb
PERFECT PEN™ EYELINER. AN INGENIOUS
SOFT FELT TIP GIVES YOU ABSOLUTE CONTROL OF YOUR LINE.
RIGHT WHERE YOU WA
SMART
BEAUTIFUL
SMART BEAUTIFUL
Maybelline
© 1988 Maybelline Co

THE FIRST CRU
ENTERTAINMENT
AROUND

Our entertainment revolves around a shipboard theater where some of the world's best performers appear in plays such as Broadway's *42nd Street* and *A Chorus Line.*

It revolves around shipboard casinos that offer the same games of chance you would find in the most famous gambling cities. Cities such as Las Vegas, Atlantic City, and Monte Carlo.

It revolves around live island music on a deck set high above the sea. Uninhibited nights of dancing in our clubs. And elegant formal gatherings such as our Captain's cocktail party.

SE LINE WHOSE DOESN'T REVOLVE THE BAR.

And it revolves around the food, sports, and island tours that have made the ships of NCL known as the Pleasure Ships.

By simply calling 1-800-262-4NCL for our free fleet brochure, you'll see just how much more cruise we give you for your money.

Once you've looked over our fleet brochure, we're sure you'll see the wisdom of a cruise like ours. A cruise that revolves less around a sleepy shipboard bar and more around exciting shipboard entertainment.

NORWEGIAN CRUISE LINE.
The Pleasure Ships.

RALPH LAUREN

COUNTRY

MAIN STREET, EAST HAMPTON

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . .

Star power

Travelers and foodies turn to Michelin and Gault Millau. Now there's help for the discriminating news hound. *The 1989 Media Guide: A Critical Review of the Print Media* (Polyconomics), from former journalist and supply-side economics guru Jude Wanniski, applies the four-star system to more than six hundred scribes from ten of the nation's leading daily newspapers and thirty-six periodicals, which are reviewed as well (*Fortune* is an Eastern Establishment "mouthpiece," *Harper's* is afflicted with "chronic pretentiousness," *Mother Jones* has gone "respectable"). Among the favorite journalists: Timothy Garton Ash, who writes about Eastern and Central Europe for *The Spectator*; *New Republic* columnists Michael Kinsley and Fred Barnes; the conservative Evans & Novak; the liberal Anthony Lewis. . . . The real winner in the **battle of the network superstars** was former Cable News Network anchor Mary Alice Williams. While Connie Chung and Diane Sawyer mopped up the tabloid ink and denied rumors about their salaries, Williams remained dignified and professional, a welcome face indeed. . . . If you prefer your stars rocking, the **original glamour groups** will be hard at it this summer. Glimmer twins Mick Jagger and Keith Richards have put aside differences long enough to record a new Rolling Stones album, and The Who kick off a reunion tour this month at Radio City Music Hall with a performance of the vintage rock opera *Tommy*. And these are the boys who sang, "Hope I die before I get old. . . ."

The shape of things to come

First, New Agers resorted to the Arkansas hills in pursuit of more crystal. Then pious—and gullible—oat-bran believers virtually stripped the plains of oats. The latest shortage is of a slightly less spiritual nature. Demand for **spandex** and the stretchy athletic fashions made from the stuff is so great that outlaws stole plans of Du Pont's spandex technology. And no wonder—sales of Lycra (the brand name) were up 10 percent last year to $600 million. Du Pont caught the thieves and plans to double annual production from eighteen million pounds to thirty-six million. Until then, the humane solution is obvious: ration remaining cyclist shorts and leotards to the **exquisitely toned few** who actually should be wearing them. . . . Reebok has abandoned its quirky U.B.U. ad campaign in favor of a more direct approach—steamy shots of well-sculpted female bodies slipping in and out of lingerie. The company's marketing vice president explains the switch this way: "Emphasis is on the self, as in **narcissistic.** People don't exercise to lower their cholesterol levels and pulse rates anymore. That's out. . . ."

Talking heads

Talk has never really been cheap, but this is getting out of hand. As soon as John Tower lost his nomination, he became the hottest ticket on the **rubber-chicken circuit** at around $20,000 per sound off. The take from five speeches a year will top his would-have-been defense salary of $99,500, and his agent predicts thirty or forty gigs annually. Barbara Walters, Diane Sawyer, and Jihan Sadat are all in Tower's range, while Diahann Carroll and Vanna White inexplicably pull in a whopping $30,000 each. Even Bella Abzug and Shirley Chisholm get $5,000 and $6,000, respectively, for a blast from the past. Agents say the next hot market is Japan, where fees of fifty grand are not unheard-of. . . . Nancy Reagan will have her say in *My Turn: The Memoirs of Nancy Reagan*, due from Random House in October. For those who can't wait, the Danbury Mint is marketing a "marvelously realistic" nineteen-inch **Nancy doll**. . . .

Hired guns

Forget about escort services or rent-a-date. For $449 you can have "Gregory" full-time. That's without clothes, of course—pants and a turtleneck cost $50 more. No, he's not an inexpensive gigolo or an **inflatable sex toy** but a "stern and silent bodyguard who protects you twenty-four hours a day." This ludicrous fiberglass creation is available through the usually sensible *Sharper Image* catalog, which touts its man as "six feet of macho muscle" whose "stern appearance is no accident." Judging by the pictures, one of Gregory's many functions is donning Ray-Bans and a fedora to accompany **hapless young women** in red convertibles. The copy also reports that Gregory is used by police departments in twenty states. And we wonder why the crime rate is so high. . . . A new book, *Burning Desires, Sex in America: A Report from the Field* (Doubleday), features former Sandinista *and* contra operative Arturo Cruz, Jr., as chief guide through "Washington Babylon." The wily Cruz is perhaps best remembered as erstwhile escort of **Fawn Hall**, who once demanded of her boss, Oliver North, that Cruz be sent home early from a mission in Europe so that he could keep a date. True love, however, did not prevail. "How could I," asks Arturo, "marry a woman whose name was Fawn?" ♥

MOVIES

No aspect of the spectacular new *Batman* has caused greater stir than the casting of Batman himself. GRAYDON CARTER finds Michael Keaton unruffled by the controversy

MICHAEL KEATON HAS IN HIS POSSESSION A WALLET belonging to Michael Douglas—a wallet stuffed with Michael Douglas's money, Michael Douglas's driver's license, Michael Douglas's credit cards. The plastic Keaton has been using often and cavalierly; neither guilt nor shame informs his boyish, pop-leprechaun features. Shocking business, this. More on it later.

For the present, think not of Michael Keaton as a Michael Douglas doppelgänger. Think of Michael Keaton, actor; Michael Keaton, Bruce Wayne; Michael Keaton, Batman. For some of us, mere mention of the character sets the brain to throbbing; visions of camp vigilantes and cardboard villains jostling on slanted sets cloud the senses. But then Tim Burton, director of the new *Batman* movie, does not traffic in rancid nostalgia, as anyone who has seen *Pee-wee's Big Adventure* and *Beetlejuice* will attest. Like a latter-day Ronald Firbank, Burton has shown an ability not just to reinvent the world around him but to erect fantastic new civilizations. And so with Warner's $30 million riding on his every decision, Burton made his most important one. He chose a skinny, piston-driven jazz machine, a gifted comic self-invention with a pair of antic Gothic eyebrows to be his Batman. It was a curious if inspired choice, for although Keaton has managed to create wildly varied characters in such disparate films as *Beetlejuice*, *Clean and Sober*, and *The Dream Team*, he possesses none of the properties we have come to associate with either Bruce Wayne or Batman. When Burton first sent him the script for *Batman*, he read it out of courtesy, idly believing that there might be a character bit in it for him. Only later did Burton inform him that it was he who should wear the cape.

By the time the film opens this month, the DC Comics fundamentalists—as Keaton calls the Batman purists—will have raised all manner of hell to ensure that Burton does not serve up a *Batman* similar in spirit to the one-note television series of two decades ago. And like most fanatic-fringe protests (see also *Last Temptation of Christ*, *Satanic Verses*), the Batman zealots will

Keaton as Bruce Wayne, left, and Batman, opposite

MURRAY CLOSE

have been spitballing an artist's vision they have yet to witness. These cape-wearing, letter-writing, petition-signing Batman buffs—grown men and women, many with jobs and adult responsibilities—want Batman, a wealthy schizophrenic who puts on a bat costume and wanders around the city at night frightening people, to be taken seriously. Their religion has its touchstones: the brooding, psychological smokiness of Bob Kane's original comic book and a recent batch of Batman stories, in particular the tormented, violent *Killing Joke*, which proposed that Batman and The Joker were equally psychotic.

All this concerns Keaton not one whit. I saw him a month or two before he departed for London and asked him what he knew about Batman. "Almost nothing really," he replied. Keaton said that he had only occasionally watched the television show and had never read the comic books. His only real preparation, prior to actually putting on the cape, was to work out with a Scottish sports doctor who had once played soccer for Leeds. While waiting for him in his hotel room, I spotted a tattered copy of an old Batman comic, sheathed in plastic and lying on a chiffonier. I asked him if this was his idea of research. He shouted back from another room that he hadn't even gone that far. The comic was a souvenir for his son, Sean Willie, age six. When I chatted with Keaton a half year later, *Batman*'s sixteen-week shooting schedule completed, I inquired whether making the film had kindled a heightened interest in Batman scholarship. "They'll kill me for saying this," he replied, "but no. Not really."

"The star of the movie is the movie itself," Keaton says. "I've never seen anything like it"

It is precisely this unaffected candor that sets Keaton apart from his contemporaries. Whatever psychic legwork Keaton performs before walking onto the set, he accomplishes in private. Where other actors want to share with you the working drawings for the house, Keaton works quietly, then presents you with the keys to the finished dwelling. Aside from taking off or putting on weight (he gained for *Batman*), his physical alterations are minor as well, on the order of bleaching the peaks of his eyebrows, which he did for *Mr. Mom*. "They make me look too demonic," he has said. On a talk show Keaton once admitted that during the filming of *Gung Ho* he darkened the scalp around his widow's peak, where his hair is beginning to wear thin. When I brought this matter up in as tactful a manner as I could manage, Keaton showed me a breakwall of recent-vintage hair plugs, intended to stem the tide of his retreating hairline. I told him I hadn't noticed. "Well, good," he replied.

Keaton has said that he believes his roles convey the essence of the "approachable Everyman," a fitting description of the actor himself. He is the product of a working-class Pennsylvania family, the ▶130

youngest of seven children, all of whom he says are funny—the influence of their mother. (Keaton says that the funniest member is probably his brother Robert, a banker who lives in Syracuse, New York.) Keaton, now thirty-seven, still sees his two great friends from childhood, Dave Maple and Dick McNally, both salesmen. After an hour in Keaton's presence one begins to see swatches of the characters he has played in his movies. I asked how much of the real Michael Keaton was in each of these portraits. The results of that study:

Night Shift ("30%")
Johnny Dangerously ("2%")
Mr. Mom ("Maybe 58%")
Gung Ho ("40 or 45%")
The Squeeze ("30%")
Beetlejuice ("90%. No, I'd say about 4%.")
Clean and Sober ("Unfortunately, I'd say about 70%.")
Batman ("With his anger quotient, probably 21%.")

Kim Basinger plays Bruce Wayne's love interest, Vicki Vale; the new Batmobile is no less curvy.

It would be unusual to find a moviegoer not yet versed in the details of *Batman*'s casting: Jack Nicholson as The Joker. Kim Basinger as Bruce Wayne's girlfriend, Vicki Vale. And of course, no Robin this time out. Keaton is typically modest about his own contributions. While *Batman* was being shot on Pinewood Studio's enormous soundstage—the largest in the world—he found himself quite mesmerized by the stylized, fascist-moderne set, equal parts George Grosz and Hugh Ferriss. "The star of the movie is the movie itself," Keaton says. "I've never seen anything like it. With Tim, you're guaranteed something you've never seen before."

But how deftly will Michael Keaton be able to maneuver between the two arch identities of his one *Batman* character? What has prepared Keaton for this dual role? The answer—to return to the mystifying bit of exposition that opened this article—lies in the wallet. For Michael Keaton *is* Michael Douglas; it is the name he was born with, the name he continues to live under, the name he confounds Beverly Hills maître d's with. Only on movie credits and Hollywood Rolodexes is he Michael Keaton. And so during the filming of *Batman*, Michael Douglas, mild-mannered millionaire, relaxed by reading Stephen Hawking and Joseph Campbell, until night fell over the giant Pinewood soundstage and he put on cape and mask and walked out into the darkness as Michael Keaton, Batman. ♥

in brief

IN PETER WEIR'S NEW FILM, **The Dead Poets Society**, Robin Williams stars as John Keating, the English teacher we all wish we'd had. The year is 1959, and Welton Academy is a stifling Vermont prep school that, in the words of producer Steven Haft, "turns out kids in blazers and golf clubs." Enter "eccentric, charismatic" Keating, a latter-day cavalier poet who enrages both parents and administration by wrenching his students out of their preprofessional ruts. The description may bring to mind anything from *Welcome Back, Kotter* to *if . . .*, but Haft insists "the strongest parallel is with *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*." . . . The new British comedy **Getting It Right** has the plot of a porn film: Jesse Birdsall stars as Gavin Lamb, a repressed thirty-one-year-old virgin whose life is stuck in neutral until he meets three disparate and desperate women (Lynn Redgrave, Helena Bonham Carter, and Jane Horrocks) and comes of age. Although the storyline may be trite, director Randal Kleiser (best known for *Grease* and *The Blue Lagoon*) has a magic touch with clichés. Rather than buck the status quo, Kleiser has spent his energy on clever storytelling, a lively pace, and charmed performances. . . . In **The Navigator**, a small band of fourteenth-century English miners embark on a pilgrimage to save their village from the Black Death. Guided by a young boy's dream, they tunnel straight through the earth and pop up in a twentieth-century city in New Zealand. Director Vincent Ward, who favors locations accessible only by helicopter and rope, has given every frame a dramatic beauty that overrides the film's shortcomings: the predictable clashings of medieval man with the modern world (miners attacked by a highway; miners jousting with a submarine) and a conclusion hobbled by loose ends. And throughout this escapist fantasy runs a dark subtext: "There's a kind of nuclear plague in the twentieth century," explains Ward. "The sense of threat that people felt in the 1300s makes a particularly strong link between the two centuries."—**JEFFREY SHERMAN**

Birdsall and Carter in *Getting It Right*

Left: MURRAY CLOSE. *Right:* DAVID BRAMLEY

WHAT WILL WOMEN IN ST. TROPEZ BE WEARING THIS YEAR?

Indulge in the Classique Gelée Orange. Now in SPF's 4, 10 and 15.

Our silky smooth orange gelée is a tanning classic. And now it comes in an elegant body stick, too. Glides on evenly, so very easily. And leaves your skin with a sensuous golden sheen.

A range of sun protection factors shields you from the sun's burning rays, while vital moisturizers soften and smooth every inch of your body.

For a luxurious tan that's never at the expense of beautiful skin, indulge in Bain de Soleil.

In St. Tropez, why wear anything else?

BAIN·DE·SOLEIL®

ELEGANT SKINCARE FOR THE SUN.

©1989 Richardson-Vicks Inc.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1989

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

Regular: 6 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine—
Menthol: 5 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

For people who like to smoke...

BENSON & HEDGES

because quality matters.

MUSIC

Like the early stars of Motown, today's young singers are reshaping urban music. JOHN LELAND meets Karyn White, a next-generation Diana Ross

RECENTLY, THE SOUND OF L.A. REID AND BABYFACE, the songwriting and production team from Cincinnati, has been everywhere: in the sexually aggressive funk of Bobby Brown, in the pleasure-principle pop of Sheena Easton and Paula Abdul. A new urban sound, stripped down to a rap beat and a few instrumental flourishes, it is as neat a stylistic coup as producers Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis pulled off with Janet Jackson in 1986. After years of limited success in their own group—the Deele—L.A. and BabyFace are suddenly dominating black radio. At one point in January, they had written and produced three of the top five singles on *Billboard*'s black-music chart.

Men write her letters, saying that she has helped them understand their mothers

At the top of that chart, with her second No. 1 single, was twenty-three-year-old Karyn White, a striking, raspy-voiced singer/model from Los Angeles. If L.A. and BabyFace are the hot Svengalis of the moment, Karyn White is their chief vehicle, the protégée whose sound and image they have crafted most completely.

White's first No. 1, the buoyant "The Way You Love Me," seemed to present her as a perfect sex object—not only beautiful and athletic, but grateful. It was infectious and quirky but only put her on the dance-market treadmill of interchangeable singers. With her second single, "Superwoman," she became a real pop star. "Superwoman" turned her into *uber*mom. Projecting her grainy voice into the idiom of the scorned homemaker—the overarching ballad—she sings to her inattentive man of all she did to please him. In the video, she hangs sheets on the line, serves his breakfast, buys his groceries, and offers, "I want to make sure that your dinner will be waiting for you." It is a beautiful song, full of pathos and personal triumph, a ballad to shred disbelief. Women go crazy when she sings it, jumping onto the stage, hugging her, crying, not letting go. Men write her letters, saying that the song helped them understand their mothers. A sign of the times, it tugs at a multitude of unliberated heartstrings.

"I haven't gotten any feminist criticism yet," White says. "I suspect that'll be coming. But I don't want to be involved in that women's lib. I want to be pampered, I want doors opened for me. I'm pretty old-fashioned; I expect a man to live up to certain qualities. Most people think that mentality just belongs to low-income women, but there are professional women who are going through it, too."

White grew up in a middle-class neighborhood in West Los Angeles, where she attended a *Fame*-type school for the performing arts and ran on the track team. She has a streak of the evil diva—"I'm a go-getter," she says euphemistically—that dates back to her childhood. "I started track because my girlfriend ran, and I would train just to beat her. I was really good, but I gave up track because singing and dancing were so much more glamorous. Even then I wanted to be like Diana Ross, and I acted like I already was her."

White is currently on her first national arena tour, providing a little foreplay for the sexual theatrics of Bobby Brown, LeVert, and Tone-Lōc. All of the performers are under twenty-five; together with Keith Sweat and Johnny Kemp, they are the next generation in urban music. Like the Motown acts of the early sixties, they blend street attitudes with pop until the distinctions do not matter. And Karyn White, diva manqué, is their Diana Ross. ♥

Karyn White: a raspy-voiced singer with a streak of the evil diva

JOHNNY ROZSA. Hair and makeup, Nadia Taricco/Cloutier

Listen

The fragrance you can hear.

A
New
Parfum
For
Women

Now available at
macy's
Distributed by
H. Alpert & Company
A Division of O-JADAIS
Beverly Hills, CA 90212

BOOKS

Amy Wilentz's new book is a portrait of modern Haiti. Over lunch with JOHN SEABROOK, she talks about her tumultuous love affair with a country torn apart by political violence

FOUR YEARS AGO, A FRIEND LOANED AMY WILENTZ A copy of *The Comedians*, Graham Greene's novel about tyranny and corruption in Haiti. Wilentz had no special curiosity about Haiti at that time. But the novel, which takes place during the regime of François Duvalier, interested her greatly—so much, in fact, that it inspired her to travel to Haiti, to write an article about tyranny and corruption under Jean-Claude Duvalier, Papa Doc's son. Five days after she arrived, Jean-Claude fled the country; a twenty-nine-year-old dictatorship collapsed abruptly in the middle of the night. Instead of tyranny and corruption there was now anarchy and violence. Another person might have abandoned the article and left the country immediately. Wilentz decided to stay for the better part of two years and write a book.

The situation was worse than you might think. There were nightly bursts of gunfire, and in the morning bodies, or pieces of bodies, lying in the streets. There were many things Wilentz did not know. Her family had taught her about political commitment, and various employers—*The Nation*, *Newsday*, and *Time*—had taught her about political journalism, but nobody had taught her how to survive when, in the name of politics, people shoot at you in the street.

She learned to distinguish between bodies hacked apart by machetes and those blown apart by machine guns

Wilentz learned to keep an eye out for hiding places—fat white posts were the best—when taking a stroll outside. She learned how to run with a panicked crowd (never try to stop). She learned to avoid closed spaces—churches, for example, make excellent slaughterhouses. She learned to distinguish between bodies hacked apart by machetes, meaning the murderers were peasants, and bodies blown apart by machine guns, meaning the murderers were soldiers. She made a habit of going to the public hospital, in the hope of getting an accurate body count, and she cataloged what she saw in a style that nicely expresses the numbing effect of the place.

Inside its green emergency room, a boy on a cot with his skull blown off, dying, his brain half out of his head. A dead boy with a chest wound, two leg wounds, his eyes half open. A man gasping for air with a bullet in his neck, blood everywhere, nurses not even bothering. No blood left in the blood bank. Relatives hunting for blood for the victims. A woman on a straw mat in the corner, her side spilling blood all over the green floor. A twelve-year-old boy with his arm blown off, bandaged, looking around distractedly, as though he had lost something important. Some soldiers had cornered him that afternoon, by himself near the cemetery. They stood him up against the graveyard wall, made him put his hands above his head, and blew his arm off with their Uzis.

Wilentz at home: she's already looking for her next locale

The book Wilentz wrote is called *The Rainy Season: Haiti Since Duvalier* (Simon & Schuster). In a way it is two books, collated. One is an analysis of the recent unrest in the context of Haitian history and society—the growth of the nation, the role of the army, the importance of voodoo, the economic imperialism of the United States. The second and, for the average reader, more accessible book is a personal account of her experience—the violence she saw, the fear she felt, the leaders she interviewed, the friends she made, and the language she learned (French Creole). There are Graham Greene–like scenes in the hotel dining room, with cynical foreign correspondents, beautiful mulatto women, and unctuous ministers of state, everyone drinking champagne. There are many enjoyable things in *The Rainy Season*, both small and large, from an original turn of phrase—automatic-weapon fire is "like being caught inside a popcorn maker"—to the admirable lack of condescension and piousness ▶ 138

MICHAEL O'BRIEN. Hair and makeup, Tracy Sondern

Paloma Picasso Designs For Tiffany

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK · LONDON · MUNICH · ZURICH · HONG KONG

SAN FRANCISCO · BEVERLY HILLS · COSTA MESA · DALLAS · HOUSTON · CHICAGO · ATLANTA · BOSTON 800-526-0649 ©T&CO. 1989

Copyright © 1989 Wesley-Jessen All rights reserved

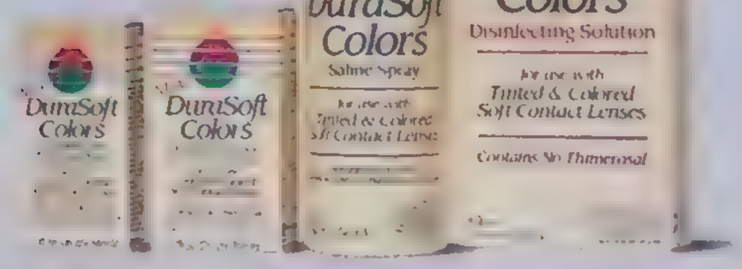
For all your fine washables.

Now there's a lens care system recommended for colored and tinted soft contact lenses.

New DuraSoft™ Colors Solutions.

With no abrasive cleansers that can scrub away color. Or harsh peroxides.

So use DuraSoft Colors Solutions. And help keep all your fine washables as colorful as they were the day you first tried them on.



New. DuraSoft Colors Solutions.

in the book. It would have been easy for Wilentz to moralize, to say, in effect, isn't it horrible, what's happened in Haiti. That she resists is a tribute to her intelligence.

Now, I know Amy Wilentz slightly. At least I thought that I did. I mention this not to qualify my enthusiasm for the book, but rather because, well, it's hard to reconcile the Amy Wilentz I know, this shy-seeming, mild, and beautiful woman, with the Amy Wilentz who inhabits these pages, who is routinely threatened by guys with machetes, and who, near the end of the book, narrowly escapes death.

The three of us had lunch together not long ago in a fancy Manhattan restaurant. The Amy Wilentz I know made some sarcastic remarks about her counterpart. "I was dating Haiti," she said. "We had a relationship, and it was passionate and deeply fulfilling, and I was in love, but there are certain things about it I didn't like, that broke us up in the long run, and now I think it's for the best that we part. I suppose that makes me sound like a typical woman."

I asked how much of a difference it made, that she was a woman in Haiti, not a man.

"In terms of the reporting, not much. It's true that being a foreign correspondent is still pretty much a masculine activity. A macho thing. One of the things I wanted to do, and that I succeeded in doing I think, was to show that a woman could take on the kind of subject usually reserved for men—something dangerous. And yet because my book is more personal than the kind of book that, say, Raymond Bonner would write, I think some people will call it a woman's book. Which turns out not to bother me that much."

Here we discuss tiny differences between Dukakis and Bush. In Haiti you talk about how to escape from tear gas

"Is that why you stayed in Haiti, to prove you could do it?"

"Not primarily, no. I think it was the idea of this clear, political evil, something much starker than anything you see in the United States. And there was a clear movement of resistance against it. Maybe not as clear as I first thought, but clear enough. That was something I missed, living in the United States. I wanted to find out what real political commitment was like. Here we sit around and discuss tiny differences between Dukakis and Bush; there you talk about how best to escape from tear gas. You see people whose every minute, whose every action, is in some way directly affected by politics—to an extent that just doesn't exist in this country. The only parallel here is the degree of involvement that people feel in a rock concert or a sports event. We're way too spoiled and lazy."

Just then, as if offering evidence to buttress her claim, the waiter brought the dessert menu, and I ordered warm mousse of passion fruit. Wilentz looked stunned, and blinked a few times; it was as if she remembered she was no longer in Haiti.

"Could you say that again?" she asked.

"Warm mousse of passion fruit."

"Could you say it one more time?"

John Seabrook *writes for* The New Yorker, Interview, Manhattan Inc., *and other magazines*.

DuraSoft® Colors

© Copyright 1989 Wesley-Jessen Corp., Chicago, IL U.S.A. All rights reserved.

Get your eyes a second look.

NEW DURASOFT COLORS MISTY GRAY CONTACT LENSES.

NOW AVAILABLE IN EIGHT STUNNING COLORS.

Glenn Weiss at New York City's alternative space P.S. 1, where he serves as architecture curator. Below: A selection of proposals to link the Diomede Islands across the international date line and the border between Alaska and Siberia.

Architecture's maverick thinker Glenn Weiss is determined to forge links—between the United States and Russia, aesthetics and public life

THE INTERNATIONAL DATE LINE IS A METAPHYSICAL and geopolitical blooper—it's the place where imperialist nineteenth-century Europe, otherwise unimpeded in its quest to shrink-wrap the world, found it had to pull out the Scotch tape. An 1884 conference establishing the date line in principle was followed two generations later by the 1948 closing of the border (which runs along the same line) between Alaska and Siberia: where Monday meets Tuesday, the free world was made to confront the Iron Curtain.

You can't do much better for a problem in the spatialization of an abstract idea or two, and Glenn Weiss—sometime architect, part-time administrator, and tenured social conscience to the prevailing school of public art—has invited some kindred spirits to share his interest in the edge between tomorrow and today.

The result is Competition Diomede—not a Michael Crichton screenplay but a global exercise in visionary design that joins the New York art organization P.S. 1 with the Union of Architects of the Soviet Union, Russia's sole professional organization in the field. Competition guidelines called for proposals to link, with any degree of practicality, the two opposing islands closest to the border. Big Diomede, on the Soviet side, and Little Diomede, on the American, are, to quote the prospectus, "basically two barren granite rocks that rise sharply out of the very shallow Bering Sea." They are about two and a half miles apart, and neither is more than four miles long.

The only stipulation was that proposals, in images or text, be presented on standard correspondence-size paper. No entry fee was required, no cash prize promised. There are no winners. Especially provocative submissions constitute the bulk of the exhibition at P.S. 1's Clocktower Gallery in New York City through July 2, which will travel to the University of Washington in Seattle in late September and, ultimately, to Moscow. But every single proposal submitted—more than eight hundred—is available for perusal.

The diplomacy and doggedness required for this project would have made a faint heart quail. After ▶ 142

CHRIS SANDERS

ERNO LASZLO DOESN'T TAKE THE SUN LYING DOWN.

WE HAVE TAKEN A WHOLE NEW APPROACH TO SUN CARE. AN AGGRESSIVE, PRO-ACTIVE APPROACH THAT GOES WELL BEYOND SIMPLE PROTECTION

AT THE CORE OF THE SUN DEFENSE COLLECTION IS AN EXTRAORDINARY NEW PRODUCT TOTAL SKIN REVITALIZER. USED ALL YEAR 'ROUND, IT FORMS A BARRIER AGAINST ENVIRONMENTAL TRAUMA USED UNDER OUR HIGH-POWERED SUN BLOCKS, IT LAYERS PRO-ACTIVE THERAPY WITH DEFENSE.

THE SUN DEFENSE COLLECTION IS AVAILABLE TO ERNO LASZLO MEMBERS AND NON-MEMBERS, SO NOW EVERYONE CAN RELAX ABOUT THE SUN

ERNO LASZLO
SUN CARE

© 1989 The Erno Laszlo Institute.

I.MAGNIN

fruitless initial attempts to enlist Soviet support, Weiss—who had engaged in protracted negotiations with the Soviet architects' union for an earlier Clocktower exhibition—arranged for a California design school to serve as courier for his requests. This and the warm winds of *glasnost* facilitated the Soviet agreement to distribute competition guidelines and to exhibit the responses in Moscow, though details were worked out only after Weiss made a prompt personal appearance. After a day in Moscow, he spent a week at an architectural conference in Soviet Georgia, schmoozing with union executives and other interested designers.

Back home, Weiss sent information to every architectural school, professional association, and trade publication he could locate in the Northern Hemisphere (over fifteen thousand pieces of mail in all), as well as to selected artists. He even contacted the mayor of Diomede Village on Little Diomede (population 175), the islands' only habitation.

Cornell Fuchs's clockwork bridge

These are not the sort of contacts most administrators or architects cultivate, but Weiss, now thirty-two, spurned conventional practice early on. A graduate of Columbia University's architecture school, he served from 1984 to 1986 as co-director, with founder Kyong Park, of Manhattan's enterprising Storefront for Art and Architecture. For a year and a half Weiss ran the 911 Contemporary Art Center in Seattle while remaining the long-distance architecture curator for P.S. 1.

Weiss shares a commitment, in Kyong Park's phrase, to "help overcome some of the impotency the aesthetic field has in relation to the formation of our daily lives." Patricia Phillips, art critic, design professor, and a competition juror, says Weiss's approach "takes public art away from the object or the specific community" into experiments that "overcome region and culture without being blandly universal." He is, she concludes, one of the few people to suggest "what we can predict for art in the twenty-first century."

For a visionary, Weiss can be disarmingly fatalistic. "What kind of physical world are we going to live in when the world seems run by things we can't see?" he asks. "What can we do as makers of physical things in relationship to the changes in our cultural life?" These are the issues he would like to see artists address, and he takes a wide view of who is an artist—"people who take multidimensional symbolic action without any kind of real purpose in mind."

As the worldwide response to Competition Diomede indicates, he's not whistling in the dark; there are plenty of people—architects, engineers, urban planners, and sculptors—who answer eagerly to Weiss's definition of their roles. And their proposals reveal other common inclinations: many concern the projection of light (often in the form of laser beams, sometimes enhanced by mirrors) from one island to the next; the construction of bridges or monuments of discarded war matériel; the establishment of museums and commemorative halls, research facilities, rock- and sea-bound habitations, and even hotels and conference centers. Some bridges emphasize the futility of their task; they are made of ice, and intended to melt, or use the date line as a fulcrum for a seesaw that never touches both islands at once. And there are some moving oddball notions, such as from Poland the annual commissioning and inter-island performance of a musical composition honoring each Nobel Peace Prize laureate.

Several entrants suggest the date line be moved: to bisect each island; to swing back and forth on alternate years, with the islands shuttling from one jurisdiction to the other; to split up and surround the two islands, creating a uniquely Diomedian time-space entity. Some proposals object more explicitly to the basis of the competition: "The only solution is *relinquish sovereignty and leave be*," says one. "Washington and Moscow don't belong here."

Weiss is neither angered nor impressed by this response. "That isn't what I'm looking to learn from the project," he says. "That's information I already have." He would have been more interested in seeing how that idea "could be expressed in architectural terms." Foreign sovereignty is precisely the issue Weiss wants to get inside of—to make palpable in all its absurdities and sorrows. And Weiss's effort to particularize and humanize superpower politics has been resoundingly successful. Even before the entries were unwrapped, they began to make their point: the postmarks alone, from China, Japan, France, Germany, Holland, Czechoslovakia, Poland, as well as the Soviet Union and the United States, tell a story of faith in the community, and variety, of the human spirit.

There remains the question of efficacy. To whom is this work aimed? Is it concerned with public policy (Weiss says definitely not), or with the collective state of our visual imagination? Do aesthetic or intellectual judgments need to be attempted? Rogue missile though it may be, the Diomede project is not alone in aiming at these issues. It can be compared to Tim Rollins's work with students in the South Bronx, or Mierle Laderman Ukeles's "collaborations" with the New York City Sanitation Department, or the Storefront for Art and Architecture's exhibition of proposals for reimagining the demilitarized zone between North and South Korea. All these projects insist that public art and architecture assume real and undeniably difficult social responsibilities. By this geographical compass alone, Competition Diomede strengthens broadcast channels between the other side of the world's yesterday and our today. —**NANCY PRINCENTHAL**

Evert and Rolex: tough competitors with championship grace.

Three Wimbledon, six U.S. and seven French championships. Not to mention five Italian titles and two Australian Opens.

Formidable credentials. But for Chris Evert, just brilliant flashes in the steady flame of a dazzling career.

Consider her milestones. In 1974, Evert's fifty-five-match winning streak established a decade-long record for women.

Her one hundred twenty-five victories on clay set a world record for consecutive wins on the same surface.

And she is the only player in history to walk off with at least one grand-slam singles title for thirteen years running.

Chris Evert is so highly regarded by her peers that she has been elected president of the Women's International Tennis Association four times.

The winning Evert style is remarkable for its stamina, yet distinguished by its grace.

Attributes which account for the natural affinity of the player for her timepiece. Rolex.

Oyster Perpetual, Lady Datejust are trademarks.

ROLEX

Oyster Perpetual Lady Datejust in 18kt gold with "bark" finish and twelve diamonds set in the bezel.

Write for brochure. Rolex Watch U.S.A., Inc., Dept. 675 Rolex Building, 665 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022-5383.
© 1986 Rolex Watch U.S.A., Inc.

POLITICS

In Washington the faces tend to remain the same, they just get reshuffled with each new administration, says FRED BARNES. Consider the short list of Republican women deemed qualified for the big jobs

CARLA HILLS WAS CAPTAIN OF THE WOMEN'S TENNIS team at Stanford and twelfth in a class of 167 at Yale Law School. She's been a successful lawyer and lobbyist. Like a lot of women, she's highly qualified to be U.S. trade representative. But the only qualification that interested George Bush was that she'd been an official before. Hills was secretary of Housing and Urban Development in the Ford administration, runner-up (to Sandra Day O'Connor) as Ronald Reagan's first pick for the Supreme Court, and a member of the president's Commission on Defense Management. Those were the credentials that mattered.

Bush may be bent on appointing women to high office, but there's a catch. They must have held a big political job before to qualify. This meant that the list of women Bush considered for the top administration jobs consisted of the same dozen Republican women whose names have been coming up for more than a decade. They are "the safe bets, the known entities," says a Bush associate.

They are also breathtakingly bland, never flashy in their dress or ideology. By comparison, Geraldine Ferraro, the Democratic vice presidential nominee in 1984, seems like Cyndi Lauper. The few odd ducks among the GOP's privileged dozen were purposely ignored by Bush. Maureen Reagan, the former president's mercurial daughter, was scratched from the list because Bush thinks she's a pest and a goofball. Jeane Kirkpatrick, who was Reagan's United Nations ambassador, was too ideological. Worse, she'd criticized Bush and endorsed Senator Bob Dole for the Republican presidential nomination. Congresswoman Lynn Martin, a close friend of Bush's, is a colorful female politician who might have gotten a top job. But she preferred to stay on Capitol Hill.

Never flashy in their dress or ideology, the GOP dozen make Geraldine Ferraro look like Cyndi Lauper

The big-four cabinet jobs (state, defense, treasury, justice) were off-limits to the party's female elite, but the familiar names were seriously discussed for almost all the other posts. For U.S. trade rep, it was Hills, Martin, and Elizabeth Dole. For labor secretary, it was Dole, Patricia Diaz Dennis of the Federal Communications Commission, and Constance Horner, who ran the civil service under Reagan. Dole got that one. For secretary of Health and Human Services, it was Dole, Hills, and Horner. Louis Sullivan got HHS, but Horner made second in command. Bush treated these jobs—and the women—as interchangeable. If Dole, who'd been transportation secretary under Reagan, didn't get HHS, then labor would be fine.

The GOP dozen are ambitious and self-confident. Horner campaigned openly for labor secretary when Bill Brock quit that job in 1987. Ann McLaughlin beat her out. When Hills was contacted about the trade job, she stammered that she'd expected to be considered for a different post. But she quickly regained her composure and rattled off six different reasons why she'd make a great trade rep.

While the women are all talented, they also have powerful husbands, which, in Washington, never hurts. Rod Hills is a former chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission. He ran his wife's various campaigns for high office. McLaughlin, a likely appointee later in the Bush administration, is married to TV chat-show host John McLaughlin. Martin's husband, Harry Leinenwebber, is a federal judge. Dole's husband is—well, you know.

By far the best-connected woman is Maureen Reagan, but she blew her chances. Last July, she was a moderator at a Bush meeting in Ohio. When Bush countermanded her order that the session be closed to the press, Reagan fumed. She refused to speak during the meeting. Still, she avidly sought to be U.N. ambassador. Bush was adamant: no way she'd serve in his administration unless her father asked, and he didn't. Maybe she lucked out. For a woman, serving under a Bushie like Secretary of State James Baker won't be easy. Baker humiliated Rozanne Ridgway, the outgoing assistant secretary for European affairs, on his trip to fifteen NATO countries. She was kept out of high-level meetings. As a result, she declined to become American ambassador to NATO.

Bush can't afford to treat GOP women like that. There aren't enough who are both acceptable to him and available. This was made clear when Bush needed a woman with credentials to run HHS as Louis Sullivan's deputy. The list of possibilities included one name, Horner's. But she was already slated to be Jack Kemp's deputy at HUD. Suddenly Kemp found himself looking for another deputy, and Horner is now deputy secretary of HHS. ♥

"When I said vodka
I meant Denaka."

In a world of absolutes, Denaka excels.

Denaka® Vodka. 40% and 50.5% Alc. by Vol. (80 and 101 Proof). Imported by Denaka Import Company, Lake Success, N.Y. © 1989

Renacer

Liposome Complex

Superbly created in Europe from
Nature's resources to work
deep underneath your skin:
You need only a few drops a day!
Recommended worldwide by
renowned aestheticians.
Available only at Professional
Skin Care Salons

germaine de
Capuccini

2782 N.W. 79th Ave., Miami, FL 33122
Ph: TOLL FREE **1-800-852-SKIN**
Salons & Distributors Welcome

HOROSCOPE

By Michael Lutin

dear readers: Geminis have been the butt of cruel jokes since the first clinical diagnosis of schizophrenia, so in honor of Jupiter's passage through their sign, let us give them their due. Gemini personalities are a complex blend of behavioral shenanigans, custom-designed to be able to 1) produce at any moment the phone numbers of the ten hottest people around, 2) handle two ex, current, or potential lovers while a third is on hold, 3) skim *The Name of the Rose* in five minutes and be able to fool Umberto Eco himself, 4) keep in deepest confidence a friend's darkest secret until she decides it's not a secret anymore 5) and, best of all, forget oh so conveniently their own sins. It's no fair judging their behavior, though. With the new moon and Jupiter in Gemini, we're all Geminis this month.

GEMINI
May 21–June 21

That dual mind for which you are famous has halved and halved again. Your attention span must now be measured in nanoseconds. The new moon and Jupiter smack in the middle of your sign this month make you itchier than ever. Just leafing through a magazine will give you new notions of going to live with the gorillas or work for the airlines. Even if you're in the delivery room, you'll find yourself mulling over a marketing strategy or planning a trip to China. Everybody's counting on you to be upbeat now. If you get depressed we're all in trouble.

CANCER
June 22–July 22

Despite the occasional Mexican-standoff moments when you and your adversary retreat into your respective corners to glower at each other, in general you're in a sweeter mood than you have been in weeks and you're less likely to throw cyanide into the spaghetti sauce. Gemini is bringing you psychic experiences this month, so expect to hear from Aunt Jane, probably by Ouija board.

LEO
July 23–August 22

June is freedom month. You will definitely be asserting your independence from the master/slave system that controls us all here in the material world. Fortunately this is America, and you won't get sent to Siberia for doing it. I'm all for you taking new directions, helping your neighbor repaint the house, and volunteering for telethons. But be warned: some cynical people might think your altruism is just your clever way of playing hooky from work.

VIRGO
August 23–September 22

Thanks to the sun, moon, and Jupiter in your career house, you're in the fast lane right now, bombing around the city in a taxi, making frantic phone calls from the airport, gabbing at power lunches, and being the bushiest-tailed date-maker since the White Rabbit. You're on a roll, so put a zip on the groaning and melodramatic sweating and just throw yourself into your work with joy.

LIBRA
September 23–October 22

If you are not to be totally yanked apart by these bloody family triangles, and if you are to be able to come up with new ways to hide your hostility, a fresh perspective is vital. Jupiter in the ninth house expands your horizons, so if you've got any free airline miles or any gift certificates to short-term therapy, cash them in now.

▶ 148

Virginia Slims remembers how Barbara Stoldt got away with smoking a cigarette every night after dinner: She was a spinster, and as such, had no husband to send her to her room.

Fashions: Krizia

You've come a long way, baby.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1989

9 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

HOROSCOPE

SCORPIO
October 23–November 21

You may be quiet, courteous, and the model of decorum, but every single person you meet now triggers another fantasy. If this were the sixties, you wouldn't have time to wash your hair. But it's the eighties and, mercifully, the Scorpio need to be desired by all can be successfully rechanneled. If I were you I'd go into sales.

SAGITTARIUS
November 22–December 21

Jupiter in Gemini means relationships for you. No matter how well you've managed to survive on your own in the past couple of years, in order to thrive now you have to open up and communicate with the opposite sex. If I were a Sagittarius, I'd want to get married this month. Even dyed-in-the-wool singles will find themselves sneaking through the bridal department.

CAPRICORN
December 22–January 19

Though the pressures these days from Saturn are largely internal, preoccupation with them doesn't leave you much time for—or interest in—some of the mundane routines of daily life, like filling the paper-clip holder. Thanks to Jupiter, there are subordinates who are ready, eager, and able to relieve you of some pressures, providing you can surrender control. We must chuckle at the ridiculousness of that thought.

AQUARIUS
January 20–February 18

The power to love and live in the light is just as strong as the urge to suck your thumb in darkness, and the Gemini side of you must now enjoy life more. So quit obsessing about things you have no control over, like the weather and the stock market. For the moment, party.

PISCES
February 19–March 20

This is the month to return to your parents and try to ignore all their nerve-racking idiosyncrasies. I understand that when it comes to family, most Pisceans are convinced they were dropped off on the wrong doorstep by wandering gypsies. But while you're waiting patiently to be picked up again by your rightful owners, why not make the best of Father's Day?

ARIES
March 21–April 19

Maybe the pressure to succeed is finally tapering off. Maybe winter is really over. Ah, the joy of fresh air and flirting again. Oh, the thrill of squeezing twenty-nine hours into twenty-four, of landing in a strange town and making it all happen. (Arians need five hundred times more novelty than anyone else.) And who knows? Maybe you can finally get out of the rut some call commitment.

TAURUS
April 20–May 20

Just the feel of money as it crosses your palm brings a dab of perspiration to your forehead. Not that you're greedy or materialistic. *Pas de tout*. But nothing delights a Taurean more than having enough extra money to feel mobile—not even to go anywhere, but to be able to. So have fun this month playing with assets, moving monies, and watching the bread rise.

Note: Dates of astrological signs may vary according to your time and year of birth. Check with your astrologer. ♥

Sam and Me.

Me and Sam? We're just friends. Best friends, actually, since Mrs. Ainsley's first grade class when I let the hamster loose and Sam took the rap for me. I mean Sam's seen me in braces and I've seen him eat pizza. There's just way too much history here. Sam's my friend. The one I go to when I really need someone to talk to. I bring the Coors Light and Sam brings his shoulder. And sometimes it's Sam bringing the Coors Light and I'm doing the listening. Me and Sam? Together? I've never even thought about it.
Okay, so I've thought about it.

Coors Light.
Just between friends.

DRINK RESPONSIBLY

The use of palm and coconut oils in America's food has triggered a debate that is as much about politics as it is about health. LORI MILLER KASE reports

IN RECENT MONTHS, A BATTLE BETWEEN CONSUMER advocates and tropical-oil producers has been played out in the nation's newspapers. Full-page ads—some attacking and some defending the use of tropical oils in processed foods—have appeared in *The New York Times*, *The Wall Street Journal*, and *USA Today*. The two-year-old consumer campaign against tropical oils escalated last fall when Nebraska millionaire Phil Sokolof, founder of the National Heart Savers Association, focused attention on specific food companies by picturing their products in the first of the ads, which was headlined "The Poisoning of America." The palm industry countered with an ad of its own, attempting to convince Americans that palm oil is actually "healthy and nutritious."

The oils in question—palm, coconut, and palm-kernel oil—have come under fire from health groups because of their high concentrations of saturated fat, which boosts cholesterol levels in the blood. The surgeon general and the American Heart Association have both recommended that the public cut back on saturated fat intake. (All oils contain *some* saturated fat, but tropical oils, with 51 to 79 percent saturated fat, are even more highly saturated than animal fat.)

American soybean growers, who stand to gain the most if tropical oils are removed from processed foods (less-saturated soybean oil can be used as a substitute), have also been active in the crusade against tropical oils. The Malaysian palm industry, which produces most of the world's palm oil (coconut and palm-kernel oils are imported mainly from the Philippines and Indonesia), has in turn established a $10 million fund for the promotion of palm oil. But its efforts to salvage palm oil's reputation may be in vain.

A dozen of the nation's largest food companies—including Kellogg, General Foods, and Keebler—have agreed to remove tropical oils from their products. The move is likely to cost companies millions of dollars as they reformulate the snack foods and cereals that America loves. It's going to cost the tropical-oil-producing countries, whose economies are dependent on the oil exports, even more.

Product reformulation will help consumers cut back on saturated fat. But how significantly the absence of tropical oils will affect the nutritional value of the average American's diet is another question. The recent media campaigns have distorted the issue.

Will the absence of tropical oils really change the nutritional value of the average American's diet?

Bonnie Liebman, director of nutrition at the Center for Science in the Public Interest (CSPI), calls the palm industry's ad irresponsible. She's not alone. "This is the most deceptive ad I have ever seen," she says. "They've misinterpreted good studies." The ad stated that "natural palm oil provides a rich source of beta carotene . . . a potential anticancer agent." What wasn't mentioned: the *refined* palm oil exported to the United States contains no beta carotene. The ad also noted that palm oil has a "balanced composition with 50 percent saturates and 50 percent unsaturates." But experts stress that a highly saturated fat cannot be "balanced" by other components.

The ad further claimed that "recent studies have suggested that palm oil does not raise, but rather reduces cholesterol." But Scott Grundy, M.D., director of the Center for Human Nutrition, Southwestern Medical Center, Dallas, who participated in three of the eight studies that were cited in the ad, says just the opposite: "The studies showed that palm oil raises cholesterol."

Experts are equally critical of Sokolof's campaign. "Calling tropical oils poison is ridiculous," says Agnes Heinz, Ph.D., of the American Council on Science and Health. "Tropical oils make up between 2 and 3 percent of the edible oils Americans consume each year. If we were to get rid of all the tropical oils we use, it would have no effect on reducing heart disease."

Experts agree that tropical oils must be considered in the context of total diet. "There are no good foods or bad foods or good fats or bad fats. It depends on how much you eat of a fat and what you eat for the rest of the day," says Margo Denke, M.D., a member of the American Heart Association's Nutrition Committee.

Meat and dairy products are, for example, far more significant sources of saturated fats than are tropical oils, because they make up a larger proportion of the diet. How often a food containing tropical oils is consumed is also significant. But if a food contains only a small amount of fat to begin with, it doesn't matter whether that fat is saturated or unsaturated.

So why are so many food companies removing tropical oils from their products? "Our concern is to keep the consumer happy," admits Marie Kitlas, a Kellogg company spokesperson. "Nutritional perceptions surrounding tropical oils could at some point overshadow nutritional facts about the issue," she adds, "so we decided to take them out of our products." ▶160

"How do I want to feel? Fabulous.
365 days a year."

ALWAYS
with DRI-WEAVE

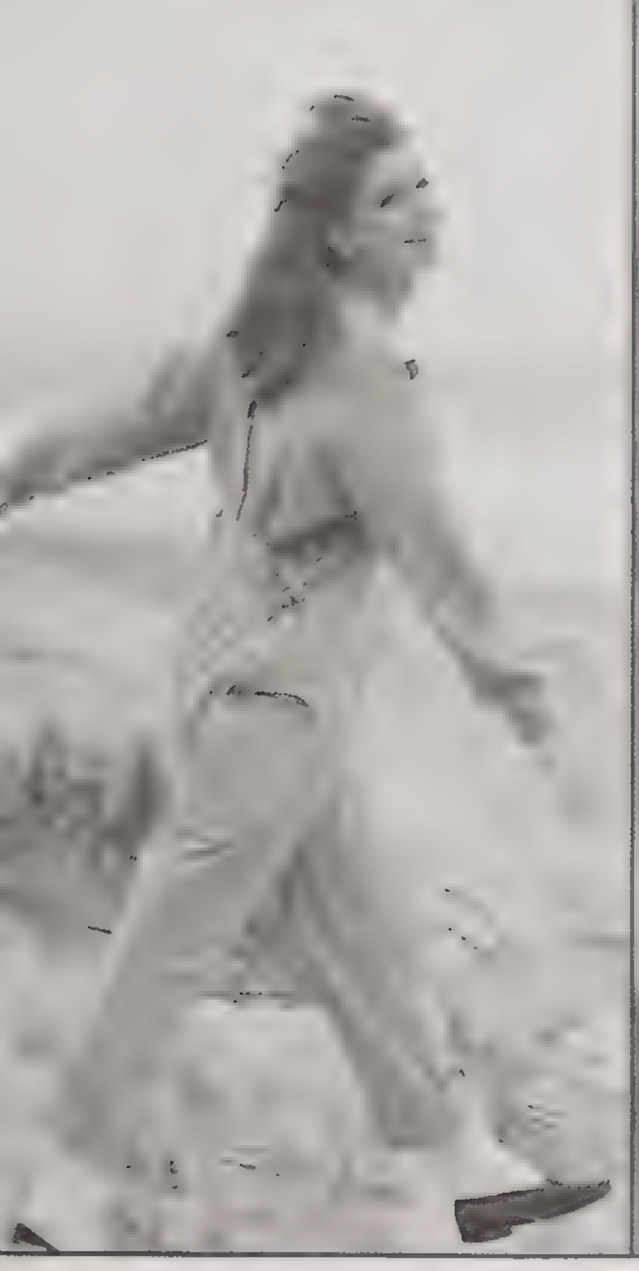
"You don't have to be a genius to know that feeling clean and dry is better..."

"This is the way you're supposed to feel all the time..."

"I didn't know you could feel this good every day..."

"I just can't believe that anybody uses anything else..."

"I punch pennies on other things not this stuff. I mean, it's my body..."



"My daughter is so lucky. She started using these. She has no idea what we put up with for all those years."

"Remember when your tenth-grade gym teacher said stupid things like, 'when you feel good, you look good'? Well, she wasn't so stupid..."

ALWAYS
with DRI-WEAVE

"Fresh, clean, dry. That's the way I want to feel every day."

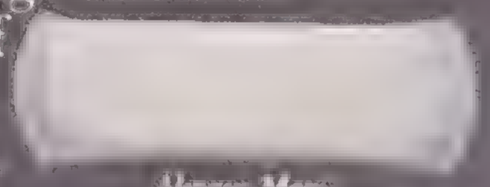
ALWAYS *with* DRI-WEAVE

You forgot you were supposed to feel terrific every day, didn't you? Lots of us do.

From the time we're teenagers, we're conditioned to forget. We resign ourselves to the fact that for a couple of days every month we're going to feel a little awkward – a little self-conscious ... a little uncomfortable. And decidedly un-terrific.

But, it's just for a couple of days. And there's nothing you can do about it anyway, right?

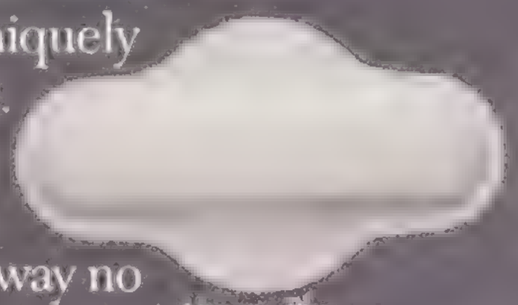
Wrong. Because there is something you can do.



Always Maxi.
The Dri-Weave topsheet.

Feeling the way you want to feel.

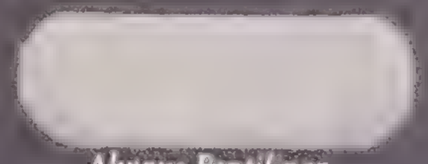
Thanks to an amazing brand of feminine protection that's so uniquely designed it's been patented. It's called Always.® And it helps you feel terrific and take care of your body in a way no other pad can. Because Always with Dri-Weave gives you the clean, dry kind of protection that no other pad can give you.



Always Plus.
The maxi with wings.

The amazing Dri-Weave topsheet.

Here's how it works: Every Always maxi is covered with a remarkable topsheet called Dri-Weave, the surface of which is covered with thousands of tiny little holes. These little holes first draw moisture through, into the pad. Then, they trap the moisture there and help keep it trapped. Far away from the surface of the pad. And far away from you. The amazing result?



Always Pantiliner.
The drier pantiliner.

Dry, healthy protection that keeps you feeling fresh, clean, and comfortable.

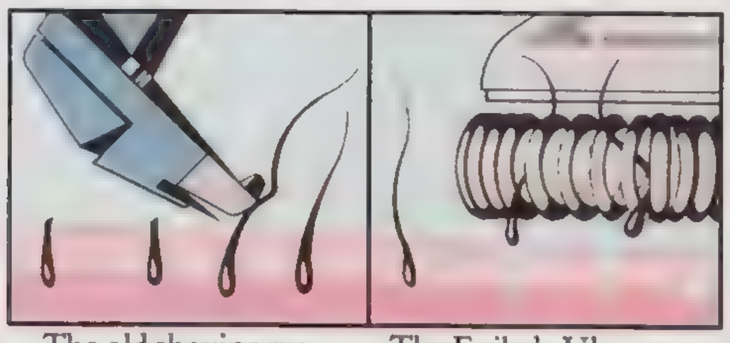
Which, in case you've forgotten again, is the way you're supposed to feel every day. No matter what day of the month it is.

DOING WHAT'S BEST FOR YOUR BODY.

Life was hairy before Epilady Ultra

Oh, what we went through! Medieval, messy shaving and waxing. Ugly stubble. Cuts, scars, abrased skin. Until Epilady Ultra.

Silky Smooth Legs, Weeks Longer.



The old shaving way. The Epilady Ultra way.

Unlike razors that cut, Epilady Ultra removes hair safely and naturally from the root with a tiny, flexible "revolving coil." Hair grows back slowly after weeks, softer and finer.

Cordless Epilady Ultra Has 3 Speeds.

It adjusts to your hair type. Short hair? Use the low speed. Average hair? Switch to medium. Coarse hair? Begin with full speed, vary for comfort. Circle gently, and hair's gone with a little tingle. If you experience some discomfort, be patient at first. Discomfort decreases with use. And you're *always* smooth and hair free!

A Complete Hair Removal System.

Dermatologist approved; your rechargeable Epilady Ultra comes with EpiMitt, EpiSsentia Lotion, a cleaning brush, and travel pouch. Now available at fine department stores.

©1989 Epi Products Inc.

No More Stubble, No More Trouble.

Touch-ups are heavenly, because you can remove hair that's only 1/16" long with Epilady Ultra. Millions of legs love the sexy weeks-long freedom of Epilady Ultra.

Epilady Ultra

Another beauty breakthrough from

ËPI PRODUCTS
ESSENTIAL PERSONAL ITEMS

P.O. Box 2975, Beverly Hills, CA 90213
Questions? Call (800) 444-LEGS

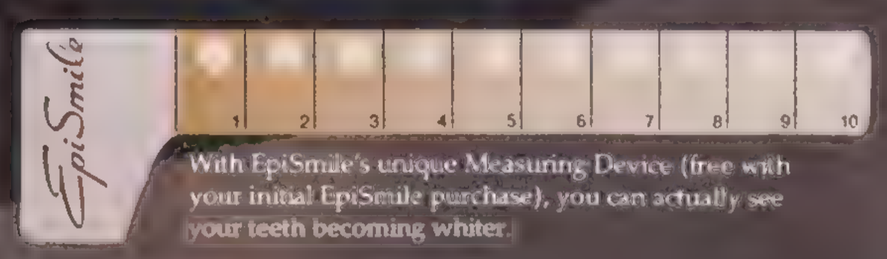
The

Designer Smile

Introducing The Whiteness You Can Measure

There's a breakthrough in whitening teeth that can make your smile its most dazzling. EpiSmile.

EpiSmile actually removes stains and the dullness of time from your teeth with a miracle whitening agent called CalProx™*; safe for natural and bonded teeth. EpiSmile is sold exclusively at cosmetic counters at fine department stores. So put on an EpiSmile. Because having terrific white teeth is the most beautiful fashion statement you can make.



With EpiSmile's unique Measuring Device (free with your initial EpiSmile purchase), you can actually see your teeth becoming whiter.

EpiSmile™

For The Whiteness You Can Measure

EpiSmile, with fluoride, is safe and effective. It removes plaque and leaves your mouth refreshed and your teeth feeling clean and smooth.

*TM. CalProx is a registered trademark of Epi Products. ASDA approved. For more information call 1-800-444-5347.

Another Beauty Breakthrough From

ËPI PRODUCTS
ESSENTIAL PERSONAL ITEMS

Steam-cleaning

Episauna: The gentle new breakthrough for beautiful skin.

Finally, at home, your own compact little "steam-sauna." For quick beautifying, Episauna is like a 10-minute health spa. For pore-opening, deep-cleansing facial care, it's the moisturizing, skin-pampering wonder you need. Dermatologist-approved Episauna is so compact, you can put it in your purse. But it's a tiny facial salon, nurturing healthy skin the way luxury facial salons and spas do.

From Dull to Radiant in 10 Minutes. For busy women (and who isn't?) Episauna is the dramatic instant-beauty-result nature intended. Use it before you bathe, before you make up, before you go out, as part of your beauty regimen for a radiantly freshened complexion.

Beauty that's More than Skin Deep. Episauna uses the steamy mists of pure water and warmth (just turn it on and add a little water) to unclog and deep-clean your pores. What happens? A new inner glow because your skin, free of accumulated dirt and dry skin cells, glows naturally, immaculately clean. And when you put on make-up and cosmetics, you'll love the beautiful difference!

The Pore Story. It's a fact of nature! Your skin pores should be steamed open gently — periodically — or oils, dirt, bacteria and soap residues gradually "block" pores. This can cause two skin disasters: 1) plugging of pores with blackheads and whiteheads, and 2) uptight pores that hinder natural moisture, drying and roughening your skin. Ignored blockage of pores can (and often does!) damage and age skin. Proper, gentle steaming is considered by most skin experts the ideal imperative.

The Smooth-Skin Look of Episauna. Episauna lets your skin's own perspiration system open pores and it helps your skin self-moisturize while adding moisture. Your skin looks toned. Even. Softer in texture. You've "steam-cleaned" delicately, without scrubbing, so you're safe from redness or irritation.

How Episauna Breaks the Moisture Barrier. Once we thought that only creamy lotions could curb dryness. Today, dermatological science has proven your skin has a natural moisturizing system of its own. Episauna's steamy mist actually helps activate your skin's own inner moisture.

Episauna: A Pampered Feeling You Can See. The sensation is tranquil. Warm. Luxurious. Therapeutic. Episauna is not only cleansing your skin, but soothing and clearing your nasal passages. You feel oh!-so relaxed. Episauna is a special time you deserve.

10 Minute Health Spa or Rejuvenating Ritual. Use Episauna any way you wish.

For quick prettiness. Or before bedtime (and your night creams will intensify their help). And treat your skin to the ultimate in healthy, luxurious skin: the leisurely, complete Episauna facial. Take Episauna to the office and on vacations — it folds down to a mere 3 1/2" and packs like a dream.

Episauna is a fully guaranteed appliance that comes with an EpiSauna facial information booklet. You can find EpiSauna at your favorite store. For more information, call (800) 444-LEGS. To order, call (800) 238-2200.

No Healthy Skin Should be Without It.

EpiSauna™

From Ëpi Products Research Laboratories

Episauna, by Ëpi Products, P.O. Box 2975, Beverly Hills, CA 90213

©1989 Ëpi Products Inc.

Treat Your Skin to the Best

Christy Fichtner

Miss USA 1986

Greg Louganis

WORLD'S GREATEST DIVER
FOUR-TIME OLYMPIC
GOLD MEDALIST

Being their best is something Christy and Greg constantly work towards, so they rely on Banana Boat products.

"You can't beat their water-proof sunblocks, and great tanning oils," says world champion diver, Greg Louganis. Christy Fichtner, former Miss USA, adds, "I use Banana Boat products daily to protect and condition my skin. Their soothing lotions and gels are really pure and natural."

In or out of the sun, protect and moisturize your skin with Banana Boat. Enjoy a healthy tan and radiant complexion. Be your best...treat your skin to Banana Boat!

BANANA BOAT

Skin Care & Sun Care Products

(Health advocates had pushed hard for removal of coconut oil from Kellogg's Cracklin' Oat Bran cereal, which many consumers bought for its presumed cholesterol-lowering properties.)

Food manufacturers favor tropical oils in part because they tend to be inexpensive. But in many cases, palm or coconut oil can easily be replaced with partially hydrogenated soybean or cottonseed oil. By doing this, Keebler reduced the saturated-fat content of its Town House crackers by 75 percent and its Vanilla Wafers by 50 percent.

Still, some products resist reformulation. Borden has not been able to find a tropical-oil replacement for its nondairy creamer Cremora; General Foods has had similar difficulties reformulating Cool Whip. The reason: tropical oils serve an important function in foods. They improve the texture of certain foods, particularly baked goods (giving pie crust its flakiness) and cereals (keeping grains crunchy in milk), and they extend product shelf life.

A number of food companies have promised to eliminate tropical oils from products by the end of this year, but palm and coconut oils are by no means out of the picture.

"We're concerned about multiple-choice labeling," says Charles Mitchell, a CSPI staff attorney. "If the ingredients say 'contains partially hydrogenated cottonseed, palm, and/or soybean oil,' your guess is as good as mine about what's in the product." (Prices of edible oils fluctuate; "and/or" labeling enables companies to use different oil blends, depending on the market, without having to print up new packaging.)

CSPI has also taken issue with companies that advertise products as healthful with labels that say "no cholesterol" or "100 percent vegetable oil," even when foods contain highly saturated palm or coconut oil. The truth is, *no* vegetable oil contains cholesterol (found only in animal products); nor does the fact that a product contains 100 percent vegetable oil guarantee that it is nutritious. Most vegetable oils *are* unsaturated; tropical oils are an exception.

Legislation introduced in March would require food companies using "and/or" labeling or making fat-related claims to detail fat content on package labels. It could, if passed, help consumers to make informed choices about products that continue to contain these controversial oils. (Last year, similar legislation was stalled in Congress because international lobbies charged that the bill was introduced for economic rather than health reasons.)

While labeling laws, along with tropical-oil-free snack foods and cereals, might help Americans cut back on saturated fat, consumers must continue to monitor fat intake in other areas of their diets. "People look for a magic bullet to solve health problems. There's a tendency to turn attention to specific ingredients like fiber, for example, to reduce cholesterol, or tropical oils, because they raise cholesterol levels," says Basil Rifkind, M.D., of the National Heart, Lung, and Blood Institute. "But a single change in diet doesn't reduce cholesterol much. You have to modify your overall dietary pattern to get good results." ♥

Are you watching your crow's feet like a hawk?

You don't have to anymore. Not since the brilliant arrival of BioAdvance with retinol.

BioAdvance Beauty Recovery System. Hailed by everyone from dermatologists, to beauty experts, to women who tried it. After two weeks of regular use, 86% reported improved skin texture; after six weeks, 59% said fine, dry lines and wrinkles looked milder.

Sound miraculous? Too good to be true? Try BioAdvance for six weeks, then check for crow's feet. But don't say we told you so — say a little birdie did.

Call your Avon Representative or order direct ($18.00):

1-800-858-8000.

AVON

Skincare Laboratories

© 1989 Avon Products, Inc.

DRIVING

MARY SCHMICH does some fast-talking (at 100 mph) with race car driver Lyn St. James

IT IS A SUNNY AFTERNOON AT ROAD ATLANTA, A RACE-track in the pine trees and red clay hills north of the city. For want of her racing Mustang, which is not at the track today, Lyn St. James jams her foot onto the accelerator of her rented silver Thunderbird. In the time it takes a stomach to lurch, the speedometer needle leaps past 100, then quivers in the never-never land where mileage numbers vanish and the angels of death sing softly.

"It's too bad girls don't learn this kind of eye-hand coordination when they're little," St. James says as the car hurtles over the narrow track and the world blurs into dips, curves, brake squeals, sweat, and the stench of something burning. "Boys do. They learn to drive snowmobiles, go-carts, motorbikes. . . ."

She chats away as if this were a morning jog rather than a roller-coaster ride through hell. A vicious curve looms. She brakes hard, whipping the wheel around, and the car seems poised to soar into the hillside.

"That was going in too hot," she apologizes, even as she pushes the car back to 115. "Everything depends on that ability to identify how much is enough."

St. James's knack for knowing how much is enough has helped make her one of the country's top race car drivers. She is the only woman ever to win in the International Motor Sports Association Camel GTO series. Her twenty-one speed records include a lap at 212.5 miles an hour, the fastest ever by a woman.

Although St. James enjoys working with men and says they have taught her a lot about driving and business, being a woman in racing's macho ranks has its hazards. Working on "the broad's car," she says, unsettles many crew members, whose support is essential. "They're used to having the driver be one of the guys," she explains, "somebody they can cuss with."

St. James breaking records in her 1989 Thunderbird SC

St. James credits car racing with turning her from a shy Ohio girl into a confident businesswoman. Convinced that other women can learn confidence by learning to control a car, she routinely offers clinics to teach them such skills as how to escape from a wet skid and how to navigate a winding pylon course.

"The women are blown away," says St. James. "They say, 'This is the most fun we've ever had with our clothes on.'" ▼

Speed reading: a roundup of racing schools

IF RACE CAR DRIVING HAS ALWAYS BEEN A FANTASY, or if you just want to bring your driving skills up to speed, sign up for a class at a racing school. All you need is a driver's license—the schools provide cars and the requisite safety gear (helmets and racing suits). Prices range from $225 for a one-day "For Women Only" course (Road Atlanta) to $3,800 for an eight-day racing course (Skip Barber). For those not quite ready to climb into a Formula Ford or a Dodge Daytona—or whose basic driving skills could endanger fellow classmates—many of the schools offer basic and advanced driving courses that teach skid control, braking, and accident-avoidance techniques using regular sedans (ask about the BMW course at Skip Barber).

Skip Barber Racing School (Canaan, CT; 203/824-0771): One of the largest in the country, with more than fifteen locations nationwide.

Jim Russell Racing Drivers School (Salinas, CA; 800/821-8755): For the more serious-minded. A descendant of Russell's original European racing school. Most of the American schools modeled themselves on this one.

Bob Bondurant School of High Performance Driving (Sonoma, CA; 707/938-4741): Tried and true. Uses a dolly that attaches to the car to teach skid control. Celebrity alumni include Paul Newman.

Bertil Roos School of High Performance Driving (Blakeslee, PA; 717/646-7227): Known for their Saab sedan used for slide-control exercises; it can be made to slide out at corners on the instructor's whim.

Road Atlanta Driver Training Center (Braselton, GA; 404/967-6143): Everything from racing to chauffeur/counter terrorist driving. Lyn St. James's "For Women Only" course (see above) covers basic car maintenance as well as advanced defensive driving skills.

SCCA Enterprises National Racing School (Englewood, CO; 303/693-2111): Offers a two-day racing course or a four-day package that includes getting a novice license, competing in a race, and fireproof underwear. No nonsense. —**MARIN GAZZANIGA**

MERCURY

MERCURY SABLE. Uniting comfort and control in Mercury Sable resulted in a suspension system that combines silken comfort on the straightaways with a firm sense of control on curves. And a driver's seat that supports you in a position of control that's also very comfortable. Even the comforting convenience of switches you "read" with your fingertips and control with your eyes on the road. Experience the comfort and control of a Mercury Sable at your Lincoln-Mercury dealer today. For more Sable information, call 1-800-822-9292.

MERCURY
LINCOLN

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION Ford Buckle up—together we can save lives. **Quality is Job 1.**

TAD FRIEND takes off on the road to Bali. Beyond the beaches he encounters terrifying rituals, restless spirits . . . and hints of a lost Eden

MOST HOLIDAY SPOTS ARE ASSOCIATED WITH SUNshine, but Bali is best seen in a thunderstorm. It takes a really furious rain to thin the clamorous bastinado of hawkers in front of temples such as Tanah Lot, Goa Gajah, and Gunung Kawi; and rain draws an appropriate scrim across an island vibrant with the theater of dance, prayer, and mystery.

The one place the rain doesn't help you is in the holy Monkey Forest at Sangeh. It just makes the rhesus monkeys testy, and they're a nasty lot to begin with. The moment I entered the dark grove of *pala* trees, I was attacked by a four-monkey death squadron. Flailing excessively prehensile limbs, one animal filched my car keys, two grabbed for my glasses, and the fourth stamped around on my shirt until it was black with mud. The only way to ransom your property from these furry Red Brigades is to throw them a foresightedly purchased bag of peanuts. No food and they send an ear through the mail. One woman who had lost her wallet ran around screaming, "Give me peanuts!" as the monkeys mangled her credit cards.

Bali is, of course, the world's most famous spoiled paradise. The sun has traveled far in its course since Pandit Nehru called the island "the dawn of the world." In his now-classic study, *Island of Bali*, Miguel Covarrubias wrote, "But even when all the Balinese will have learned to wear shirts, to beg, lie, steal, and prostitute themselves to satisfy new needs, the tourists will continue to come to Bali to see the sights, snapping pictures frantically, dashing from temple to temple, back to the hotel for meals, and on to watch rites and dances staged for them."

Covarrubias wrote those gloomy, prescient words in 1937. If, fifty years later, the tourists still throng, it is because many hints of the lost Eden endure. An afternoon drive along Bali's narrow roads might reveal a village duck-herd gravely leading his charges through terraced rice fields, children fertilizing vanilla plants with daubs of cotton, farmers grinning beneath giant palm-leaf umbrellas during one of the frequent cloudbursts, or the raucous dinning of gamelan music. Should you follow that music to its source, you will find yourself in the midst of one of the island's constant festivals, complete with shadow puppetry, a trance or fire dance, or perhaps the old man's ▶ 166

The best of Bali: the island courtyard of the Ulu Danu Temple at Lake Bratan, top; lush terraced rice fields, above.

Top: NEVADA WEIR/The Image Bank; *bottom:* GUIDO ALBERTO ROSSI/The Image Bank

JUST HATCHED! NEW SILKIENCE® CLEANER–LONGER CONDITIONERS.

YOU'RE CERTAINLY NO "CHICK." BUT NATURALLY, YOU WANT BEAUTIFULLY CLEAN AND FLUFFY HAIR. BORN OF THAT DESIRE, NEW SILKIENCE CONDITIONERS HAVE JUST BEEN HATCHED. AND THEY ACTUALLY KEEP HAIR CLEANER HOURS LONGER—BY REPELLING UP TO 75% OF THE DIRT JUST-WASHED HAIR CAN ATTRACT! (AND AFTER HOURS OF "PLAY," THAT CAN BE IRRESISTIBLY ATTRACTIVE!) NEW SILKIENCE CONDITIONERS. DEFINITELY ALL THEY'RE CRACKED UP TO BE!

Silkience®

© 1989 The Gillette Company

topeng tua (mask dance), in which the dancer clutches his heart and falters around the stage exactly as Redd Foxx used to do in *Sanford and Son*.

Everywhere—in rice fields, at intersections, overlooking the beach—there stand shrines to members of Bali's overcrowded pantheon of Hindu-animist gods. These empty stone chairs are sated with offerings, shaded by parasols, and wrapped in checkered black-and-white cloth to symbolize the balance of good and evil. The total effect is that of an indolent French waiter.

Balinese chorus line: Gambuh dancers

Further strands in the complex mesh of Balinese propitiations are the appeasements given to the demons: food and faded flowers carelessly strewn on the ground every five days and quickly devoured by the mongrels that overrun the southern cities; the *karangs*—house and temple stone carvings with bulging eyeballs, rending beaks, and perhaps an elephant's trunk; and the wildly exuberant cremations.

After a tourist-attracting, traffic-perplexing, peace-destroying processional through the streets, the corpse is doused with holy water and placed inside an elaborate wooden sarcophagus, usually in the shape of a cow or a bull. The whole arrangement is put to the torch and the ashes are later scattered at sea. It doesn't always go smoothly. In one cremation that I saw, the soggy corpse had to be flipped and prodded closer to the flames, rather like a steak. Which to the Balinese, it was: only the soul matters.

It is bad luck to have uncremated corpses lying around during important temple purification ceremonies. Thus, those who expire just before one of these—such as last March's *Panca Walikrama*, a ritual that occurs every ten years—are not officially considered dead. They are in a coma. A *very serious* coma.

Sometimes it seems the Balinese invented their mock-terrifying rites simply to add dismay to their unrelievedly merry lives. However, if you walk past the smoldering middens near deserted Sanur beach after sunset, you can easily imagine a *leyak* swooping down in a crackle of blue flame. These shape-changing spirits feast on the blood of pregnant women and the entrails of unborn children and are fond of assailing solitary travelers. If confronted by a *leyak*, local wisdom suggests you frighten it off by displaying your genitals. (If you take this advice, however, I disclaim any responsibility.)

IAN LLOYD/Stock Market

Despite these yeasty signs of culture, Bali has been sadly damaged by the twentieth century. It is probably just as well that most Balinese now take aspirin for headaches instead of spraying their foreheads with a mixture of crushed ginger and other herbs. But much of the progress made by progress is along the lines of prefabricated cement temples.

In a sensible amputation, the Indonesian government has effectively turned over the southern beaches (where giants and demons traditionally lurk) to tourism in hopes of preserving the mountains (where the gods abide) as a link to the past. The traditional South Bali tourist triangle of Kuta (Australians, cheap lodgings), Sanur (quiet, expensive), and Ubud (artistic, quasi-hippies) has recently grown to include the instant community of Nusa Dua (anodyne, five-star hotels). And now Candidasa is poised to achieve Kuta's unpleasant miracle, whereby a sleepy village is transformed into Fort Lauderdale.

Kuta's perfect surf and sunsets are blighted by the importunings of peddlers ceaselessly anxious to sell you thongs, beach mats, massages, cow-bone blowpipes, shell jewelry, pirated George Michael tapes, and driftwood oddities. Their credo holds that a series of firm and increasingly exasperated no's is merely the first position of someone keen for an extended haggle. Kuta also boils with Australians in search of what some locals restrainedly speak of as "salmon love." The phrase invokes bracing images of chinook flashing upstream through chill waters to fulfill their lonely destiny; it is spelled, however, "semen love."

Conversely, Kuta features what Silvio Santosa, in his diverting booklet *Bali Path Finder*, calls "the wandering two-legged spiders who need no spider web to trap their victims. They produce honey-sweet words out of their melodious fables before they take the ladies to heaven on their motorbikes." Bali is Indonesia's gigolo capital, and you see them in almost every club, dancing together in muscle shirts and jeans and tossing their Vitas Gerulaitis locks as they await unescorted ladies. A recent Indonesian *Sunday Observer* article reported that Balinese gigolos believe a "disheveled look . . . makes them 'more exotic' to their clients."

Visitors who aren't content to loll on the southern beaches usually charge up to Ubud in a frenzied search for exotica, priding themselves especially on disturbing the traditional sunset bath—hey, naked people!—with popping flashbulbs. Fortunately for traditions, even the culture-vultures often omit taking one of the two roads over the central mountains—thereby missing the best of Bali. The orchid- and frangipani-bowered temple of Ulu Danu beside Lake Bratan is Bali's most picturesque: two of its courtyards are on tiny islands in the lake, reachable only in an old wooden coracle. ▶ 169

Introducing the sun protection that moisturizes.

- **Moisturizes** with the same special moisturizer found in Vaseline® Intensive Care® Lotion
- **Protects** with a range of SPFs from 2 to 25+
- **Waterproof** to maintain its degree of sunburn protection for 80 minutes in the water
- **PABA-Free** to be non-irritating, non-stinging, and completely hypo-allergenic

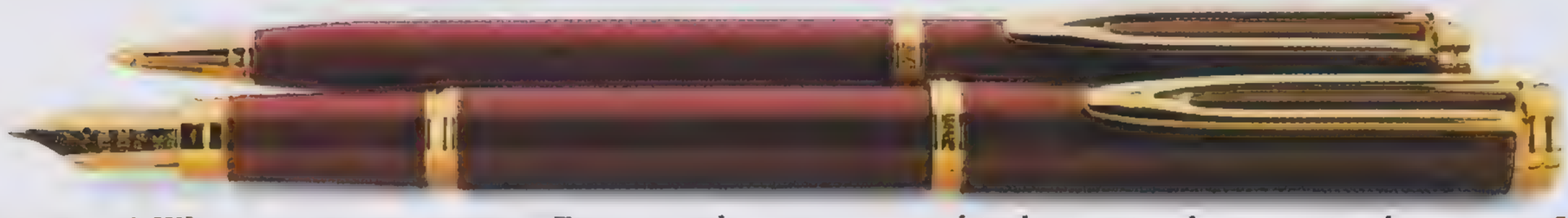
I was born the second son.

I graduated second in my law school class.

And finished second in the Cannes-Marrakesh Rally (twice).

Recently, however, I acquired a Waterman.

How delightful to feel first, at last.



Pens write. A Waterman pen expresses. For more than a century, this distinction has remained constant. In the precise, painstaking tooling, for example. In the meticulous balancing. In layer upon layer of brilliant lacquers. In accents gilded with precious metal. Those who desire such an instrument of expression will find Waterman pens in a breadth of styles, prices and finishes.

WATERMAN

PARIS

© 1988 Waterman Pen Company

TRAVEL

At sunset, by walking from side to side of the outer crater rim of volcanic Mount Batur, you can see the entire undulant island descend to darkness. Across Lake Batur and accessible only by motorboat is the grim village of Trunyan. The Trunyanese do not cremate but let their dead decompose in bamboo cages. A spreading sandalwood tree that broods over the cemetery is supposed to mitigate the smell. It doesn't. If you are underdismayed by the hideous grimaces of death and the flesh decaying in blackened, flyblown strips, one of the local guides will urge you closer. "Come here, young lad, and slide your hand inside the bars. Yes, yes—you must feel the skull."

I spent several days in the north-shore village of Sangsit, where I was the sole Westerner. The only traces of the twentieth

Bali high: cliff-topping Ulu Watu Temple

century were a few motorbikes, the inevitable Bentoel clove cigarettes, and the small families that distinguish the youngest generation. The traditional impulse to raise large families—barren women were condemned to suckle a giant caterpillar in the next life—has given way to the incentives of the government's "Two Children Is Enough" family-planning campaign.

On the first morning of *Galungan*, an annual ten-day celebration in which the gods come down to join in the festivities, the family I was staying with woke me at dawn. I ladled myself with freezing well water, ate my rice cake and drank the sweet, earthy coffee made from beans grown only in the north, and put on a sarong and temple scarf. Then I went to be purified—insofar as that was possible—at the family temple. We were all further purified at two village temples with lashings of holy water, pastings of rice, and bedeckings of hibiscus before we joined the entire village at the cemetery for a feast and a huddle with the consoling spirits of the dead.

After that came the (illegal) cockfights. A complex medley of wagers left me, much to the delight of the spectators, the owner of the winner and the loser in the last battle. We ate the loser for lunch, and when I left, I gave the winner to the family with whom I'd been staying. They promised to tend it and to name it after me, claiming to see a resemblance.

So if you go to Sangsit, keep an eye out for my namesake. Its noble demeanor and godlike physique easily distinguish it from the other chickens. TRAVEL ▶ 170

Tad Friend *wrote about Honolulu last March in Vogue.*

NEVADA WEIR/The Image Bank

Please check the brochures you would like to receive and return this coupon to **VOGUE, June Coupon, P.O. Box 1606, Riverton, NJ 08077-7206, BEFORE OCTOBER 1, 1989.** Please enclose $1.00 check or money order to cover processing. Allow at least six weeks for processing.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ **ZIP** _____

We're sorry, but VOGUE cannot answer any personal questions or requests.

travel GUIDE

Tours and Cruises

1 ☐ **ADVENTURE ASSOCIATES:** Details on all Galápagos Islands' cruise programs

2 ☐ **ANDALUSIAN EXPRESS:** 7- and 10-day deluxe programs featuring this luxurious Spanish train

3 ☐ **COX & KINGS:** Luxury tours to India and worldwide special-interest tours for the sophisticated traveler

4 ☐ **INDONESIAN GOVERNMENT TOURIST OFFICE:** Natrabu Indonesian Travel and Tours—information on privately-arranged tours to Indonesia

5 ☐ **NORWEGIAN CRUISE LINE:** 3-, 4-, and 7-day cruises to Mexico and the Caribbean

The Ranch Experience

6 ☐ **ALISAL:** Deluxe ranch resort in Southern California

7 ☐ **BITTERROOT RANCH:** Thirteen hundred acres in Dubois, Wyoming

8 ☐ **BUSTERBACK:** Working cattle and guest ranch in Idaho's Sawtooth Mountains

9 ☐ **H.F. BAR RANCH:** Family ranch vacations in Wyoming's Bighorn Mountains

10 ☐ **HOME RANCH:** Deluxe guest ranch in Clark, Colorado

How To Get There

11 ☐ **GARUDA INDONESIAN AIRWAYS:** Bali, Jakarta, and beyond

Where To Stay

12 ☐ **LITTLE PALM ISLAND:** Private tropical island hideaway in the Florida Keys

TRAVEL

Rounding up the best of the true West: great guest ranches from Wyoming to California

The West revisited, above: riders overlooking the foothills of Wyoming's Absaroka Mountains. Left: Bunkhouse basic—Bitterroot's gentler shores.

DUDE RANCHES ARE TAKING THEMSELVES MORE seriously. They're not just about playing cowboy anymore, not just about terrified tenderfeet reining somnambulant horses around rodeo barrels. In fact, some of the best dude ranches aren't just dude ranches at all. They're also *real* ranches with *real* ranching to be done, which is not to say that guests spend their vacations digging irrigation ditches. But they do get more than a glimpse of the best of Western living—hard work and hard play.

The Bitterroot ranch in Dubois, Wyoming, is a case in point. Owners Mel and Bayard Fox raise purebred Arabian horses and black Angus cattle. Twenty-five guests—all put up in private, hand-hewn log cabins—have the run of thirteen hundred acres bordering the largest wilderness area in the lower forty-eight states. Some of June is devoted to branding and castrating the spring calves; guests are encouraged to lend a hand. Hard riding, however, is the focus here. Led by the wranglers, small groups of similar ability head out for rides through pine forests, wild sagebrush plains, dusty red badlands. There are at least two mounts per guest, so the horses are always fresh. A week is $825 per person, including all meals; open June through September. Phone (307) 455-2778.

Northeast of Bitterroot—near Sheridan, Wyoming—is an area settled by many Scottish expatriates shortly after Custer's fall in 1876. They came hoping to make a bundle in cattle and created, before the devilish winters wiped them out, a community not unlike the infamous Happy Valley of Kenya. The H.F. Bar, one of the country's oldest guest ranches, grew up in the wake of that turbulent era. Situated on ten thousand acres, the H.F. Bar takes in no more than one hundred dudes at a time. A favorite outing here is the three- to four-day trip into the Bighorns to the ranch's private fishing hole, accessible only by horseback. The trout in this area are so renowned that even Prince Charles has a favorite spot nearby. The $90 per person per day includes all meals; open June 15 through August. Phone (307) 684-2487.

The Home Ranch, in Clark, Colorado, is a relative upstart. But after just eleven years in the business, it's the only ranch in the Rockies to be a member of the prestigious Relais & Châteaux association. Owner Ken Jones and his wranglers offer fishing and riding on more than seven hundred acres, and, come mid-December, they're joined by expert cross-country ski guides. Twenty guests stay in private cabins, each with a hot tub on a terrace under the aspens. Rates— $1,850 to $2,400 per couple per week—include all meals; phone (303) 879-1780.

Also a winter retreat and working cattle ranch is the Busterback, north of Ketchum, Idaho. This is Hemingway country, and the romance that drew him here fifty years ago is still potent today. Thirty miles of sometimes hair-raising cross-country ski trails are the big winter draw; in summer, guests share the place with twelve hundred head of cattle and a handful of cowboys. Horses are available (at extra cost) for those who want to join in on the mustering, but the ranch is perhaps best used as a base for running and fishing the Salmon River, also known as the River of No Return. The rates—$135 per person per day in winter, $115 in summer—include all meals; phone (208) 774-2271.

Southern California has its own way of doing things. So substitute bungalows for cabins, a free-form pool for fishing holes, and a golf course for wild sagebrush plains. The result is the Alisal, and it isn't as heretical as it sounds. Beyond the manicured lawns are dozens of horses and miles of wooded trails. $205 to $450 per couple per day includes breakfast and dinner. Phone (805) 688-6411. —**AMY DANA**

TRAVEL ▶ 172

LANE BERKWIT

© 1989 Maybelline Co

Bordeaux brightens
blue eyes

Spiced Rose and

Soft Pink make
green eyes sparkle

Pink Opal makes
brown eyes shimmer

ME AND MY SHADOW

BLOOMING COLORS® SHADOWS. COLORS DESIGNED TO ACCENTUATE.

HAVE AN EYE FOR ROSE?

NEVER LIVE IN ANYONE ELSE'S SHADOW

SMART
BEAUTIFUL

SMART. BEAUTIFUL.
Maybelline®

TRAVEL NEWS

By Richard Alleman

In India's "City of Dreams"—Udaipur—a look at Lake Pichola

Cox & Kings: new tours in town

With roots that go back to the 1750s, Britain's prestigious Cox & Kings Travel Ltd. has just opened its first U.S. office. Originally a firm that handled the financial and logistical affairs of British soldiers and colonials stationed throughout the empire, the company segued into tourism after World War II. Today, Cox & Kings is especially well known for its tours to India, where it employs a staff of some 350 agents, guides, inspectors, and troubleshooters. Itineraries range from the Delhi/Agra/Jaipur circuit to exotic jungle safaris. All can be extended to include Nepal, Pakistan, the Maldives, and the Andaman and Nicobar islands.

Cox & Kings also offers "Special Interest" holidays for botanists, ornithologists, natural historians, or painters. Destinations are as diverse as the Seychelles, Turkey, Botswana, Australia, Alaska, Hungary, France, Romania, and Uruguay. Each tour is escorted by a leading expert in his or her field.

Finally, Cox & Kings' "Grand Tours" to Morocco, Russia, Greece, the Himalayas, Poland, Bavaria, and Jordan focus on art, history, and culture, and feature the best hotels, restaurants, and guest lecturers available.

Prices vary from $1,200 for a ten-day passage to India to $4,300 for a twenty-day grand tour of Himalayan kingdoms. Rates include round-trip flights between London and your tour destination, but not between the U.S. and London. For details, see page 168 or call Cox & Kings at (212) 935-3935.

Galápagos in style

Big news in the Galápagos Islands is the new *Isabela II*—the most luxurious craft ever to cruise these fabled islands on a year-round basis. The yacht has large public rooms, lots of deck space, and sails with thirty-four passengers in twenty outside cabins. A crew of seventeen plus two naturalist guides accompany all cruises, which last seven nights and cost $1,650, double occupancy. Contact Adventure Associates at (214) 907-0414 or see page 168.

Galápagos welcoming party: fur seals at Puerto Egas on Santiago Island

Spain on the slow track

Spain's luxurious Andalusian Express *gets up steam this year with the debut of five newly restored vintage sleeping cars and packages that feature some of the country's top hotels. One particularly well-plotted ten-day tour begins in Madrid with two nights at the Ritz, the Palace, or the Villa Magna hotels. Next come three nights at the newly restored Hotel Colón in Seville, followed by a two-day journey aboard the* Andalusian Express, *stopping at Córdoba, Granada, and Málaga. Finally, there are three days at a five-star Marbella beach resort such as Hotel Los Monteros or the Marbella Club. Prices for the trip, offered in September and October, are $3,310 per person, double occupancy. See travel agent, page 168, or call (203) 454-8916 for information.*

Florida's secret island

About thirty miles northeast of Key West, Little Palm, below, is a surprising new resort on a private five-acre island. Besides a lovely sandy beach (unusual for the Keys), Little Palm has a superb indoor/outdoor restaurant, a free-form pool, and fourteen thatched, South Sea–style cottages with two comfortable suites each. Water sports include snorkeling, diving, sailing, windsurfing, canoeing, inshore and deep-sea fishing. Rates—$350–$395 per couple—cover meals and most activities. All in all, a good bet for a romantic, exotic escape close to home. For reservations/information, call (305) 872-2524.

Top: BRUNO BARBEY/Magnum. Center: SUSAN LAPIDES/Wheeler Pictures

INTRODUCING PIZ BUIN® SUN PROTECTANTS FROM SWITZERLAND.

FOR WOMEN WHO LOVE THE SUN AND WORSHIP THEIR SKIN.

...w in America. PIZ BUIN (Peek Bween). Enriched with multiple Swiss moisture complexes and broad spectrum ...n filters. To help keep skin beautifully hydrated. Protected for skin that's soft and supple. You'll notice the difference immediately and for many summers to come.

PIZ BUIN is available at ... drug and food stores.

LOVE THE SUN. WORSHIP YOUR SKIN.

It's not how much you eat between your meals that matters, JEFFREY STEINGARTEN learns. What really counts is what you eat between courses

Palate refreshers: herbal ices, tart sorbets

A few years ago, the coup de milieu was introduced to Paris, having been popular for a considerable time in Bordeaux and other maritime towns. . . . A young blond girl, aged between 15 and 19, wearing no ornament on her head and with her arms bare to above the elbow, serves each guest. She . . . should be a virgin if possible (though 19-year-old virgins are extremely rare in Paris). —***Grimod de La Reynière***, c. 1804

YOUR GUESTS HAVE EATEN ONLY HALF THEIR DINNER AND already they are pooped. Listlessly they push the food around their plates. Your dinner party is about to flop. Where did you go wrong?

You forgot your *trou normand,* that's where, your *coup de milieu* in more formal parlance—in short, your *entremets*.

Have you ever wondered how the immortal Auguste Escoffier could expect *his* guests to polish off a dinner of hors d'oeuvres Moscow-style, clear turtle soup, salmon swimming in a pool of crayfish, crunchy mountains of deep-fried deviled whitebait, roasted chickens stuffed with truffled risotto, a baron of milk-fed lamb, woodcock, and ham wrapped in a pastry crust, plus mushroom turnovers, baby string beans, buttery little browned potato balls, pureed fava beans, and four desserts, when your guests give up after a couple of courses? His trick was to call a time-out between the lamb and the woodcock and serve a delicate tangerine ice piled high in a frozen tangerine shell. At one dinner he used a red berry ice floating in champagne to segregate noisettes of lamb from quail escorted by ortolans. At another his sherbet of peach flowers interceded between the duckling from Rouen and the turtle from Maryland.

Every meal of respectable dimensions needs a recess between courses, an *entremets*—literally, between the meats. In medieval France, the *entremets* was a half-time break during which a parade of jugglers, dancers, troubadours, and trained animals gave the guests time to gather their strength before the feast resumed with full intensity. Louis XIV's lasting contribution was to eliminate the circus and introduce a light refreshment of sweets, fruits, and vegetables that divided the meal in two. By the time of the French Revolution, the breathing space between the entrées and the roasts was more likely to be a glass of calvados, which came to be known jocularly as *le trou normand,* the Norman "hole," or pause, in a meal (calvados being the apple brandy distilled in Normandy) or as *le coup de milieu,* the drink in the middle—both terms eventually covering any liqueur, rum, brandy, or heavy wine drunk to aid the digestion and cleanse the palate. The rage for ices in the latter half of the nineteenth century replaced the alcohol with a sorbet or fruit ice, sometimes doused with a fitting liqueur and sometimes not, and this is what *trou normand* and *coup de milieu* still mean today. (*Entremets* is now simply a sweet dessert.)

I remember lunch on a sweltering summer's day in the decaying garden of an old restaurant near Avignon that had recently and quite justly lost its second Michelin star. Halfway through the steaming procession of soups, sautés, and roasts, the starch in my shirt melted, my vision grew blurred, and my jaw declined to take further orders. As I began to lose consciousness, there appeared before me a snowy sphere in a low, frosted silver goblet. Soon the icy perfumes of rosemary and lemon were gliding down my throat, and Lazarus-like I arose to demolish a shiny bird glazed the color of mahogany, a *cassoulet de truffe,* an ample platter of goat cheeses, and dessert.

For the rest of our stay in Provence, whenever the hot evening breezes ruffled the fields of wild rosemary behind the little cottage we had rented, the scent of our *trou normand* revived us once again. Back in New York, just minutes off the plane, I was busy at my ice cream freezer replicating the

LIFESAVING ROSEMARY ICE

The idea here is to make an herbal tea from fresh rosemary and cut its resinous flavor with lemon juice. Lengthy infusion or the use of dried rosemary seems to extract the herb's bitter, woody components and should be avoided. A little rosemary goes a long way.

In a medium saucepan over high heat stir one cup of granulated sugar and two cups of water until the sugar dissolves and the mixture clears. Continue heating until the boiling ▶ 176

ARTHUR ELGORT

CALCIUM AU NATURALE.

As a source of calcium, dairy foods are a natural. They keep nutrition pure and simple.

Dairy calcium is simple to work into your diet. Some cheese on a salad, a diet plate with cottage cheese, yogurt and berries for dessert. Just 800 milligrams a day is all it takes.

You could get that from four ounces of cheese.

Dairy foods are also simply delicious.

So start adding more dairy calcium to your life.

Suddenly, what's old is nouvelle.

America's Dairy Farmers
National Dairy Board
© 1988 N.D.B.

REAL DAIRY CALCIUM

DAIRY CALCIUM. CALCIUM THE WAY NATURE INTENDED.™

point is reached, remove from the heat, and stir in one tablespoon of roughly chopped fresh rosemary leaves, about what you get by stripping two four-inch branches. Cover and leave to infuse for fifteen minutes. Strain into a bowl, let cool, add the strained fresh juice of one lemon, chill in the refrigerator, and freeze in an ice-cream maker.

The magic of infusion works nicely with other herbs, spices, and roots, and my next project is to try tarragon, with its licorice overtones. Sage has a less aggressive taste than rosemary, and if you replace some of the water with milk the result is a soft and smooth

SAGE MILK ICE

Follow the instructions for rosemary but substitute two tablespoons of finely chopped fresh sage leaves and use only one cup of water. Immediately before freezing, stir in one cup of very cold milk. Don't worry if the milk curdles.

But I doubt that either my soul or my stomach could have been brought back to life in Avignon with a milk ice. The ideal *trou normand* has a clear, concentrated taste, not diluted or complicated with complementary flavors, and is icy rather than unctuous. It should immediately melt on the tongue and vanish down the throat, erasing whatever foods have gone before, clearing the palate for the culinary delights in prospect, and leaving only its strong, simple character in the mouth. But you can easily go to extremes, as in my

EXTREMELY UNPOPULAR GINGER ICE

This concoction is the moral equivalent of wasabi, the lump of fiery green Japanese horseradish paste served with sushi and sashimi. It uses sixteen times the amount of ginger you would expect in a ginger dessert and more than a medium-size Chinese restaurant consumes on an average weekday. It is a palate blaster more than a palate refresher and, besides obliterating all previous sense memories, prevents you from tasting anything new for the next five minutes.

Cut one pound of unpeeled fresh ginger root into two-inch chunks, chop in a food processor, scrape down, add 1/4 cup of water, and process as finely as possible. Prepare a sugar syrup by stirring three cups of water and two cups of granulated sugar over high heat until the sugar dissolves and the mixture clears, bring to the boil, and simmer for three minutes. Remove from the heat, add the ginger, cover, and allow to infuse for ten minutes. Strain through a fine sieve or chinois, cool, add the strained juice of one lemon, chill, and freeze in an ice-cream maker. Do not sample more than a teaspoon until you have grown used to it.

This recipe serves ninety-six guests consuming two teaspoons apiece, more than they will probably want. But if you use less ginger and soften it with fruit, the result is a still potent but

KINDER, GENTLER GINGER ICE

Follow the procedure above, using 1/4 pound of fresh ginger. When the ginger has been strained out and the syrup cooled, add the strained juice of three oranges and one lemon. Chill and freeze.

Too austere and simple for dessert, our ideal *trou normand* contains no cream or egg whites as in a sherbet, no nuts or chocolate or honey. When made with fruit, it should present a pure incarnation rather than the cooked flavor of an extract or syrup. A wonderful dessert with overtones of caramel and spice can be made by poaching apples or pears in sugar and vanilla, pureeing the mixture, diluting it with water or milk, and freezing it in an ice-cream maker. But for a clear, strong refreshment in the middle of the meal, nothing beats the clarity of an unalloyed and

PURE PEAR WATER ICE

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a large bowl. With a vegetable peeler, remove the skin from four juicy, ripe Bartlett pears, about 1 3/4 pounds in all, placing each one in the bowl as it is peeled and rolling it around in the lemon juice to prevent the flesh from darkening. Halve and core each pear, replacing it in the bowl before beginning the next. Transfer the pear flesh and lemon juice to a food processor, add 1 1/4 cups of superfine sugar, and puree until absolutely smooth and thick. You should have about three cups. Taste. You will be amazed by the hints of allspice or mint or banana or even all three suggested by a plain old ripe pear. Chill in the refrigerator and freeze in an ice-cream maker.

You may add another 1/4 cup of superfine sugar if your pears were not very sweet to begin with. Remember that any sorbet mixture will taste less sweet when it is frozen.

All ices work best when they contain between 1 1/4 and 2 1/4 cups of sugar (including the sugar in whatever fruit you may be using) for every quart of the final mixture. At the lower end of this range, a sorbet will be icy and granular because it contains too few sugar molecules to interfere with the buildup of large ▶178

LIZZIE HIMMEL

I've been called a lot
of things in my life.
My favorite is Dad.

Cognac
Hennessy.
The Spirit of the Civilized Rogue.

To give Hennessy as a gift, visit your local retailer or call 1-800-CHEER-UP.
This telephone service is void where prohibited by law.

© 1989 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., NY, NY, Cognac Hennessy 40% Alc./Vol. (80°)

ice crystals. At the higher end, it will be softer and smoother but freeze more slowly and sometimes not at all. That is why sorbets flavored with alcohol, which also retards freezing, use a minimum of sugar.

The precise quantity of sugar to include in a fruit ice cannot be specified, because fruits vary so much in sweetness. Classical French recipes use a little device called a saccharometer, a weighted glass tube that sinks deeper into liquid the lower its density or sugar content. I love playing with my saccharometer, but these recipes dilute the intense flavor of fruit by adding a cooked sugar syrup and water and sometimes by cooking the fruit as well, compromising the strong, fresh, aggressive character we yearn for in a palate refresher. In most cases the density problem will take care of itself if you follow this method: since most fruit is 10 to 15 percent sugar, three cups of fresh fruit puree or fruit juice contain the equivalent of between six and seven tablespoons of sugar. All you need do is stir in between 7/8 and 1 3/4 cups of additional sugar, according to taste, and rarely any water. If you feel lemon juice will bring out the flavor of the fruit, add it before the sugar.

The juices of citrus fruits mixed with sugar make wonderful palate cleansers. The very pinnacle is a

BLOOD ORANGE ICE

With a vegetable peeler, remove the zest (just the colored layer of the peel, not the bitter white pith beneath it) from four blood oranges and reserve. Squeeze about fourteen blood oranges (they vary widely in size) to yield three cups of strained juice. Add between 1 and 1 1/4 cups of superfine sugar to taste, stirring to dissolve the sugar completely. Add the zest, cover, and chill in the refrigerator for two hours. Strain out the zest and freeze in an ice-cream maker.

Bright pink and complex in flavor, blood orange ice has only one flaw—you may be tempted to serve it for dessert, defying our principle that a *trou normand* should be too strong and single-minded for the end of a meal. Better to serve it twice than fiddle with the recipe.

The astringent, aromatic oils in the outer layer of citrus peel lend a puckery quality to the juice, a valued characteristic in a *trou normand*. Most recipes for citrus ice have you add the grated zest of the fruit, but I prefer to infuse it instead, because the perfect palate cleanser should give the teeth a rest. Infusion in boiling syrup is most efficient, but to avoid the addition of water and the cooked taste of syrup, simply place a good amount of zest in the juice for two hours, as in this

GRAPEFRUIT ICE, SOMETIMES WITH VODKA

Follow the recipe for blood orange ice, using the juice of five grapefruits to yield three cups of strained juice and the zest of one grapefruit. Some people like to pour a tablespoon or two of vodka over their grapefruit ice; others add vodka to the fruit mixture. I like my grapefruit straight.

The peel of a tangerine contains practically none of the bitter pith beneath the outer skin and can be infused in juice and sugar without using a vegetable peeler, as in this aromatic and

SUNNY TANGERINE ICE

Tear the peels of five tangerines into one-inch pieces. Squeeze ten or so tangerines to yield 2 3/4 cups of strained juice. Add the strained juice of an orange and a lemon. Stir in a cup of superfine sugar until dissolved. Add the peel, infuse for two hours in the refrigerator, and strain. Freeze in an ice-cream maker.

Limes are so powerful and acidic that their juice must be diluted with water.

MOUTH-PUCKERING LIME ICE

Squeeze and strain one cup of fresh lime juice (which requires about ten limes), add one cup of water, and stir in one cup of superfine sugar until it is completely dissolved. Add the grated zest of one lime and freeze in an ice-cream maker; or pare the zest of two limes with a vegetable peeler and infuse it in the juice and sugar for two hours, removing the zest before freezing.

We close with the truest of *trous normands*, those containing alcohol. We add less sugar than in fruit or herb ices because alcohol and sugar both retard freezing. Here is one of my favorites, based on classical recipes but stronger and more alcoholic. It freezes into a thick slush and should be stored in the coldest part of your freezer and served within a few hours.

BEAUMES-DE-VENISE SORBET

Pour two cups of dessert wine made from muscat grapes into a bowl. Alternatives to Muscat de Beaumes-de-Venise are Muscat de Rivesaltes and a California version called Essensia by Quady. (These are quite sweet and carry a lovely hint of orange.) Add the strained juice of one orange and one lemon and stir in 5/8 cup of superfine sugar until it is completely dissolved. Chill well and freeze in an ice-cream maker.

In April 1867, Charles Dickens was honored at a dinner at Delmonico's on Fourteenth Street and Fifth Avenue in New York City. After the oysters, salmon, stuffed lamb à la Walter Scott, timbales à la Dickens, grouse à la Fenimore Cooper, and foie gras aspics, everybody's palate was refreshed with

DELMONICO'S SORBET A L'AMERICAINE

(Adapted from Ranhofer's The Epicurean, *1893) In a saucepan, mix together two cups of water, one cup of sugar, the juice of four oranges and three lemons, and the zest of one orange and 1/2 lemon. Bring to the boil over medium-high heat, stirring until the sugar dissolves and the mixture clears. Simmer for twenty minutes, remove from the heat, pass through a fine sieve, allow to cool, and chill in the refrigerator. Just before freezing stir in 1/2 cup of well-chilled American champagne mixed with two tablespoons each of kirsch and prunelle (or sloe gin). Freeze in an ice-cream maker.*

This was served in goblets of molded ice, a popular conceit of the period that should be revived this instant. The tables were adorned with *pièces montées*, massive allegorical confections representing the Temple of Literature, the British Armies, the Stars and Stripes, and the Law of Destiny. ▼

FOOD ▶ 180

What is the best way to invest $3?

- ○ *In the stock market.*
- ○ *In one square-inch of real estate.*
- ○ *In a 10-minute call during the day, with AT&T Long Distance.**

It costs surprisingly little for the service you deserve. For the facts on prices, call 1 800 225-7466 Ext. 1011.

*Dialed direct, out-of-state, excluding Alaska and Hawaii. Add applicable taxes and surcharges.

AT&T
The right choice.

© 1989 AT&T

FOOD NOTES

The *Tropical Bar Book* offers historical anecdotes with a rum punch

WHEN RUMORS FLEW THAT THE NEW YORK TRADER Vic's might be turned into a health club, the legions of urban teenagers who had come of age in the Mai Tai Lounge wept. Fortunately, Charles Schumann's *Tropical Bar Book* (Stewart, Tabori & Chang) is out in time to keep the tradition alive. But the book goes well beyond the gardenia-garnished scorpion bowls and Samoan Fog Cutters of the Trader. There are no paper umbrellas or plastic coconuts here.

Schumann is the proprietor of the renowned Schumann's bar in Munich, and he offers the kind of advice one would expect from a pro. There are sections on proper equipment and the nuances of drink mixing, descriptions of exotic fruits and spices and every possible kind of rum. But what makes the book a treasure is the history—of the tropical locales, of the liquors themselves, of some legendary cocktails and bars. Literary excerpts from such tropical barflies as Graham Greene, Ernest Hemingway, and Jane Bowles are interspersed throughout, along with beautiful hand-tinted engravings by Günter Mattei (see above) that evoke the swinging tropics of the twenties and thirties, when Americans were fleeing Prohibition and downing rum.

Schumann includes over 150 recipes. Many are for rum-based drinks, from the pristine Daiquiri Natural to the Castro Cooler, but sections are also devoted to nonalcoholic punches, tequila and mescal, and the divine Brazilian sugarcane brandy, *cachaça*.

For chocolate lovers—a guide to the best french chocolatiers

Specialties of *La Maison du Chocolat*

THE UNFORTUNATE MARIE ANTOInette may have recommended that her countrymen eat cake, but it seems that, on the bicentennial of the Revolution, they are far more interested in chocolate. Proof of this passion is found in an exhaustive new book, *Le Guide des Croqueurs de Chocolat* (Olivier Orban, Paris), which rates 170 chocolatiers in ninety-eight French cities and towns. Testing for the book was done by *Le Club des Croqueurs de Chocolat*, whose members include Sonia Rykiel and whose name, *croqueur*, means someone that devours (a *croqueur de femmes* is a womanizer).

The book rates the chocolates on everything from the sheen of the coating and absence of silly decoration to depth of aroma and level of acidity. The six categories range from *pourraient mieux faire* (could be better) to *les grands* (the greats) and *le sommet* (the summit).

Although the book is available only in French, it is written in the rather universal language of chocolate, and the following translations are the best of the group. Only one chocolatier, Robert Linxe's *La Maison du Chocolat*, made the summit according to the judges, who cited "the exquisite aroma of the ganaches" and "unbelievable refinement of the couvertures." Specialties include *Quito* (great staying power, filled with dark bittersweet ganache), *Bacchus* (rum ganache with grapes flamed in brandy), and *Bohême* (milk chocolate mousse).

Among the "greats" (seventeen or eighteen points out of twenty), *Michel Chaudun's* "excellence is beyond comment." He won praise for *Esmeralda* (bitter truffle paste), *Véragua* (praline and caramel), and *Côte Ferme* (rum truffle with rum-flavored almond paste). *Lenôtre*, one of France's most celebrated chocolatiers, with locations throughout the country as well as in Japan and Saudi Arabia, won high marks for a new line called *Noir Intense*, deemed "wholly remarkable in the finesse of its fillings and the distinctive bitterness of the new coating."

Most of the chocolatiers included in the book will, thankfully, ship. ♥

Top: G. MATTEI; bottom: GUY MARINEAU

FILTER: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine,
MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

RITZ

A celebration of style and taste by

YVES SAINT LAURENT

©1986 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

LIVING

Editor: Laurie Schechter

Severin Wunderman's Jean Cocteau obsession is so strong he sometimes feels he's possessed by the artist's spirit.

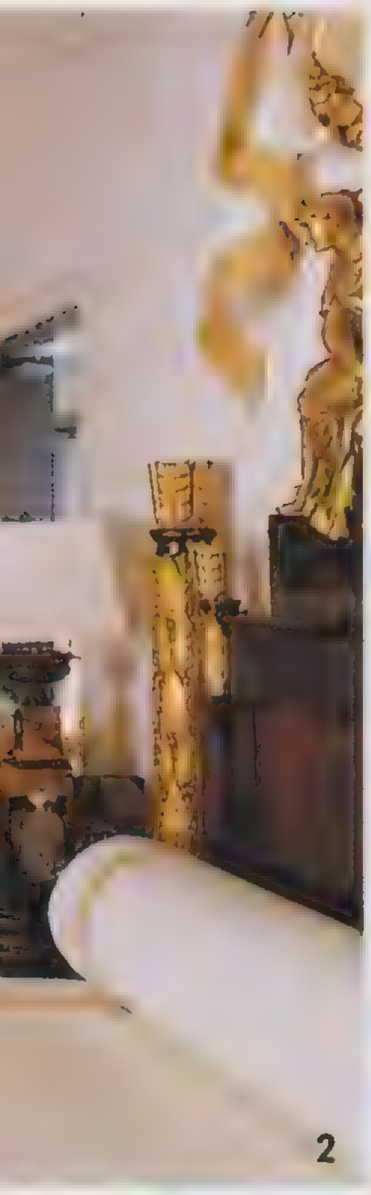
RACHEL URQUHART investigates

1. Cocteau-inspired Les Saisons fabric by Clarence House. 2. The bedroom of Wunderman's New York City apartment, designed by David A. Harte, with an Empire bed, circa 1870. 3. A Venetian bookcase is flanked by gilded sconces. The chair was designed for the apartment. 4. A mirror, circa 1860, is surrounded by a trompe l'oeil swag. The table is antique inlaid marquetry; the side chairs are Louis XV. 5. An urn converted to a lamp sits on a bed table, circa 1830.

SEVERIN WUNDERMAN, A MODEST man of immodest means—he heads The Severin Group, the biggest-selling Swiss watch company and the sole manufacturer of the Gucci Timepiece collection—is discussing what he himself terms his sickness: his Jean Cocteau collection. "I guess it's partly jealousy," Wunderman admits of his obsession with the twentieth-century writer-choreographer-artist-poet-filmmaker. "Personally, I have no talents. I mean, making money is not a talent. The gold ring comes around once in life—either you grab it, or you don't. Cocteau excelled in every domain you can think of in the arts."

Once again, thanks to a businessman's obsession with an artist's legacy, another museum, the Severin Wunderman Museum, has been born in, of all places, Irvine, California. Apparently unbeknownst to the Irvine Chamber of Commerce (when asked about museums in the area, a spokesperson mentioned only a new theater and some local art shops), The Severin ▶ 184

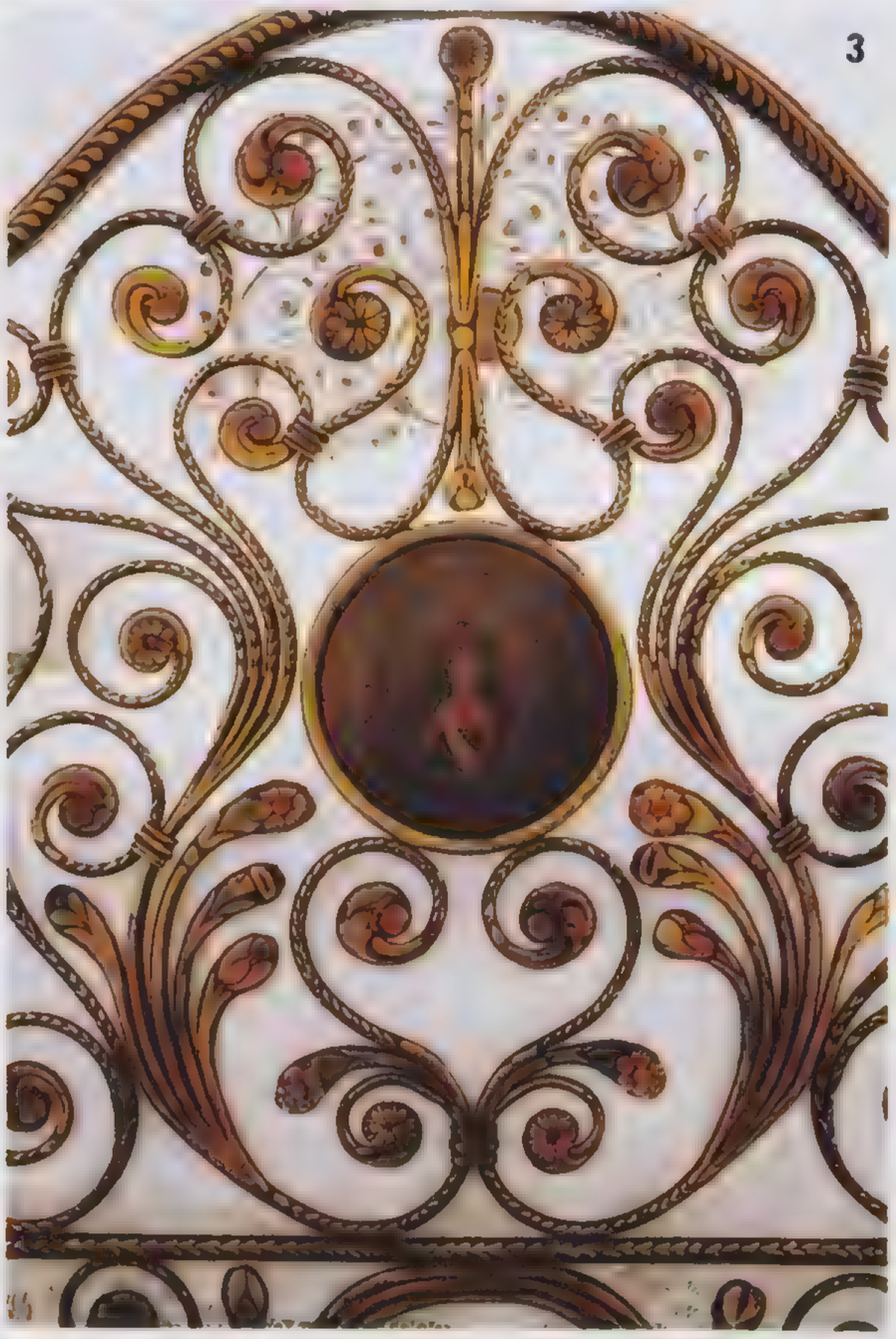
2-5, 8 MICHAEL MUNDY; 6, 7 JEAN FRANÇOIS JAUSSAUD; 9 RICHARD DE SAINT-VALLIER (courtesy of Philippe Seuillet). Details, last pages


2

6

6

6. In Cocteau's house in Milly-la-Forêt, *Oedipus and the Sphinx* by his friend Christian Bérard and a copper palm tree. 7. Also in Milly, a portrait of Gavroche and monograms, both by Victor Hugo. 8. A steel stand, circa 1850, holds Wunderman's collection of rare English and French walking sticks. 9. Cocteau's tapestry *Judith et Holopherne*, 1948, hangs in the dining room of a villa he designed and decorated in Cap-Ferrat.



2

4

5

1. Alligator suitcases, a marble bust, leather-bound books, and game balls are only a small part of Wunderman's collection of mid-19th-century objects.
2. A gilded swan Empire chair sits next to an antique chinoiserie humidor. The throw is black fox.
3. An ironwork headboard, circa 1860.
4. Jean Cocteau's ceramic *La Médiévale*, 1958.
5. Cocteau at his house in Milly-la-Forêt, 1934.

Group building contains the world's most comprehensive collection of Jean Cocteau drawings, paintings, sculptures, films, manuscripts, and costume and set designs.

"Irvine's not what you'd call the world's cross-posts," admits Wunderman, who is Belgian by birth and whose charmingly European tendency to misspeak on occasion (*antidote* for anecdote, *philanthroper* for philanthropist) belies his flawless American accent.

The son of a glove manufacturer in Brussels, Wunderman bought his first Cocteau drawing when he was a young apprentice watchmaker in Paris. "It cost around a hundred francs. In those days, I made one hundred fifty francs a month, so what I remember most is the scene at home when I gave my wife the fifty francs left from my paycheck....I still have the drawing. I don't have the wife anymore."

That was the start of a collection that now enables him to boast that "sooner or later, anyone who has anything to do with Jean Cocteau comes to me." The strength of the collection lies in the fact that Wunderman never sells anything. "We are the world specialists when it comes to Cocteau," says Wunderman of his foundation. "I think we know him better than he ever knew himself, if one can say that."

For a man who darts between coasts and continents, Wunderman appears strangely at ease. He has alighted momentarily in New York City, where—as in Beverly Hills, Laguna Beach, London, and Switzerland—he maintains a home full of Cocteau memorabilia: small drawings; photographs of Cocteau with Picasso, Stravinsky, and other famous contemporaries; a self-portrait by Cocteau's lover, Jean Marais, with a surreal hand resting on the frame, painted especially for Wunderman by Marais. In the midst of all this sits Wunderman, a slight man in velvet slippers, blue jeans, and a cotton sweater, his face decorated with a small, sculpted mustache that gives him a quizzical, turn-of-the-century look.

This look, as it turns out, is more than skin-deep. "I would like to have been born a hundred years ago. I find myself to have been reincarnated—without any of Cocteau's talent, of course. But I very often think I know what he would have felt." ♥

1-3 MICHAEL MUNDY; 4, 5 courtesy Severin Wunderman Museum. Details, last pages

RUM AND O.J. NAILS SCREW-DRIVER.

How do you prove that Bacardi and orange juice makes a better drink than a screwdriver?

You charge into ten leading vodka markets and conduct "blind" taste tests between Bacardi and the best-selling vodka.

That's what we did, and when it was all over, Bacardi and o.j. triumphed by a wide margin.

Maybe that's because Bacardi, like all rums of Puerto Rico, is aged by law for one year. It has a warmer, livelier character than vodka, suiting it more ideally to orange juice.

Bacardi and o.j. The combination that beats tradition.

© 1988 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico

RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

© 1989 Calvin Klein Industries, Inc.

Calvin Klein Jeans

VOGUE

POINT OF VIEW

Less effort, more style...

So you've bought your city suits, your serious "investment clothes." Now it's time to think about **the lighter side of dressing,** dressing for the heat of summer, for the dog days of July and August. As style eases up for the weekend, for the beach, exciting choices emerge . . . . This is a time when many designers take their cues from the sultry Cuban girls spotted on the beaches of Miami. "They really look hot with their jet-black hair slicked back, red lipstick, and no makeup," says Marc Jacobs (Hispanic Miami inspired his entire spring collection, the last one he did before joining Perry Ellis). **"It's about bare skin,** about being as undressed as you can get away with." Similar thoughts inspired photographer Bruce Weber, who took model Talisa Soto (her parents come from Puerto Rico) and Brazilian jujitsu champion Hickson Gracie to the pools and heatscapes of Miami Beach. The clothes that went with them: deliberately un-fashionconscious, the most minimal kind of dressing. These **sundresses, swimsuits, shirts** are not here to represent a trend but the kind of great-looking wardrobe any woman would put together herself. . . . The same goes for the entire portfolio of cutaway **white swimsuits** and sheer white tops. White, though Hollywood glamorous, is not necessarily new as a color for the beach, but in the end it makes the most sense. Not only do white maillots play up a tan, but these live a double life, functioning as a substitute for a T-shirt or bodysuit under anything and everything. With a white silk jersey sarong tied on the hips, flat gold mules, and gold earrings, a maillot becomes the basis for the perfect **one-step dressing** that you can live in every summer evening. . . . Brightly colored bodysuits and leggings that real athletes wear, handfuls of unbreakable blue-plastic accessories, and frayed raffia hats take on a similarly personal and practical feel. . . . Summer or not, it's **personal style that's going to be the catchphrase of the nineties.** The Vogue 100, our list of women we consider to have an interesting and expressive way with clothes, confirms that it's not which white shirt you choose but how you wear it. Truly stylish dressing is less about complete designer looks than, as Norma Kamali says, "about quality, good fabric, and interesting shapes. Personal style makes clothes work."

white heat

With their elegant fabrics and all-white color scheme, swimsuits and beach wraps go glamorous. On the practical side: mixed with skirts or pants, these suits and robes work on or off the beach

SEA STAR

The swimsuit, movie star–style, this page and opposite. Norma Kamali's with a high halter neck, skirt. To wear underneath: matching briefs. Suit, about $156. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Easy on the eyes: Dial-a-Lash waterproof mascara in brown by Maybelline. These ten pages: hair by Julien d'Is, Paris; makeup by Stéphane Marais for L'Agence Bruno, Paris. Details, more stores, last pages.

Fashion Editor:
Carlyne Cerf de Dudzeele
Photographer: Peter Lindbergh

NIGHT FOR DAY

Designers do the unexpected, translating the sophistication of evening wear into cover-ups and swimsuits for the beach. This page: Silk satin short coat by Isaac Mizrahi for Vogue Pattern #2279. Fabric by Clerici Tessuto. Opposite page: A maillot backed with racer straps; it could work for evening paired with a short skirt. By Catalina, about $40. Macy's Herald Square. Skin-saving protection: Clarins Moisturizing Sun Care Milk SPF 8. Details, more stores, last pages.

REVIEWING THE CLASSICS

Beachwear that would have looked right at home in Hollywood in the 1930s. Opposite page: Ralph Lauren's halter-strapped swimsuit, fully lined front and back. By Ralph Lauren Swimwear, about $59. Polo/Ralph Lauren, Boca Raton and Winter Park FL, Seattle. This page: A thigh-high cotton terry robe that wraps, ties, has a hood. By Ralph Lauren Swimwear, about $250. Barneys New York; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Phoenix AZ, La Jolla CA. Details, more stores, last pages.

SUMMER SHEER

What's showing up seaside—suits and cover-ups with transparent treatment. Opposite page: An organza shirt by Gottex, about $122. Saks Fifth Avenue. Athletic bikini by Isaia NYC, about $42. Barneys New York; Caron Cherry, Coconut Grove FL; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago. This page: A one-piece suit with all the advantages of a two-piece. By Gottex, about $84. Saks Fifth Avenue. The near-nude lip color: Stendhal's Sheer Pink B12 Lip Gloss. Details, more stores, last pages.

SWIM TEAM

Sources of inspiration for swimsuits—workout clothes and the clean lines of evening dresses. Opposite page: Calvin Klein Swimwear's sporty cotton and Lycra bikini. The abbreviated tank top works well with weekend clothes too. Suit, about $68. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hudson; Marshall Field's. A swaggering cotton robe by Hammacher Schlemmer, about $100. Hammacher Schlemmer, NYC, Chicago, Beverly Hills. This page: Textured suit with a shiny, pebbly finish. By Lisa Lomas for Viewpoint by Gottex, about $70. Saks Fifth Avenue. Barely there lip color: Revlon's Silver City Pink lipstick. Details, more stores, last pages.

water colors

Waterproof makeup has come a long way since Esther Williams. **Shirley Lord** reports on the new formulas that, in and out of the water, complement fashion's latest passion for bareness

Makeup is becoming increasingly waterproof, as what used to be considered its drawback—its tenacious staying power once out of the water—has turned into an advantage for any woman who lives life on the run. Today's formulations mean that waterproof (or water-resistant) makeups are now often smudge- and sweatproof too.

Waterproofing the skin began with the discovery in the late nineteenth century that petroleum jelly, considered an undesirable by-product of the oil fields, had an ability to soften skin and to protect wounds from infection. Tests proved that petroleum jelly left a tenacious oil film on the skin through which water could not penetrate. It was the beginning of water-free, petroleum-based, skin-protective products.

But waterproof makeup did not arrive in time for Esther Williams, who swam her way to stardom back in the early 1950s. Instead, she used Max Factor's Pan Stick, applied with a sponge, then well-powdered. "To make sure my color was consistent, I was doused all over, including the soles of my feet and palms of my hands," says Williams, who today designs the Esther Williams collection for Misty Swimwear. "For all the swimming scenes, after the Pan Stick was powdered, I would dive into the water, so the makeup set, and it really did last all day. Lipsticks aren't water-soluble, so they stayed on, particularly if they were well powdered down."

Modern waterproofing began in the late fifties, when cosmetic chemists relied on petroleum-derived oils to develop mascara formulas that wouldn't streak, come rain or come tears. In 1968, when Clinique began, they introduced Gel Rouge and Bronze Gel as waterproof colors "you can even sleep in." Nobody wanted to admit that they *slept* in their makeup, but it was an innovative way to stress the staying power of waterproof formulas. Max Factor then released Ultralucent Waterproof Make-Up, stressing not its resistance to pool or ocean but to heat, humidity, rain, and sweat.

That really made sense to the working women of America, but what really galvanized cosmetic researchers to improve waterproofing was the public's desire—in the late seventies and early eighties—for products that could protect skin from the damaging and aging effects of the sun. If sunscreens or makeups with sunscreen were also waterproof/sweatproof, so much the better. They were deemed waterproof if they maintained their Sun Protection Factor (SPF) rating for up to eighty minutes' immersion in water, water-resistant if the SPF rating lasted for up to forty minutes' immersion.

"Today, waterproof products come with a longevity insurance policy built in. But they can still be removed easily at the end of the day," says Luc Bossuyt, Guerlain's research and development director. "The old-fashioned petroleum oils have been replaced by volatile silicones and dimethicones, which are much more compatible with the skin. It means every kind of makeup can now be 'waterproofed.'"

It is certainly beginning to happen. Max Factor now has Sun Smart waterproof colors for face, cheeks, and eyes (all SPF 6). Guerlain has a new waterproof Star Blush. Then there are Lancôme's Le Crayon Waterproof pencils and Cover Girl's SummerRadiants Powdercreme Shadows; also, more than half of Maybelline's mascaras are now waterproof. ♥

TRUE BLUES

Max Factor, known for innovative cosmetics, has another great idea: waterproof, sun-protective makeup in small, unbreakable, easy-to-carry-to-the-beach tubes. Opposite page: Sun Smart Makeup in Medium. Equally practical: jewelry meant to get wet, get sandy, get tossed on a beach towel. Of rhinestone-studded plastic by Stuart Freeman Design. Bracelets, about $280 each. Necklace, also in hand, about $1,100. These pages: hair, Sally Hershberger; makeup, Carol Shaw. Details, stores, last pages.

Fashion Editor: Polly Mellen **Photographer: Herb Ritts**

CLEAR THINKING

The sheerest cover for skin can be a diaphanous blue scarf (it represents the abundance of transparent clothes at recent collections) or almost-invisible makeup. This page: A chiffon scarf. From Elements by Surika, about $60. Barneys New York; Venus Adonis, St. Louis; Glitz, Los Angeles. Similar sheer protection for the body: Elizabeth Arden's Sun Science Superblock Cream 35. Opposite page: Standing up to the elements—Clinique's waterproof Swimmer's Mascara in Natural Brown, lipstick in Sun Stone. John Jacobus's silk chiffon scarf tied as a top, about $65. Charivari, NYC; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami. Details, more stores, last pages.

water colors

sun: the new wisdom

As sunscreen sales—and SPF ratings—reach new highs, evidence emerges that, for certain women, *some* sun may be better than *no* sun. **William Bennett, M.D.**, describes how to strike a healthy balance

The motto for the nineties is: "Pay no worship to the garish sun" (borrowing the phrase from Juliet). Sun protection factor (SPF) is the hottest-selling item in the summer market. Gone are the days of halfhearted 2 and 4 ratings; last year, one out of every five sunscreens sold was rated at 25 or higher.

Reversing a seventy-year trend, Americans are beginning to heed dermatologists' warnings. Bright sunlight ages the skin and raises the risk of skin cancer. It can also cause acute discomfort to the eyes, and it is under suspicion as a potential cause of permanent damage to the lens and retina.

Still, it's worth remembering that, for very different reasons, our skin and eyes *need* sunlight—as do our souls. The art of living well now includes making sophisticated use of the sun. Developing your own individualized prescription is key. The most important variables are your skin type, age, and sex, as well as where you live.

Because some diseases and many prescription drugs can be photosensitizing, there are people for whom any direct sunlight is bad news. But the majority of adults, especially older women, would probably benefit from a little unprotected sun exposure—about 15 minutes—two or three times a week.

The reason is vitamin D. Not a vitamin but a hormone, this substance is crucial for the health of bones. When supplies are inadequate, the microscopic structure of bone becomes distorted, producing a condition known as osteomalacia. Less publicized than osteoporosis (loss of calcium from the bones), osteomalacia is quite common among older women.

The best-understood function of vitamin D is maintaining normal bone structure. But many places in the body have receptors for the hormone, so it probably has functions that remain to be discovered. The skin itself appears to rely on vitamin D, at least partly, to maintain normal structure. An increase in production of vitamin D may be one reason why judicious sunbathing helps improve the very common skin disease psoriasis.

Our bodies can make their own vitamin D, but one step in the synthesis requires a pulse of energy from ultraviolet light. So the crucial reaction takes place in the sun-exposed portions of skin. In the absence of sunlight, we can get vitamin D from our diets, mainly in fortified milk. But to get 400 units, the recommended daily allowance, requires the equivalent of a quart of milk. Many adults simply do not consume that much, and for them sunlight is a significant source of vitamin D, as Michael D. Holick, M.D., professor of medicine, director, Vitamin D Skin and Bone Research Laboratory, Brown University, has demonstrated.

The wavelength of light required to make vitamin D in the skin is ultraviolet B, the same wavelength that causes sunburn, wrinkles, and skin cancer, and the same wavelength blocked by sunscreens. Last December, a research group led by Lois Y. Matsuoka, M.D., of Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia reported that the average vitamin D level in twenty regular users of PABA, one of the most common sunscreens, was less than half the level in nonusers. In two PABA users, the level was low enough to be called a deficiency. But Dr. Matsuoka calls the results preliminary.

All things considered, Dr. Holick suggests, adult women would benefit by spending short periods of time in midday sunlight before applying a sunscreen. Exposing the skin of the face, arms, and hands is sufficient. Very fair-skinned people should stay with a short exposure; those with very dark skin require a longer time to make the same amount of hormone. (The sunlight in Boston is not strong enough in winter to power the reaction needed to produce vitamin D, but in Los Angeles even the January sun is sufficient.)

Children, because they are outdoors more frequently and have more responsive skin, are less likely to need programmed sun exposure than are adults. This wasn't always so, however. At the beginning of this century, children in the industrial inner cities often suffered from rickets—misshapen bones weakened by vitamin D deficiency. The discovery, in 1921, that sunlight could cure rickets was probably as important an impetus as Coco Chanel's famous suntan for the cult of sunbathing in the twenties. Sun-browned skin projected the image of health as well as beauty.

Aggressively tanned skin, however, is anything but healthy. The melanin pigment of a suntan is generated in reaction to the injury from ultraviolet light. The true purpose of melanin in the skin is not really understood. The assumption is that the pigment is present to shield the deeper layers of the skin from sunlight. Melanin effectively absorbs virtually the whole spectrum of light, from ultraviolet through visible wavelengths to the near-infrared. Inventors and manufacturers are looking for ways to exploit the absorbency of melanin in sunscreens and even in sunglasses.

Because melanin is a highly insoluble substance, finding ways to put it into a sunscreen base has been difficult. ▶

SARONG STYLE

Christian Lacroix deformalized the couture when he broke out silk sarongs tied over Lycra bodysuits. The idea works equally well at the beach or in the city. In fact, the sarong may be the most important accessory this summer. Opposite page: Serape by Paloma Picasso for Lopez-Cambil, about $190. Saks Fifth Avenue; Creeds, Canada. Raffia hat by Eric Javits. Details, more stores, last pages.

water colors

Recently, though, at least two different approaches have been developed. Whether melanin-based sunscreens will prove popular remains to be seen. The advantage—broad-spectrum absorbency—is also a potential drawback, because melanin increases the rate at which skin absorbs heat. As dermatologist Warwick L. Morison, M.D., of Johns Hopkins University points out, "The reason pigmented people do not sunbathe is that they are too uncomfortably hot when in direct sunlight, not because they are already tanned."

It's worth remembering that, for very different reasons, our skin and eyes *need* sunlight—as do our souls

Natural melanin probably is not the skin's only, or even its principal, defense against sunburn. In addition to melanin, ultraviolet light stimulates the skin to produce keratin, the main surface protein of the epidermis. Although keratin absorbs little visible light and thus makes no contribution to a tan, it absorbs a lot of ultraviolet light. Dr. Morison points out that the increased keratin content of the skin provides five times more sun protection than the increased melanin typical of a tan in a fair-skinned person.

Pigmentation is a clue, but only a clue, indicating how vulnerable skin is to damage. A guide to skin sensitivity is the classification into six phototypes developed by dermatologist Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, M.D., of Harvard Medical School. People with brown or black skin who are very resistant to burning belong to phototypes V and VI, respectively.

People with less pigmented skin can classify themselves as follows: imagine that you spent one hour in the sun at noon in early summer. Answer two questions honestly: how painful is your sunburn after twenty-four hours? How much tan will you develop in a week? If the answer is a painful burn and no tan, your skin phototype is I, and you need maximum protection from the sun. If the answer is no burn and a good tan, you have phototype IV skin and can get by with less protection. If you burn painfully but then develop a light tan, you belong to phototype II. A light burn followed by a moderate tan puts you in phototype III, the most common in the United States.

The key to protecting skin from sun damage is limiting exposure to the ultraviolet end of the spectrum, where the existing sunscreens are most effective. The ultraviolet band has been divided, somewhat arbitrarily, into three segments: A, B, and C. Ultraviolet C radiation is potentially the most damaging. But most of the C waves are screened out by the atmosphere. If the ozone layer becomes further depleted, C may become more of a problem, and B certainly will.

Currently, the B region is what mainly concerns dermatologists, because it is the radiation most clearly implicated in skin damage. Ultraviolet A is far from harmless, though. Unlike ultraviolet B, which only penetrates the atmosphere between about 10:00 A.M. and 3:00 P.M. at temperate latitudes, levels of ultraviolet A are almost constant throughout the daylight hours, and there's considerably more ultraviolet A than B at any one time. Although, ray for ray, ultraviolet A may be less damaging, it does contribute to photoaging of skin and skin cancer and, despite its reputation, can cause sunburn. Commercial tanning parlors promote their machines as delivering mainly ultraviolet A and, by implication, as safer for the skin than natural sunlight. Wilma Bergfeld, M.D., head of the section of clinical dermatological research, Department of Dermatology at the Cleveland Clinic, expresses the majority attitude: "As a dermatologist, I really believe that all indoor tanning is unsafe." The American Academy of Dermatology is pushing for regulation of commercial tanning facilities, including hazard warnings.

Fortunately, sunscreens are at least as big a growth industry as tanning parlors. The greatest advantage to be had from using sunscreens is in the first two decades of life, when regular use of SPF 15 can reduce the lifetime risk of the two most common types of skin cancer, basal cell and squamous cell, by nearly 80 percent. These cancers, though very treatable and almost never fatal, require a surgical procedure for removal. People with fair skin are most vulnerable, and their lifetime sun exposure is the critical variable. The role of sunlight in causing melanoma, one of the most malignant of cancers, has been much less clear. Currently, the frequency of melanoma is increasing in the United States at 4 to 5 percent a year. Results from studies in Denmark, western Canada, New York State, and Australia indicate that *intermittent* exposure to bright sun—essentially the number of sunburns one has, especially at an early age—raises the risk of melanoma, although total exposure may also play a role. But some research indicates that people who live in constantly sunny environments and maintain a fairly steady tan have a lowered risk of developing melanoma even though they still suffer the other forms of skin damage and skin cancer.

For maximum protection, a sunscreen should be applied before going out into the sun. The extra time permits the chemical to penetrate and bind to the epidermis. Fresh applications are necessary at intervals to get the full benefit of the SPF (especially if skin gets wet); they do not extend protection to a longer time than the SPF rating implies.

Different sunscreens have different advantages and disadvantages. PABA (para-aminobenzoic acid) and its derivatives bind to the outer layer of skin and thus may come off less easily, but PABA only absorbs ultraviolet B, and it is likely to stain nylon. Benzophenones and anthranilates absorb some ultraviolet A as well as B, thus giving broader protection. This can be important for people on medications that produce photosensitivity reactions, since most such drugs interact with ultraviolet A. Cinnamates usually do not stain clothing, but they also come off the skin more easily than PABA. (Many sunscreens contain a PABA derivative, a benzophenone, and a cinnamate, but about 3 percent of people do become allergic to one or more of these chemicals.)

Sunscreens provide significant protection for skin, but only if they are used judiciously—which does not mean spending the whole day in brilliant sunlight with only a bikini and a nominal SPF 15 between one's epidermis and the ultraviolet. Significant amounts of ultraviolet A leak through most sunscreens—even those containing UVA-blocking chemicals—and may be doing insidious damage.

The secret to healthy use of the sun is seeking the golden mean, not a golden tan.

WRAPAROUND

A [illegible] anything—[illegible] a sarong [illegible] and [illegible] Ralph Lauren. Sold as a set, about $570. At Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC. At waist, Charvet turquoise silk chiffon scarf. Details, last pages.

SEA SHADES

Mixed shades of blue suddenly make waves. This page: The most interesting approach to color—layer upon layer of transparency. Silk chiffon scarves by Charvet. Underneath, a new look at a sixties tie-dyed swimsuit. By Liza Bruce, about $80. Bloomingdale's; Infinity, Merrick NY; E B Pepper, Pittsburgh. Opposite page: A plastic cuff—as cool and clear as beach glass. By Martha Sturdy Canada, about $230. Haute Rocks, Newport Beach CA; Susan, Burlingame CA. Details, more stores, last pages.

water color

COLORFAST

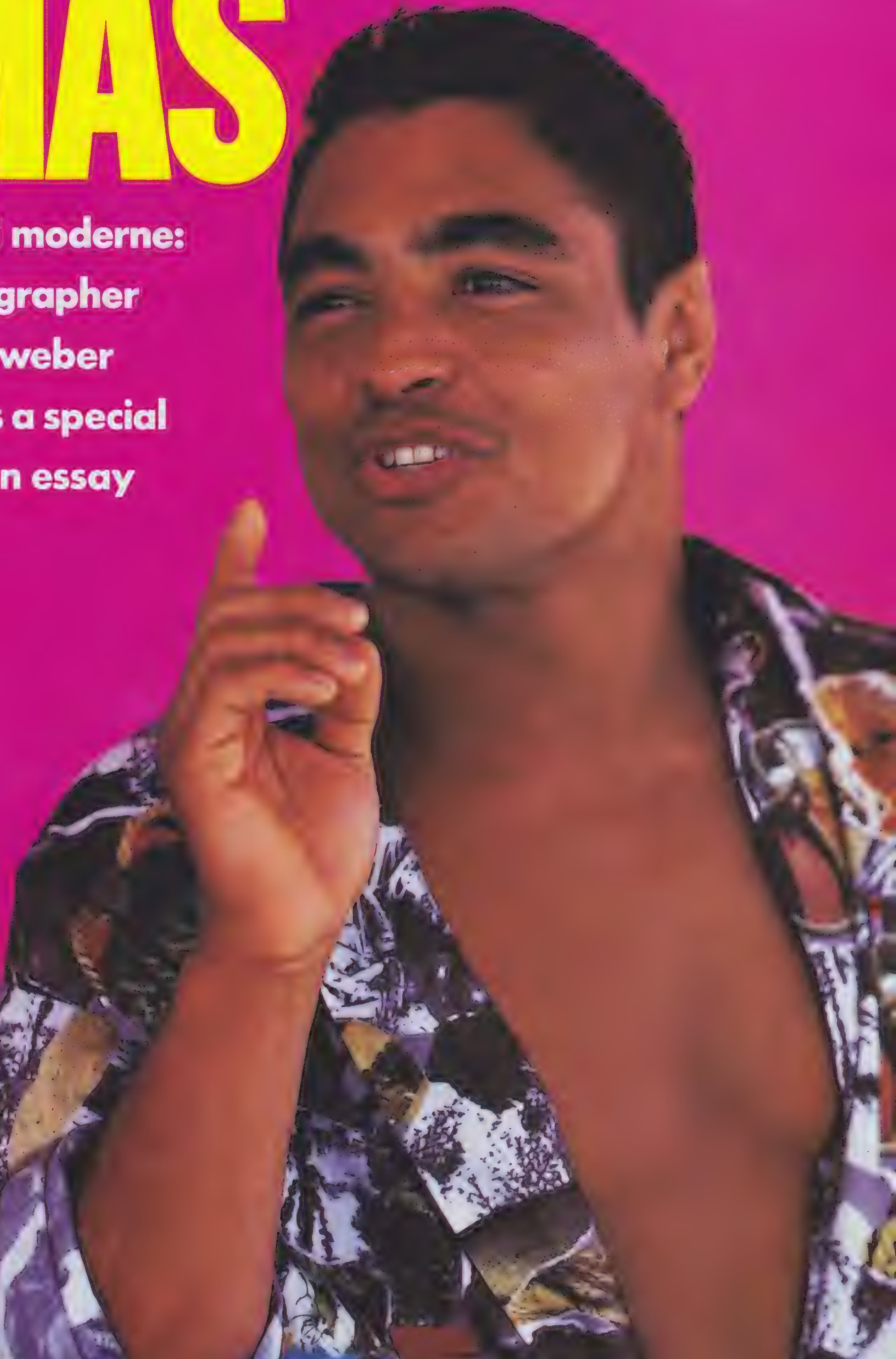
The scarf as sarong has many lives. It can be worn with an evening top, with a bathing suit. This page: A modern nod to Gauguin's South Sea models. Giorgio di Sant'Angelo's transparent silk stretch gauze top, about $440, Barneys New York; Martha, Palm Beach FL; Gallay, West Hollywood CA. Cotton twill serape by Paloma Picasso for Lopez-Cambil. Shading (but not lining) tips —Germaine Monteil's Lip Ligne in Couleur Neutral. Opposite page: A cotton scarf folds up into a portable square. By Issey Miyake Plantation, about $158; La Boutique Francaise, Washington DC; Shauna Stern, Los Angeles. Dance France cotton and spandex top, about $38, The New York Body Shop, NYC. Prisms in New Orleans Style Options, San Francisco Details, Inna Gayer, and regis-

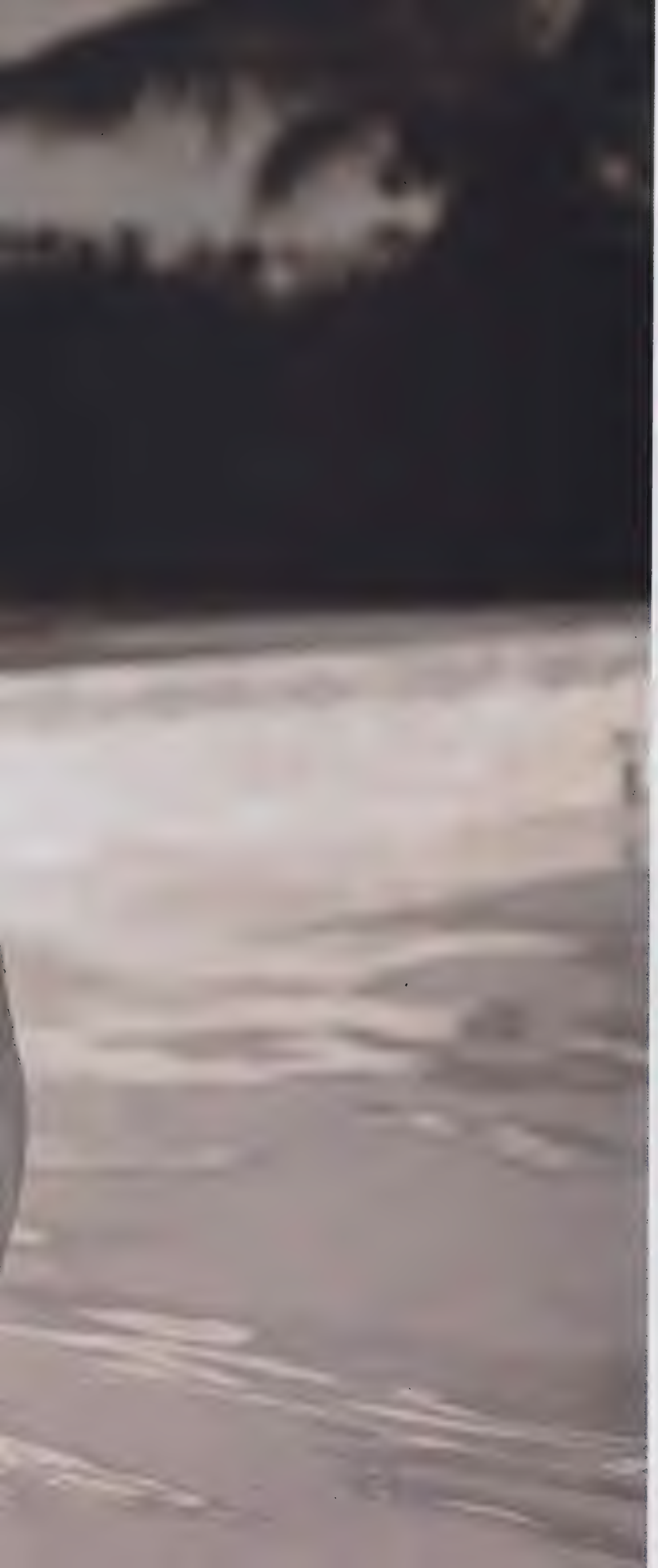
water colors

MUCHO

MAS

miami moderne:
photographer
bruce weber
shoots a special
fashion essay





It was Miami's intense colors and Latin-American art that inspired Bruce Weber to use the city and even his own swimming pool as a backdrop for the hottest hot-weather clothes. "As Stieglitz said, you don't have to travel to take a photograph," Weber says. "Often it's in your own backyard." Here, actress/model Talisa Soto and Hickson Gracie, a Brazilian jujitsu champion, pick up on the body-baring tropical style.

The hot Miami look: wet hair, a tan. . . . Previous pages: On Talisa—Burgundy Red Lipstick by Visage Beauté; on Hickson—a cotton shirt by Paul Smith. In this story: hair cut and styled by Didier Malige for Jean Louis David; makeup by Bobbi Brown for Oribe at Parachute. Details, stores (for this and previous pages), last pages.

Fashion Editor: Grace Coddington

miami moderne

Miami, home to more Cubans than any other city in the United States, is renowned for its Latin food. Opposite page: A midday meal of arroz con pollo and fried bananas. White Lycra bikini by Fendi, about $200. Glasses from Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lomb. He's wearing white jeans by Levi Strauss & Co. This page: A long cool robe. By Fernando Sanchez, about $275. The warm color on cheeks—Estée Lauder's Rose Suede Softcolor Blush. Details, stores, last pages.

Inspired by the lush Latin color combinations in Miami, [illegible] Eric Javits's docking-pad set (left) is lit up by a purple silk charmeuse pajama top by Samantha Robbins for Sant. Palma top sold with matching pants (not shown) about $195. Bikini, about $150. Day-Glo Cuba and Dickson dickside Docket roller loafer dress by Alegria, about $105. Details, [illegible]

Dubbed a "pastel SoHo," the southern district of Miami Beach is filled with New York City–style cafés and galleries. Here, Talisa and Hickson in the apartment of gallery owner Robert Miller, whose watercolors are in the background. The lamp with an oceanic theme is a found treasure. Maillot by Ralph Lauren Swimwear, about $62. Details, stores, last pages.

miami moderne

Sexy summer dressing that's never out of style in a tropical climate: a bathing suit and high heels; a shirt tied at the midriff and a long cotton skirt. Opposite page: Giorgio di Sant'Angelo's silk stretch gauze swimsuit with patent leather mules. Suit, about $375. Cotton terry robe by Primrose Bordier for Descamps, about $129. The apartment, says owner Robert Miller, is designed so that "you can sit anywhere in a wet bathing suit." This page: Cotton shirt by Perry Ellis America and long skirt by Gene Ewing/Bis. Shirt, about $62. Skirt, about $156. Details, stores, last pages.

A sundress with evening aspirations. this page: Azzedine Alaia's cotton shift printed with stars and moons, about $975. Opposite page: Hot-weather uniform for day or night—a big wrap of towel. . .white jeans by Levi Strauss & Co. Towel by Hermes. **Details**, stores, last pages.

A strong color and pattern mix that's suited to a hot-weather city. Opposite page: Blue and white stripes (cotton pullover) with red and white polka dots (cotton shirt). Pullover by Agnes B., about $110. Shirt by Agnes B. Homme, about $96. Benetton raincoat, about $149. Details, stores, last pages. Hat by Buen Dia, NYC. Also suited to hot weather: sheer foundation. Here, Chanel's Teint Pur Oil-Free Makeup in Tawny Beige. This page: A still life of sunflowers and palm fronds.

the american male

the real thing

In a career spanning half a century, Jimmy Stewart has drawn an indelible portrait of the American man, and proven that regular guys can be heroes, too. He talked to ***Bart Bull*** *about his long and wonderful life*

The milkman is making his delivery—eggs and butter and quarts of milk stacked neatly in his wire basket. There was a time when salty jokes were made about milkmen and their midday deliveries, back in the days when wives stayed home alone and lonely while husbands marched off to work, but those days are gone, long gone, like the milkmen themselves. Gone and nearly forgotten, except here at Jimmy Stewart's house, where the milkman's white truck is parked in the driveway.

KOBAL COLLECTION

Rear Window (1954)
The Philadelphia Story (1940)
The Greatest Show on Earth (1952)
The Spirit of St. Louis (1957)
Bend of the River (1952)
It's a Wonderful Life (1946)
Mr. Smith Goes to Washington (1939)

What was most heroic about Jimmy Stewart was that he never tried to be a hero

It's a beautiful day, a wonderful day. "A great day for sightseeing buses too," says Mrs. Stewart. A pair of tour vans has stopped in the middle of the street in hopes that Jimmy Stewart will come out to greet them in person. "He's the friendliest, most accommodating star in Beverly Hills," say the Hollywood star maps, telling how often he steps outside to chat with his fans. "You can hardly get your car up the street," growls Gloria Stewart. At the moment Jimmy Stewart is in his backyard, trying to get his dog to cooperate while their picture is taken. Baron is looking at everything but the camera, cheerily wagging his tail all the while. "Never seen him act like this," Stewart says, genuinely baffled, truly perplexed. "He's a terrible ham," Gloria cracks. "The dog, I mean." Her timing is as good as Jimmy's.

He gets up from his chair in the shade of an orange tree, stooping low, bending nearly in half to keep from scraping his head, legs every bit as long as you'd guess, maybe even a little longer. Half a century's press clippings have ritualized the litany of words to describe him as he walks Baron back inside to look for a leash—"gawky," "gangling," "lean," "lanky," "awkward"—and for the way he folds himself into the family den when the photos are finished and it's time to talk. It's a comfortable room, crowded with books and photos and flowered cotton couches, not much different from most family rooms as long as you don't notice who the people in the photos are or that those gold statuettes on the shelf are Academy Awards. Presented with an honorary Oscar in 1985 for fifty years of distinguished work in over eighty films, he was nominated five times in the best-actor category, winning in 1940 for *The Philadelphia Story*.

My dad called me the night I got the Academy Award, called me at four-thirty. He never got the idea that our time out here was so much earlier than it was back there. It was usually when he got to work that he called me." Stewart folds one full-length leg over the other slowly, purposefully, with deliberation, a man with all the time in the world, who's never heard that life is a rat race, a man who learned his ways in Indiana, Pennsylvania. "He got there at seven-thirty.

"He said, 'I heard on the radio you got some kind of prize—what was it, a plaque or what?'

"'No,' I said, 'it's a gold statue.'

"'Well,' he says, 'why don't you send it back, and I'll put it in the window of the hardware store.' So I packed it up and it was there in the window for twenty years."

To trace Jimmy Stewart's life from Indiana, Pennsylvania, to Beverly Hills is to risk all our hard-won skepticism about movie stars. The most fully realized personality in film history, he has played the widest range of roles of any American actor, roles so central to the times that to examine Stewart is to consider the American man. He's played senators and lunatics, cowboys and test pilots, regular Joes and G-men, all of them different, each a lot like Jimmy Stewart.

What set him apart from the rest of Hollywood's leading men was that in decade after decade of larger-than-life screen stars, he was invariably just the size of Jimmy Stewart—tall perhaps, but far too slender to punch his way through the plot. He was usually just a little too sensible for the grand gesture, and when he lost his senses, he was still too skinny to push anybody around. Besides, that wouldn't be fair, and he was always very fair. A man left the movies feeling less capable than Clark Gable, less of a lady-killer than Cary Grant, but you never left a Jimmy Stewart movie feeling diminished. Nobody was less capable or, apparently, less of a ladies' man. Instead, you reckoned that you or any other regular guy endowed with enough all-American virtues would have handled things just about the way Jimmy Stewart had. What was most heroic about Stewart was that he never tried to be a hero.

It's a quality that extends into his own life, his offscreen life. At eighty-one, with an old man's bushy eyebrows and age's ruddy complexion, he stammers as he always has, and remembers everything. Son of the owner of the oldest hardware store in town—"I was born in 1908; it had been going since 1870, or 1860, something like that"—he had just about the most average of American boyhoods. He collected stamps, built model airplanes, practiced the accordion. A Boy Scout—"The most steadfast boy I've ever known," declared Mrs. Addie Rose, his next-door neighbor—he ran the movie projector in the town theater, cranking the reels by hand. "I remember they did *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*—very popular movie—and with the box of film came a green lens, there was a thing up on the reel that said 'Green,' and as you saw this, you put up the green lens. This meant they were going underwater. I suppose I was doing colorization even then." He had a job one summer painting white lines on the highway.

Prepared at prep school for nothing much in general, he went to Princeton and lackadaisically acquired a degree in architecture. The day he graduated Josh Logan invited him to join Henry Fonda and a few others in a summer acting troupe, offering to let him paint sets and play accordion for tips in the tearoom. With little chance of practicing architecture at the height of the Depression, he opted for acting. Acting troupes led to brief walk-on roles on Broadway, and after a few years, New York led to Hollywood. Within four years, he'd made twenty-five movies; in six of those twenty-five, he played a newspaperman, then as now a sort of movie shorthand for brash, footloose young man. Already a Jimmy Stewart type was evolving: stammering, sincere, optimistic, perhaps a touch naive, but willing and honest and true. A voice that quavered, that couldn't decide between high and low.

"You worked all the time. And you learned your craft. You worked all the time, in all sorts of parts." He walks, hands hanging straight down at his sides, over to pull a picture of himself from off the wall, a black-and-white photo in a battered red frame. "I always show this. All sorts of parts." Somebody who looks a little like young Stewart is looming, tall, bald, pigtailed, oddly slant-eyed. "*The Good Earth*. A

every day. 'Cause he just out of the blue called me up and said, 'I got an idea for a story, and why don't you come down to the house?' And he started with this story, and I was so wrapped up I didn't pay too much attention. He said, 'You're gonna commit suicide and an angel named Clarence who hasn't won his wings yet, he comes down and saves you, and you say you wish—I'm not tellin' this very well. . . .'

"And I said, 'Frank, when do we start—I love the picture.' " *It's a Wonderful Life* was the first production of a new film company Capra and a few other directors had established. "Frank and I and so many of us had such great faith in the picture. Our hearts were *all* in it, the crew and everybody so. . . so overcome with the meaning of the picture. And the picture was a failure, and caused the failure of the company." His long reflective pauses are even longer at times, long enough to gather words that will say enough, that won't say too much. "Looking, looking back over it, I can just see that the picture meant more to me than any other."

Still single, still a Hollywood heartthrob ("What. . . gives Jimmy Stewart the power to tie the American woman into emotional knots?" *Woman's Home Companion* wondered, underestimating the power of innocence), he married for the first and final time at the age of forty-one; slow-going deliberation is more than just the way he speaks. "The first few times I went out with Gloria, we went golfing. Finally she said to me, 'I eat too, you know,' so I took her to Chasen's." One of his perfect-timing pauses. "We're still going to Chasen's."

In the bargain, he acquired two sons; soon after, he became the father of twin daughters. He became precisely the family man the movies had shown us all along. But having taken his familiar Joe Average character to the brink of suicidal despair in *It's a Wonderful Life*, he began to unveil more complex emotions in his characters. Although *Harvey* had a prewar sweetness to it, the story of a madman whose hallucinations overpower everyone around him has a particularly postwar feel. In three Alfred Hitchcock films, *Rear Window*, *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, and *Vertigo*, Stewart's affable all-American male is wound much too tight, traveling far past the breaking point. And in a long series of Westerns, first with director Anthony Mann and then with John Ford, we saw both a new West and a new James Stewart, angry and edgy, dogged and bent on bitter revenge. If all this seemed a shock at first coming from sweet-natured Jimmy Stewart, it would have seemed more shocking as time went by if he had stood still in a harsh world of change, ever the fresh-faced idealist.

Some things remained in place as the times changed. As a good luck charm he wore the same hat in almost every one of his Westerns. "I have that thing. I had a big argument with John Ford first time we worked. He said, 'That's a *terrible* hat.' We were shooting it down in Texas somewhere—*Two Rode Together*, I think it was called. Next picture we did, he wouldn't let me wear a hat at all."

On the wall nearby is a precisely rendered watercolor of a red-brown horse, a little swaybacked with age, standing alone outside a weathered stable. He stands up to gaze at Henry Fonda's painting of Pie, the horse Stewart rode in movie after movie. "This is when he was—he had to be, had to be twenty-eight years old. Half quarter horse, half Arabian. I rode him for twenty years. Hank Fonda did this on his days

ERIC BOMAN

off, and I didn't know anything about it. That was Pie." They were making *Cheyenne Autumn* in Santa Fe, and the air was too thin for the old horse, the altitude too high. "He couldn't make it. He couldn't make it."

Staring at a friend's portrait of another friend, he can't help but admire it once more. Fonda and Stewart were practically the last of their generation, and now there's just one of them left. But there's more to it than that. "This friendship with Fonda over the years was tremendous. I valued it so much. Tremendous friendship, tremendous admiration for him. He was good at his job if anybody ever was good at his job. It was a terrible thing to lose him. Which happens so much, you know. I think about it every once in a while—I try *not* to think about it. I've lost so many—I've lost so many people. You think of somebody and then you think, 'When did she die?' "

The rims of his eyes go moist, nearly wet, not quite. Not quite. He won't cry, not here, to be observed and written about in a magazine. Instead, he speaks, quickly now, to distract himself. "But Fonda was a wonderful, close friend."

Now he is the last one left, the last star of his era. He doesn't know why it's worked out that way, and clearly it bothers him, confuses him just a little. When he was headed off to England during the war, his father slipped the Ninety-first Psalm into his hand—"For He shall give His angels charge over thee. . . ."—and maybe that helps explain it some, but it's hard not to wonder. His last movie was made half a decade ago, but even as the unseen voice on the current Campbell's soup ads, he moves miles past the typical too-sweet lemonade commercial grandfather, lulling us with that querulous voice and then always adding more edge than we expect. If he were sent the right script, something he could sink his teeth into, would he be ready to do another picture?

"Sure," he answers. Not a moment's hesitation, none of his legendary pauses. "Sure." No stammer, no stutter. "Sure. Sure."

He considers a moment. "Can't play cowboys anymore." ◉

the american male

altered egos

1929, 1959, and 1989: the thirty-year cycles of the American male identity

principal competition

'89
Kevin Costner

'29
Gary Cooper

'59
Montgomery Clift

mr. average

'29	'59	'89
5'7"/159 lbs.	5'8"/166 lbs.	5'9"/172 lbs.

end of bachelorhood

'29	'59	'89
Age 24.3	22.5	26

shoe weight (wing tips)

'29	'59	'89
1 lb. 5 oz.	1 lb. 4 oz.	1 lb. 2 oz.

nagging health concern

'29	'59	'89
Cigarette throat	Dandruff	Cholesterol

the perfect wife

'29	'59	'89
Mary Pickford	Doris Day	Princess Di

persuasion technique

'29	'59	'89
"Don't be a party pooper."	"Everybody's doing it."	"I've been tested."

feminist pest

'29	'59	'89
Margaret Sanger (*Motherhood and Bondage*)	Simone de Beauvoir (*The Second Sex*)	Andrea Dworkin (*Intercourse*)

chivalric code

'29	'59	'89
Offer seat to females over thirteen	Offer seat to the pregnant and postmenopausal	Sit tight

style folly

'59
Ra[illegible]

culinary prowess

anxieties

'29

"He knew he was in Daisy's house by a colossal accident. However glorious might be his future as Jay Gatsby, he was at present a penniless young man without a past, and at any moment the invisible cloak of his uniform might slip from his shoulders."—F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby*

'59

"Why can't exceptional friendship, *real, real, deep, deep* friendship between two men be respected as something clean and decent without being thought of as—fairies?"—Tennessee Williams, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*

'89

"He felt like turning around and heading back to the apartment and begging for giveness and swearing never again. He felt like it, but he knew he wouldn't do it. That would make him late getting to the office, which was much frowned upon at Pierce & Pierce." —Tom Wolfe, *The Bonfire of the Vanities*

beef course

aphrodisiac

'29
Oysters

'59
Spanish fly

'89
Megavitamins

infidelity defense

'29
"I was tight."

'59
Dead silence

'89
"I need more space."

alienation

'29

"He devotes his best thoughts to financial success. . . he marries, but his interests are totally different from his wife's, and he never becomes really intimate with her."—Bertrand Russell, *Marriage and Morals*

'59

"I've been in too many fights, I've been hit on the head by a hammer and had my left eye gouged out in a street fight—and of course I'm proud of this."—Norman Mailer, *Advertisements for Myself*

'89

"Narcissism has become the dominant psychic illness of our time . . . typical of a society where everything is permissible and nothing important."—Peter Trachtenberg, *The Casanova Complex*

suppressed alter ego

the american male

the naked

, 1932 photographed by

Royale, Dallas

truth

Men's tastes may change, but their fantasies endure. **James Truman** explains why one is particularly enduring

Freud's primary question, *What does a woman want?* we know about. In locker rooms, on television, under analysis, it reverberates as a rallying cry for the sensitive male. And though even the most sensitive males haven't come much closer than Freud to a specific answer, they have tried, and sometimes valiantly. On the reciprocal question, *What is it with guys and topless bars?* there has been less scholarly debate—unless, of course, one regards Benny Hill as a scholar and his show a debate. But even Benny Hill has his limitations; in some crucial way, he misunderstands the rich sweep of history, particularly in the area of topless dancers. Immortalized by Salome, enshrined by Toulouse-Lautrec and Brassaï, and currently appearing in darkened, neon-fronted theaters throughout the country, the topless ballerina occupies a specialized place in the male fantasy. It is a loftier place than many would imagine, and it is considerably less cluttered than Freud would have preferred. For the point here is not sexual pathology, Oedipal desire, or anything so mundane; rather, it is the pursuit of beauty and the search for truth.

It's my theory—and I pretty much believe it, which isn't always the case—that one of the main reasons men go to topless bars is to appreciate and participate in beauty. Beauty and truth. This theory could, perhaps, be more persuasively argued at Cabaret Royale, the swanky topless cabaret in Dallas, than at R Donuts, the topless donut stand in Fort Lauderdale, but then again, even beauty and truth are subject to the laws of relativity. And the fact is, unless he's a sculptor or an interior designer or an ornamental-hedge trimmer, the typical American male has very few opportunities to revel in beauty, to recline amidst the sublime. Unless, of course, he's a car guy.

For more men than a self-appointed spokesman for the male sex would prefer to admit, the only beauty safe to rhapsodize over in public belongs to cars and women. Preferably half-naked women—a state that does, admittedly, objectify them, but that also has the miraculous effect of reducing even the most foulmouthed individuals to a respectful silence. Of course, in a better world, there would be no need of this. Men of all stripes would feel perfectly at ease holding forth on the striking effect of handwoven Guatemalan cotton set against elegant charcoal silk; they would race to compare the calming essence of the Rothko Chapel with the pastoral majesty of De Maria's *Lightning Field*. In a better world, young men would go to museums voluntarily, and not just to cruise for bohemian babes. Come the millennium, a more peaceable kingdom may rule. Until then, men will be stocking up on their share of the sublime in those palaces of culture devoted to Live Nude Girls. The topless bar, temple of pure aesthetics that it is, offers a man the chance to exercise his reverence for beauty. His manly methods of expressing that reverence—gawking open-mouthed or folding a bank note into the G-string of a favored ballerina—may seem to miss the proper tone of solemn respect mingled with lofty awe, but they're sincere all the same. As the all-male kiva was to the Hopi tribe, the topless bar is to the American male, and we stagger from our sweatlodge even wiser than when we went in.

Beauty is what we seek when we enter, and the truth is what we've glimpsed when we leave. The fact is, breasts are beautiful—*all* breasts, whether large, small, bare-nippled or slyly covered by sequined pasties in compliance with local statutes. Breasts amaze us, bewilder us, tantalize us with their measurements, confound us with their volumetric variability. We're fascinated by our friends' preferences almost as much as by our own; this big guy likes little ones, that little guy likes little ones too, and everybody goes for big ones. We call them "ones," when clearly they are "twos."

The reason we worship so fervently at the Temple of Toplessness is that, for us, beauty is the Other—the hidden, profound mystery in fleshy form.

Our expeditions to topless bars are nothing less than quests toward the unknown, dangerous journeys to the land of exotic Amazons with big, ugly biker boyfriends playing pool somewhere behind us in the gloom. The truth is that none of these women is even vaguely interested in any of us once we've drunk up all our ready cash.

The typical American male has very few opportunities to recline amidst the sublime

While the dancers are not always named Minerva or Venus, they are without question goddesses of truth and beauty just the same. Even the not-so-goddesslike ones, of which there are plenty—nearly as many, in fact, as there are less-than-godlike guys. Not long ago, I was out with friends, engaged in advanced cultural research, when no sooner had an Absolute Angel of Fair Complexion left the stage than a mere regular human took her place, standing before us in high heels and G-string. She was larger and less sylphlike than one might prefer. Her torso brought to mind the sculptures of Henry Moore rather than Rodin, and her countenance suggested Max Beckmann as opposed to Botticelli. Furthermore, she danced with the grace of a burger on a grill. Still, she brought a magnificent and undeniable enthusiasm to her work, and I was much impressed by the eminently respectful behavior of my bar-brethren, one and all. Far from any insulting hoots or hollers, far even from grim resignation, my fellow patrons of the arts cheered heroically at all the right moments and applauded lustily as she wobbled off the stage. I've been prouder to be a man, but only barely, and never before in a topless bar.

© G. BRASSAI 1989

Helen Frankenthaler has held to her vision for three turbulent decades. **Carter Ratcliff** evaluates her impact

LIVING COLOR

In her studio, [illegible] before her cast-co[illegible] *of Paradise*, 1986. [illegible] painting *Morpheus* [illegible]

COURTESY ANDRE EMMERICH GALLERY

In Helen Frankenthaler's paintings, color flows with a proverbial delicacy. Writers can be counted upon to compare her expanses of blue and green and orange to veils, to clouds, even to sighs. Rightly so, yet these images of airiness tell only half the story. For Frankenthaler's colors are as insistent as they are evanescent. Poured in wide currents, her pigments sink deep into the weave of the canvas, capturing it, transforming it more thoroughly than brushed-on oil paints ever do. For Frankenthaler, the canvas is not just the site of the image. Stained with pigment, it *is* the image.

Despite the simplicity of the process and the clarity of her results, there has always been confusion surrounding Helen Frankenthaler and her career. Though history has treated her well—she has been successful virtually since 1951 when, fresh from Bennington College, the artist had her first solo exhibition—history has never gotten her quite right.

The confusion began in 1953 when she showed a canvas entitled *Mountains and Sea* in her second show at Tibor de Nagy Gallery on Manhattan's Fifty-seventh Street. With this painting's currents of poured, puddled, and airily scumbled colors, Frankenthaler made a grand entrance into the epic story of postwar American painting. Nonetheless, the work's place in history remains uneasy, so much so that our decade's appropriationists and simulators—the image scavengers—haven't come near it. Mike Bidlo has redripped the drip paintings of Jackson Pollock. Peter Halley has given Barnett Newman's fields of color a Day-Glo update. But no one has touched Frankenthaler's early poured paintings, despite their widely acknowledged importance.

Among other things, *Mountains and Sea* is a recollection of a motor trip Frankenthaler made to Nova Scotia with the prominent formalist art critic Clement Greenberg in 1952, a journey into landscape. She and Greenberg also traveled together to Europe and the New York City galleries, seeking art. Of course, they discussed at length whatever they found. Greenberg guided her to Tibor de Nagy, her first gallery. He also introduced her to a formidable array of New Yorkers—Jackson Pollock and his wife, Lee Krasner, the sculptor David Smith, Willem and Elaine de Kooning, and others.

Mountains and Sea inaugurates the survey of forty canvases from Frankenthaler's entire career that opens June 5 at New York's Museum of Modern Art. (The show will then travel to Fort Worth, Los Angeles, and Detroit.) In 1953, however, the painting returned to her studio unsold (''At the time, no one ever dreamed of selling a painting,'' Frankenthaler recalled in a recent interview. ''If you did, you were amazed''). But the canvas has another claim on history. A few months after her show, Greenberg arranged for two painters from Washington, D.C., Morris Louis and Kenneth Noland, to have a look at *Mountains and Sea* at Frankenthaler's studio. He seems to have felt that this studio visit would change the course of American painting. As it happened, he was right.

In a massive book on Frankenthaler recently published by Abrams, Museum of Modern Art curator John Elderfield quotes Louis's remark that *Mountains and Sea* formed ''a bridge between Pollock and what was possible.'' And ac-

***Zarathustra*, 1988, merges Frankenthaler's characteristic command of color and atmosphere with a geometric structure not found in her earlier work.**

History has treated Frankenthaler well, but it has never gotten her quite right

cording to Greenbergian theory, such a bridge was necessary.

Greenberg had made a name for himself in the art world—and a splash in the pages of *Life* magazine—by proclaiming Pollock's importance in terms more arrogantly certain than anyone else's. Nonetheless, he felt reservations. Pollock's paint slinging had liberated line from the constraints of traditional drawing. The next objective was to liberate color, permitting the medium of painting to realize itself on terms exclusively its own. Frankenthaler had taken a step in that direction, Greenberg believed. Louis and Noland concurred. Returning home, they revamped their art. The result was dubbed color-field painting, a label later applied to such figures as Gene Davis, Jules Olitski, and Larry Poons.

One suspects that painting was never that clear-cut or theoretical for Frankenthaler, and that she never saw herself as simply a part of a progression. Certainly, she arrived on the art scene with a full share of self-confidence. "I was never by nature a follower," she remarks, adding, "When I first came to New York, I learned from de Kooning as well as Pollock. In the beginning, both were mentors"—for both questioned the medium of painting in terms learned from history. If Frankenthaler quickly understood that history according to Pollock pointed to the most challenging future, by the mid-1950s she saw what an uncomfortable direction she had taken. Conventional wisdom favored de Kooning, whose slashing, spattered version of Cubism made him the archetypal Action painter, an existential hero whose every smear of paint bore a full measure of modern anguish—or so argued *his* critical champion, Harold Rosenberg. Clothed in such glamour, de Kooning gathered disciples with ease.

More and more isolated in the years before his death in a car crash in 1956, Pollock had lost the certainty that had led to his breakthrough works, the drip paintings of 1947–50. A mere follower of Pollock might have wondered if it was time to desert to the de Kooning camp. But Frankenthaler had not simply adopted Pollock's paint-pouring method. She had reinvented it for her own purposes, making it less the product of a violent choreography and thus more responsive to suggestions about atmosphere. The thought of abandoning her own invention seems never to have occurred to her, even though the unmistakable—even flagrant—beauty of her paintings made the 1950s a difficult time for her.

As Irving Sandler, the leading historian of the New York School, points out, "The painters of that decade wanted their paintings to be tough. That was the term of praise. If you said that someone's work was handsome, elegant, beautiful, you might get a punch in the nose." Of course, those forbidden adjectives were precisely the ones that have always applied to Frankenthaler's work. The astonishing sureness of her early canvases suggests that she saw herself then as historians see her now, as one of the few who confronted Pollock's extremism and pushed it into uncharted territories.

Any Frankenthaler canvas, early or recent, could serve as Exhibit A in a critic's argument for the necessary flatness of modern painting. Yet her colors are not merely taut and planar, as theory demands. They absorb light and then return it, transformed. Each of her paintings has its own weather—serene, turbulent, or brooding, but always luminous. Hence the temptation to see her abstractions as landscape paintings in disguise. Finally, though, the imposing physical presence of a Frankenthaler canvas wins out over metaphor. In giving paint permission to be itself—in other words, sheer unmitigated pigment—she has led in defining the possibilities for color in our era.

Having accomplished much, Frankenthaler is dispassionate about art history and its ironies. She seems to feel that in the long run, history will sort itself out. That same confidence, faintly tinged with impatience, meets the interviewer's questions. The model of an art-world insider, she is as indifferent as any outsider could be. Nor does art gossip enchant her, especially when she is the subject. From 1958 to 1971, she was married to the painter Robert Motherwell, a major figure of Pollock's generation. Since Frankenthaler is a major figure of the next generation, certain questions occur. But she firmly declines to discuss the subject.

Of Greenberg she says, "I learned a great deal about painting from Clem. We also learned from each other. It was a wonderful exchange. Yet I relied totally on myself at every step, which he understood. And Clem not only understood my independence, he endorsed it." This rings true. Greenberg the individual was undoubtedly supportive. But, the record shows, Greenberg the critic was not. His version of art history defined Frankenthaler's art as a means to an end, the link between Pollock and the future. Frankenthaler, however, was more concerned with reconciling present and past. She has cultivated an art of sumptuous immediacy, wanting her art to be beautiful, not correct. And rather than discuss old critical battles, she prefers to talk about beauty.

"There are beautiful paintings by Pollock and beautiful Titians," Frankenthaler says. "Styles change, of course, but a great painting from any period gives me a wonderful shock, a sort of jolt that doesn't fade. It just gets better and better. Art is transcendent. The experience really moves you ahead—and up." One concludes that Frankenthaler's art has taken her further and further into a zone of the imagination where the major painters of all periods are equally present. Nor must the art have achieved a state of perfection to elicit her admiration. She speaks with excitement of last year's Courbet exhibition, which, she says, "provided me with a great surprise. His clumsinesses were so perfectly right, his shocks were so valid. Where he was puzzled was so touching and real. The best art gives you truth. It doesn't have to be political."

Asked if critics can define aesthetic quality, Frankenthaler replies without hesitation, "I hope not. Whatever it is that makes a painting great, that gives it its spirit, is not verbal."

The work continues in a spacious studio on the Upper East Side of Manhattan and another in Connecticut, near Long Island Sound. She has adapted the immensity of her work to the smaller formats of drawings, prints, and illustrated books. Her currents of pigment spread across clay sculptures and ce-

ramic tiles. She has built large bronze screens and freestanding sculptures of steel. In 1985, she designed sets and costumes for London's Royal Ballet. There have been four previous retrospectives of her work.

Her latest will likely stir a degree of interest decidedly not evident in 1987 when the Museum of Modern Art surveyed Morris Louis's career as a founding father of color-field painting. For most contemporary viewers, the virtues of Louis's—or Noland's or Olitski's—works are visible only after a pep talk filled with Greenbergian buzzwords. Frankenthaler's billows of color require no such introduction.

If there are revisionist motives to this retrospective, they are subtle. Neither the selection of the paintings nor their treatment in the sumptuous catalog by E. A. Carmean advances an overbearing thesis.

The catalog traces what Carmean calls the "critical fortune" of each painting on view. "We expected to find that Helen's work has been analyzed chiefly in terms established by Clement Greenberg—in other words, page after page on the flatness of the picture plane and so on. It turned out to be just the opposite. A wide range of critics have written about her paintings. The only common theme was the strong sense of place that so many writers feel in her art." Mingled with critic's comments are the artist's own.

Nonetheless, the event conveys a message, something to the effect that it is time to see Frankenthaler not only as a crucial figure in the New York School but as a modern who deserves comparison with the Impressionists as well as Pollock, with the Old Masters as well as avant-gardists.

Like important paintings of every period, Frankenthaler's would like to persuade us to believe something about the nature of space—that is, something basic about the world we inhabit. Frankenthaler joins Pollock in arguing that American space is infinite. Like his, her fields of color imply an unbounded openness. Yet she does not define the American infinite as he does, and this gives her oeuvre its importance.

Pollock said, "I am Nature." By implication, but never in so many words, Frankenthaler amends Pollock's statement, presenting herself as a force not of nature but of civilization. Her version of the light-filled infinite has its occasional terrors, its chasms where the self can be lost, yet it is also voluptuously calm. Moreover, it is orderly. Her infinite is large enough to contain monumental passages of the solid pictorial architecture that Pollock's gesture swept away.

For all their openness, Frankenthaler's paintings sometimes turn in on themselves and let scale grow intimate. From their interiors emerge allusions to landscape and the figure—not tortured, but confident and imbued with a sense of her medium's place in Western culture. Pollock evoked the openness of American space, and the shapelessness that so often threatens American experience. Having learned to shape the infinite without confining it, Frankenthaler has converted terror to beauty. With that transformation, she joins new-world innovation to the old-world tradition he spurned. She reconnects America to Europe, a major achievement indeed.

The hands of the artist, top. In her Manhattan studio, right, Frankenthaler is surrounded by monumental recent works, including her 1988 painting *Toward Dark*, *Bird of Paradise*, and *Morpheus*.

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN

A young Helen Frankenthaler dances with Abstract Expressionist painter Barnett Newman at the construction site of the 1964 New York World's Fair. Opposite: Frankenthaler's 1964 poured acrylic painting *Tangerine* demonstrates her use of intense color and free-flowing form.

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN

PRIVATE COLLECTION, COURTESY ANDRE EMMERICH GALLERY

In freeing her gesture, she liberated color, something Pollock never did

the politics of abortion

Right-to-lifers have extended their reach to other reproductive issues. ***Peggy Orenstein*** *uncovers their agenda*

Nancy Klein was catapulted to national attention last winter when a car accident on a slick Long Island road left her in a coma. Klein had been a healthy thirty-two-year-old mother of one, with another on the way. Her husband, Martin, acting on the advice of Nancy's doctors, made the painful decision to terminate her pregnancy in order to save her life. It was quite obviously a deeply personal choice, one that two men affiliated with the self-designated "right to life" movement—and complete strangers to the Klein family—went all the way to the Supreme Court to stop. In the end, after a grueling and very public battle, they were unsuccessful, and Martin Klein's rights were upheld.

For most people, right-to-life has always been synonymous with antiabortion. But lately the groups that advocate that position are broadening their scope to include contraception and sex education, as well as other reproductive issues. And increasingly they're moving their crusade from Capitol Hill into individual women's lives. "What really frightens me is the way right-to-lifers are not only opposing abortion in the generic sense, but in the specific sense, as in the case of Nancy Klein," says Diana M. Gurieva, president of NYC's Planned Parenthood.

One might assume that to have this kind of influence—and power—over the lives of others, the right-to-life movement must have grown large in recent years. But trying to pinpoint exactly who antiabortion activists are—let alone how many of them there are—is difficult. A spokesman for the National Right to Life Committee (NRLC), the oldest and most prominent of the national anti-choice groups, puts its followers somewhere "in the millions." Judie Brown, who left the NRLC in 1979 because she wanted to "bring more of a gospel message and Christ's image to the movement," claims that two hundred thousand families have joined her group, the American Life League (ALL).

Pro-choice advocates maintain that antiabortionists pad their numbers. They say right-to-life groups represent a very small segment of the population—according to a recent *New York Times* poll, about 10 percent of Americans oppose abortion under any circumstances. The figures that stretch into the millions, they say, are simply fatuous. "If a fundamentalist pastor at an independent Baptist church is involved in the antiabortion movement," says Ann Baker, president of the 80% Majority Campaign, a pro-choice research and information service, "and the National Right to Life Committee sends him a few newsletters, the NRLC counts the whole congregation as members."

The funding of antiabortion groups is as elusive as their membership. Occasionally, prominent donors step forward: last winter, the Reverend Jerry Falwell's Moral Majority donated $10,000 to bail pro-life Operation Rescue participants out of jail. Michigan-based Domino's Pizza mogul Tom Monaghan recently pledged $50,000 to end tax-funded abortions in that state at an NRLC fundraiser last year. For the most part, though, right-to-life groups say their money comes in dribs and drabs from concerned citizens nationwide.

In spite of their relatively small numbers, antiabortion activists have been unusually successful in presenting themselves as a groundswell movement. And since—at least in politics—size matters, that's given them clout. "The antiabortion movement has successfully conveyed the notion that it is vast, and politicians tremble," says Baker.

Some of the groups, principally the Chicago-based Pro-Life Action League, run by Joe Scheidler, and Operation Rescue, have garnered media attention disproportionate to their size owing to their "direct action" tactics: group members throw themselves in front of women entering clinics, chant "You killed your baby" at those on the way out, destroy property, and even continue to harass women at home after their abortions.

Ronald Reagan, who was pro-choice when he was governor of California but adamantly anti-choice as president, appointed approximately half of the federal judiciary as well as three Supreme Court justices during his eight years in office. While the president always said there was no litmus test for judges, his conservative appointees are almost uniformly antiabortion. And although the cabinet appointment of Louis Sullivan (who caused a media maelstrom when he came out pro-choice) as secretary of health was considered a serious blow to antiabortion forces, George Bush (who was also once pro-choice) has now thrown in his lot, and quite possibly his power to appoint judges, with the antiabortionists.

Much of the effort and the funds of antiabortion groups continue to go directly toward pressuring the president and Congress to revoke abortion rights; but the movement has begun to include other reproductive issues.

Judie Brown's ALL, by no means the most radical antiabortion network, opposes all forms of contraception. "We support only natural methods of spacing children," she says. ALL has also organized protests against school health clinics and sex-education programs. "Parents should be the primary sex educators," says Brown, "not the state."

The NRLC, on the other hand, claims only to oppose the IUD, which, it says, is an abortifacient. When asked if the NRLC opposes contraception, Richard Glasow, Ph.D., the group's education director, says, "We are neutral." When

asked about sex education, he gives the same response. "As long as they don't teach about abortion or infanticide, we neither encourage nor oppose it."

Yet Diana Gurieva points out, "Time and time again the antiabortion groups come out opposed to planning services for teens and adults, contraceptive research, and sex education. Title X, the Public Health Service Act, contributes funds to a variety of programs that provide basic birth control and gynecological services (with the exception of referrals or counseling for abortion) to women who are at high risk of becoming pregnant—poor women, inner-city teenagers. Even though the NRLC doesn't publicly oppose birth control, it shows up at government hearings—in 1987, for example—to testify against programs that provide birth control, not abortion, to fourteen-year-olds who might otherwise become pregnant. That's the group's hypocrisy."

Joe Scheidler of the Pro-Life Action League, which publicly claims neutrality on contraception, exposed that hypocrisy succinctly in a 1985 interview: "I think contraception is disgusting," he said, "people using each other for pleasure."

Anti-choice groups have also threatened to boycott any pharmaceutical company that markets drugs that can be used to induce abortions. The NRLC has boycotted The Upjohn Company since 1973 and counts among its victories the removal from the U.S. market of Prostin F2-alpha, an abortifacient also used to treat uterine cysts. An Upjohn spokesperson denies that the boycott affected the company's decision to pull the drug, noting that two other Upjohn-produced abortifacients remain available.

Bolstered by what it sees as a success with Upjohn, the NRLC has now promised to boycott any American company that tries to market RU 486, the French pill that can be used in place of surgical abortion in the first trimester. Pharmaceutical companies are quick to say they aren't afraid of the antiabortionists; but not a single one of them has made a move toward getting FDA approval for the drug, which has been marketed in France.

Although they've achieved only limited success in any one of these areas, the antiabortion groups have wrought one significant change: they have shifted the focus of the abortion debate to fetal rights rather than women's rights. When abortion was originally criminalized in the nineteenth century, the argument centered primarily on the obligation of a woman to fulfill her destiny as a mother. It's only since *Roe* v. *Wade* (ruled on in 1973) that newly formed "pro-life" groups dubbed a fetus an "unborn person" with rights that supersede its mother's.

Consider the case of Angela Carder. At twenty-seven, Carder, who had had a rare form of cancer since age thirteen, married and became pregnant. During the twenty-sixth week of her pregnancy, her condition became critical. She and her doctors at George Washington University Hospital in Washington, D.C., made a decision to try chemotherapy in an attempt to prolong her life at least two more weeks, at which point they would consider a C-section. Theoretically, a twenty-six-week-old fetus may be viable—that is, it might have a chance of living outside the womb. In Carder's case, however, an additional two weeks would make a crucial difference in her fetus's development and, consequently, in its potential to survive. Before her condition became critical, Carder told her doctors she felt she could wait two more weeks—and her husband and physicians agreed. But a hospital administrator took the matter to the hospital's legal counsel. In a four-hour hearing, which did not include testimony or consultation with Carder herself (who at that point was on life-sustaining machinery and heavily sedated), a judge ruled that Carder have a C-section immediately. As she was prepped for surgery, her lawyers continued frantically to seek a stay. They failed. Angela Carder's baby girl died a few hours after her birth. Carder herself died two days later. Two groups filed briefs in support of the judge's decision—Americans United for Life and the United States Catholic Conference, both prominent antiabortion lobbying organizations. Both claimed that even though Carder's fetus's viability was questionable, it had a right—one that superseded the rights of Carder herself—to an immediate delivery.

Many antiabortion activists now also oppose contraception and sex education

Cases like Angela Carder's are on the rise: there are four cases currently in the courts in which women have been forced to undergo cesareans against their will. Each one raises the question of how much the law can interfere with and control women's pregnancies. Should women who potentially harm their fetuses—say, by smoking a few cigarettes or taking a drink—be arrested? Should companies that engage in contraceptive research be forced to stop because they might develop products like the IUD or the pill, both of which right-to-life groups consider abortifacients? (Of the thirteen pharmaceutical companies that had active contraception research and development programs in the seventies, only one, Ortho Pharmaceutical, is still active.)

This April, just before the Supreme Court was to hear the Webster case (which challenges *Roe* v. *Wade*), the National Organization for Women (NOW) organized a massive march in Washington. The idea was to deflate the political power of antiabortionists by illustrating the numbers of people who are pro-choice. NOW estimates that as many as 700,000 demonstrators showed up. Wives marched with husbands, mothers with grown daughters, grandparents with grandchildren who wore signs that said, "I was chosen."

But as the throng marched toward the Capitol, encountering only a handful of counterdemonstrators, there was one chilling symbol of the antiabortion movement: a field of white crosses that were supposed to represent "murdered" fetuses, but which more appropriately could signify the thousands of women who died trying to obtain illegal abortions. If the antiabortion forces achieve their goals, we may well return to that time, when no public information was available about sex, when contraception was forbidden and abortion was illegal. We would live in a world where a woman was sacrificed to the "rights" of her fetus. Perhaps we already do. One thinks about women like Nancy Klein. And one thinks of Angela Carder, who'd said no but was nevertheless forced under a scalpel by strangers against her will.

second skin

Body-hugging actionwear, made of high-tech performance fabric, has sparked a trend for fitness fashion that's not just for exercise. ***Dorothy Schefer*** *reports on the new crossover dressing*

Running suits that distinguish between rain and perspiration. Swimsuits that slice seconds off lap times. Bike shorts that can be worn in the pool. Sounds like an athlete's dream; but, in fact, these are real options in today's high-tech world of fitness wear. While fashion at the highest levels can be seen on Paris and New York runways, there's another—more dramatic and far-reaching—fashion influence being played out behind the scenes in American and European fiber labs, where fabric engineers, working with activewear designers, are inventing fashion's future. The result is techno-chic—high-impact, high-style sports dressing. One influence: leggings were everywhere in Paris for fall. They showed up at Chanel under longer jackets (with nothing else); Gaultier did them in bicolors and panne velvet; Lacroix's were lamé; and Miyake's leggings were in checks and patterns.

To be "in fashion" today is to understand what women need and desire, to find lifestyle solutions that work. To that end, sportswear designers are right on the money. Sales of leotards, sweats, and warm-up suits were up almost 20 percent between 1986 and 1987, a growing business—$2.1 billion in '87 alone—during a time when most clothing sales are flat.

One hundred years after the development of the first synthetics, the big fiber companies are light-years away from their early "man-mades": nylon, which replaced silk (stockings) during World War II; rayon, man's answer to natural fibers; and spandex, the miracle stretch fiber. Working under intensely competitive industrial secrecy, the most advanced fiber companies (Du Pont, 3M, and Rubatex, producer of synthetic rubber) have spent years refining their early filaments, building in space-age variables that seem no less than incredible.

Speedo, for example, a supplier to the U.S. diving and synchronized swimming teams, has developed what it's calling a "pure acceleration" swimsuit, a finely woven denier Lycra that, when warmed by the skin, molds to the body. Its silicone finish repels water, which in turn propels the swimmer. Other companies have tried to knock Speedo out of the water with faster swimsuits, but the pool is Speedo's uncontested arena. Even before the pure acceleration suit, Speedo manufactured the current acknowledged speedster: an ultrathin "paper" suit that, when wet, clings to the body, creating minimal drag.

Like most of the high-profile sportswear companies (e.g., Nike, Reebok, Hind), Cannondale, the bike manufacturer, has moved into the fitness-fashion business in an aggressive way: their ingenious use of Darlington Fabrics' Superskin—which behaves like stretchy, form-fitting Lycra and is wind-resistant, waterproof, and breathable—means the body will never get overheated or chilled. That's not all. A thermal fabric with the weight of exercise tights, Superskin retains body heat when temperatures dip into the twenties—a remarkable solution for exercisers who may encounter wide temperature changes from morning to midday.

Hind's answer to Cannondale's use of Superskin in the fiber wars is Du Pont's Microfine, the first microfilament nylon fabric that provides maximum performance (water repellency, wind protection) with minimal bulk, and 3M's Thintech, which can actually distinguish between drops of rain and perspiration.

The trendsetter of the new sports fashion is Los Angeles–based Body Glove, which made a splash on the sports scene three years ago with its now-familiar neon-bright neoprene wet suits. Neoprene, a synthetic rubber, is wind shearing and thermal retentive—it holds in heat even when wet. The company's bold sports looks, seen on the best bodies from Muscle Beach to Manhattan, revolve around the cross-training idea, using neoprene for bathing suits, biking shorts, even miniskirts, all of which can be worn for more than one sport—or for no sport at all.

The result: a whole new category of "athleisure" dressing that's not just for exercising. As one savvy young woman puts it: "I wear three designers—Chanel, L.L. Bean, and Nike." Eventually, the fitness-fashion crossover will mean new ways of dressing, even of designing clothes. Shorter skirts and leg-hugging fashions are just the beginning.

CROSS-TRAINING WEAR

The cross-training concept (working out in more than one sport) has moved into cross-training wear. Opposite: Body Glove's bike shorts, made from ultrathin neoprene, which allows range of motion but keeps shorts from riding up. This page: A famous Body Glove look—the wet-suit bikini. Neoprene and Antron Lycra bikini (about $72); shorts (about $52). Body Glove Swimwear by Robin Piccone. Macy's Herald Square; Frederick & Nelson. These pages photographed at Puye Cliff Ruins, Santa Clara Indian Pueblo, New Mexico. Details, more stores, last pages.

Fashion Editor: Jenny Capitain
Photographer: Sheila Metzner

THIN SKIN

In the new category of sleek, light aerodynamic design, opposite: Cannondale Corp.'s nylon and spandex tights with Superskin membrane; comes with a high-performance guarantee. Tights, about $125. Bicycle Habitat, NYC; Cycle Scene, Chicago; Wheels in Motion, Dallas. For more information, a catalog, call: 1/800-BIKE-USA.
This page: For faster swimming, Speedo America's "pure acceleration" swimsuit, made of Antron, and Lycra with polyurethane; about $62. Richard's Aqua Lung, NYC; Sylvia's Swimwear, Bellevue WA. Details, more stores, last pages.

neutral territory

Designers choose a new color palette reminiscent of the desert. Warm tones and shimmery textures move clothes into fall

SOLIDS AND STRIPES

[illegible] Tie-dyed, burnout cotton shirt with lightweight variation on [illegible] theme. The [illegible] is sewn with gold medallions and jewels from [illegible] and from [illegible] Bello. Top by Calypso St. Barth, above. $600; Barneys New York, Madison Ave. at 61st St., NYC; Miami, Palm Beach, FL; Beverly Hills, Fashion Island, Newport Beach, CA; and in Dallas, Chestnut Hill, Chicago, Las Vegas, New York, Scottsdale, Troy, Short Hills, NJ; Tysons Corner, VA; Walnut Creek, Westchester, NY. Pleated skirt by Donna Karan for Donna Karan New York; $[illegible]; Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; Neiman Marcus, Dallas; Nordstrom [illegible]; Saks Fifth Avenue, [illegible]. Leather [illegible] by Donna Karan for Donna Karan New York; $[illegible]; Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; Neiman Marcus, Dallas; Nordstrom [illegible]; Saks Fifth Avenue, [illegible]. Earrings, Tahitian pearl, [illegible] Calypso New York; $[illegible]; Calypso St. Barth, Beverly Hills; Fred Segal, Los Angeles; Scott by Sylvia Heisel, Detail, 3333 California, New York; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. These pages: photographed at the Puye Cliff Ruins of the Santa Clara Indian Pueblo, New Mexico; hair and makeup by Giorgio for Suga salon, NYC. Detail more stores, last pages.

Fashion Editor: Jenny Capitain
Photographer: Sheila Metzner

FLASH POINTS

Shapes follow the line of the body, color highlights the skin. This page: Plunging camisole—a cotton-polyester-cotton and Lycra sterling suit. By Donna Karan New York, about $300. Bergdorf Goodman, Bullocks, I. Magnin. The shadow flush blendable Blush Majeur Creme CheekColour in Mocha. Opposite page: A silk top colored in coral and worn with a sarong. Top by Krizia, NYC, Palm Beach FL, Beverly Hills. Silk sarong by Frances Patiky Stein, about $120. Bergdorf Goodman, Bullocks, more stores, fast orders.

A preview of the ornamented fabrics this fall: a spray of gold or coral

In fluid silk or jersey, browns take on an unexpectedly dressy character

DARK CHOCOLATE

If clothes aren't wrapped, they're draped. This page: Even a spaghetti-strapped swimsuit has a draped front. By Norma Kamali, about $72. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Opposite page: A washed silk twill evening dress. By Donna Karan New York, about $290. Bergdorf Goodman; The Twenty-Four Collection, Bal Harbour FL; Bullock's. Details, more stores, last pages.

the VOG

Fashion is dictated, style is instinctive. Cynthia Heimel arbitrates

Personal style—roll the words around in your brain and see how it copes. Are you scared? Of course not. Not anymore.

You've walked down the street lately. You've seen a neo-Chanel woman (all chains, quilted bags, and tailoring) chatting gaily with a girl in incense-chic (tie-dye from head to toe) while being approached for directions by a turn-of-the-century suffragette (long dark skirt, fitted jacket, tie) who's showing her twin cousins (one Regency-inspired with cleavage and Empire waist, the other ready for the fox hunt) the sights.

This is the way things are now. In the old days there were the fashion gods and we would bow down before them. When the fashion gods in the fifties said that hideously baggy, waistless dresses were French and *chic* and called "chemises," women with tiny waists whined and muttered, cursed the fates, and then popped them on. When the fashion gods in the sixties decided that everyone must show not only their knees but their thighs, women whose thighs resembled multiple salamis burst into tears, had total nervous breakdowns, and finally appeared in their micro-minis smiling through a Valium haze.

We were *browbeaten*.

So let us all thank the gods, fashion and otherwise, who have designated the nineties the decade of personal style—the decade when we have no choice but to choose.

This is the decade (What? We're not in the nineties yet? Pardon me. I thought we were.) when even as society becomes more universal, it becomes more decentralized, more fragmented. Yes, we have satellite hookups so we can get news hot from Moscow in a flash, but we also have fifty TV stations. And who even bothers to watch the networks anymore? There is no longer a simple, common wave of thought—with the swish of a fax machine, the bleep of a modem, the click of the remote control we have a cornucopia of cultures, of ideas, at our fingertips. This means a lot of different outfits.

So forget about going to the shops and buying what everyone else is, since everyone else is all over the map. Now we dress according to our personal style, from the inside out, instead of the outside in. We dress to be comfortable, to emphasize our personality, our sexuality, or maybe we're just in the mood to make a visual joke.

This does not mean that there are no rules. We think there are:

1. The Vogue woman never lets her dress enter the room before she does.

2. The Vogue woman knows better than to let her clothes make a statement; dresses have an alarmingly small vocabulary.

3. The Vogue woman would never pay to have someone tell her her "colors." She has a mirror.

But otherwise, go with your own personal flow.

Here and on the following pages are one hundred women we've chosen to personify personal style—women, among many, who are brave enough to wear what they want and smart enough to make looking amazing look effortless. Women who, in this age of no role models, are role models. Ladies, The Vogue 100.

Left: ELLEN FORBES BURNIE. Hair and makeup, Prudence Walters. *Right:* WAYNE MASER. Hair, Stephen Knoll; makeup, Margaret Avery.

ue 100

Gayfryd Steinberg

Sigourney Weaver

the great pretenders:

A lot of actresses need Bob Mackie or Milena Canonero to get them dressed in the morning. These manage to do it themselves.

Diane Keaton

Meryl Streep

Glenn Close and Michelle Pfeiffer

Plus: Valeria Golino

Ellen Barkin

Anjelica Huston

everybody's all-americans:

They may not have come over on the Mayflower, but their traditionalism runs rampant.

"I started out dressing like my mother, but I guess I dress more like my daughter now."
—Saks Fifth Avenue's Ellin Saltzman

Kelly Klein

"Books influenced me the most. The main character in Middlemarch *wouldn't wear jewelry even though she had a lot. Jewels don't make you look better."*—*Spy* **wife and mother Cynthia Carter (below)**

Architect Billie Tsien

Former Wall Streeter Catie Marron

Plus: Florence "Fingernails" Griffith Joyner

Diane Sawyer

Bergdorf Goodman president Dawn Mello

The New York Times's Carrie Donovan

Balletomane Anne Bass

Oscar winner Annette Reed

City planner Amanda Burden

Teen about town Caroline Moore

the second generation:

Their fathers and mothers made the names famous. But it's the daughters' personal style to watch.

Plus:

Drena De Niro

Tahnee Welch

Jade Jagger

Carolina Herrera II

Jenny Lumet

downtown divas:

They start it. Uptown girls point and laugh and then steal it. Designers sell it.

Alaïa ally
Jacqueline Schnabel

"As far as I'm concerned, a Chanel is a Chanel is a Chanel. . . ."—**Renee Coleman, actress and waitress at Nell's (above)**

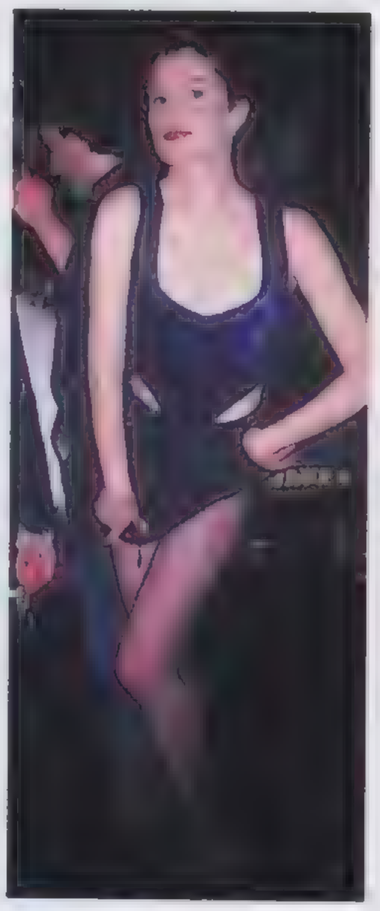
"I've been known to wear the same thing four days in a row."
—Gallery owner Mary Boone

Fashion plate
Anna McNally

"Do you realize that I was once elected one of the worst-dressed people by what's his name? Earl Blackwell."
—Gloria Steinem

Blaine Trump

"Style is a mixture of intuition and life experience. I would never wear a fur coat. . . unless the fur was on the inside."
—Diandra Douglas (above)



"Believe it or not, I am a sensible shopper. If I buy a rubber dress, I know I'll be wearing that rubber dress a lot."
—Aussie sex bomb Nell Campbell (left)

Plus:

Any five waitresses at Indochine

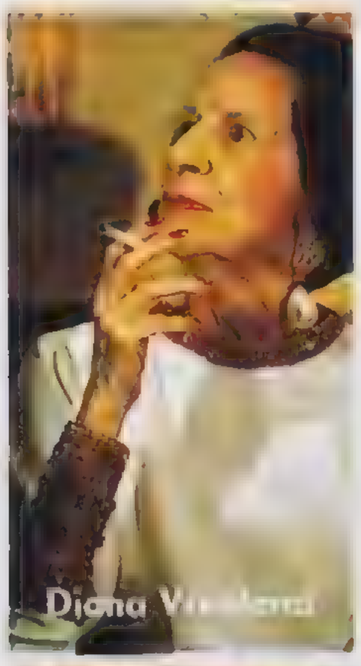
Model-maker Bethann Hardison

Choreographer Karole Armitage

Painter Ana Corberó

senior class:

These are the jewels in the crown . . . they'd never be caught dead in polyester pantsuits.



"I wear the most terrible old things. But I don't think they're too bad-looking if you don't get too close." **—Katharine Hepburn (above)**

Plus: **Brooke Astor**

Sister Parish

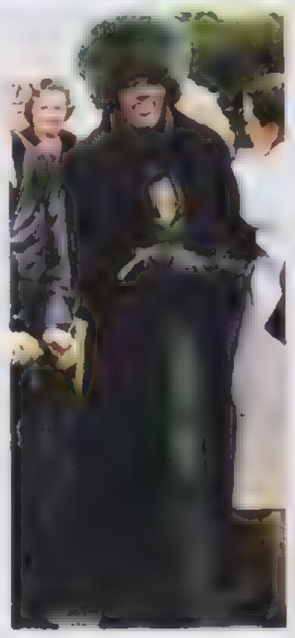
Lily Auchincloss

Marella Agnelli

song birds:

What they wear sets the stage for who they are. Their lyrics match their outfits.

"I've got a pair of Doc Martens and a pair of Converse—although I have said I'm waiting for a revolution that doesn't need a shoe style to go with it."
—Michelle Shocked



"I like feeling crowned when I wear a hat, and I wear hats a lot. I wear them over hoods too." **—Amazing Grace Jones (above)**

Plus: **Sade**

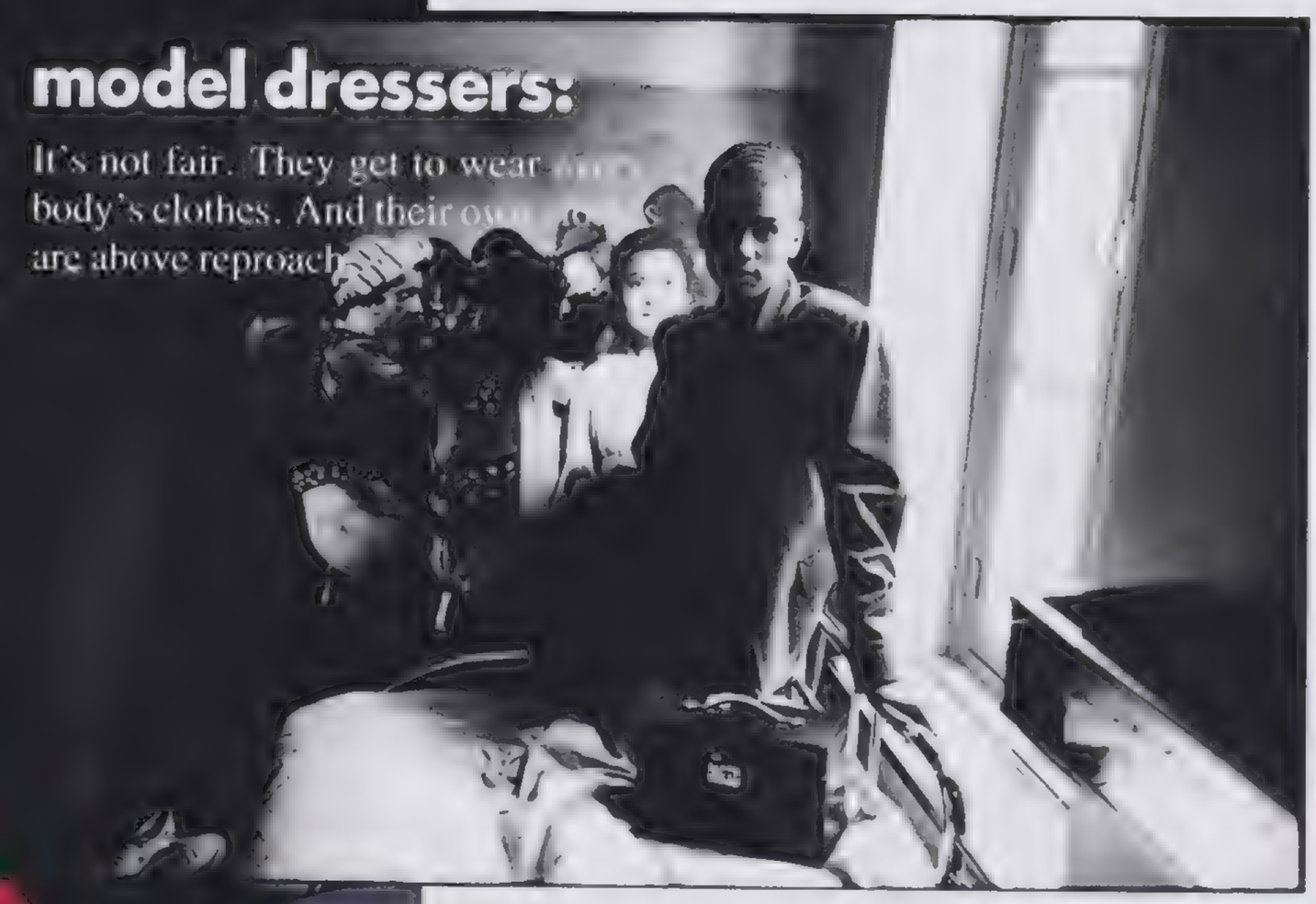
Tracy Chapman

Neneh Cherry

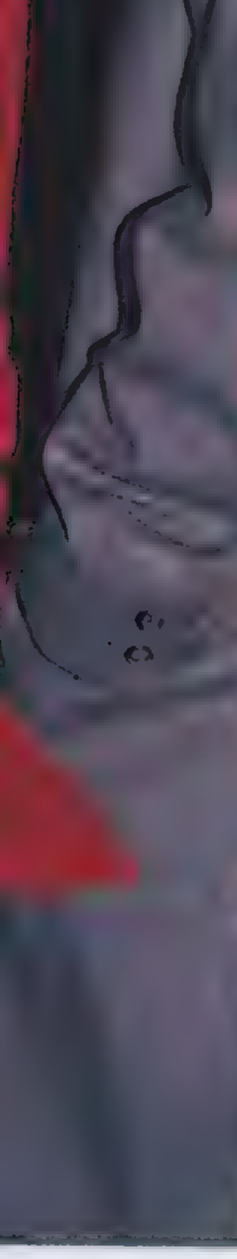
"My style goes from Chanel No. 5 to 501s. I love to mix Hanes with haute couture."
—Chanel No. 1 girl Inès de la Fressange (above)

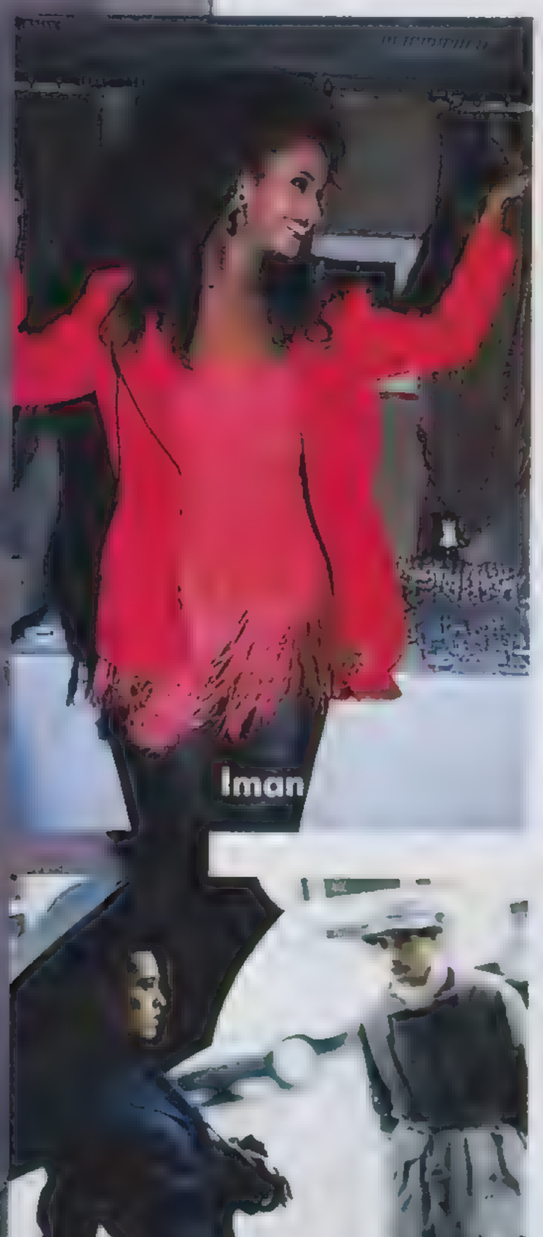
model dressers:

It's not fair. They get to wear [illegible] body's clothes. And their own [illegible] are above reproach.



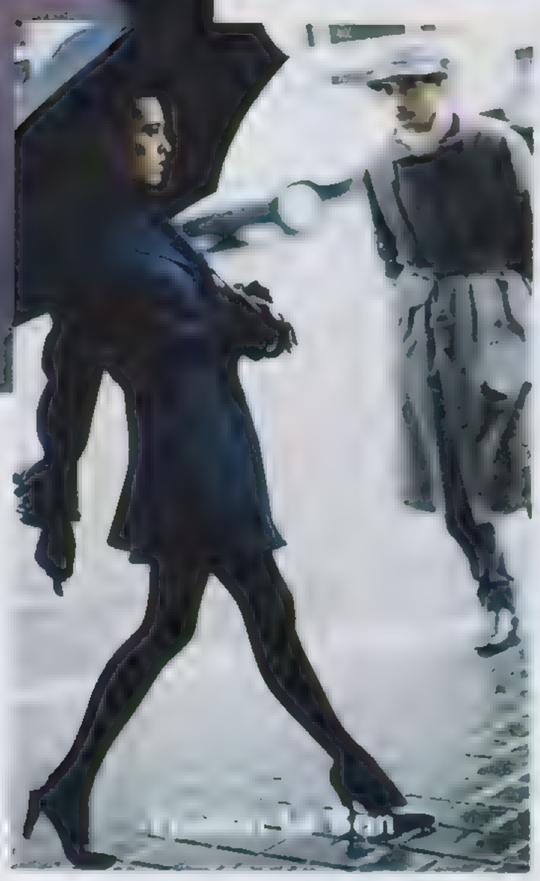
"I get hooked on the Masai and that will be the visual I go after. Then I get excited about basketball and that will be the aesthetic I go for. But I'm no Patrick Ewing."—**Veronica Webb (above)**





Iman

Cindy Crawford



Tyra Banks

Linda Evangelista

is-a-belle:

Your name is your destiny. Feeling frumpy? Change it to Isabelle.

Isabella Rossellini

"Self-consciousness is the death of style." **—Designer Isabel Toledo (above)**

Plus: **Actresses Isabelle Pasco and Isabelle Huppert**

"I'm not rich—but I spend all my money on shoes. I've got eighty-two pairs, of which seventy-four are Manolo Blahnik. Concentrate on the head and feet and you should be alright." **—Isabella Delves Broughton (left)**

Isabelle Adjani

DETAILS, LAST PAGES.

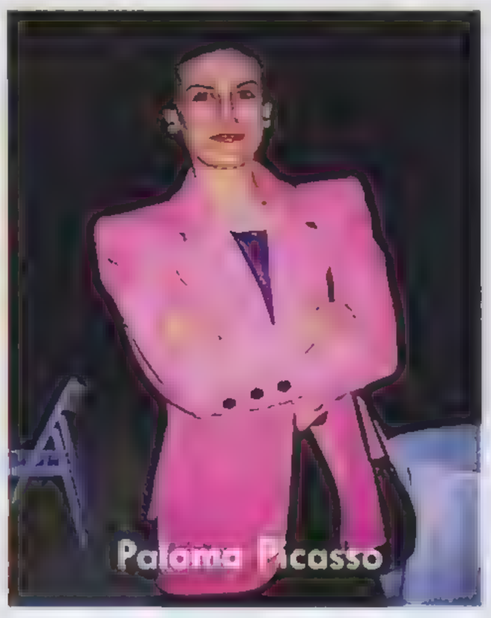
the perennials:

So you're sick of seeing them in the columns and on everyone's list. They can't help it if they always look terrific.

Designer Tina Chow

"I was very young when I developed a taste and a desire for luxury. My first pocket money went to buy an Hermès bag."
—Catherine Deneuve

Bianca Jagger


Paloma Picasso

Plus: Jackie O

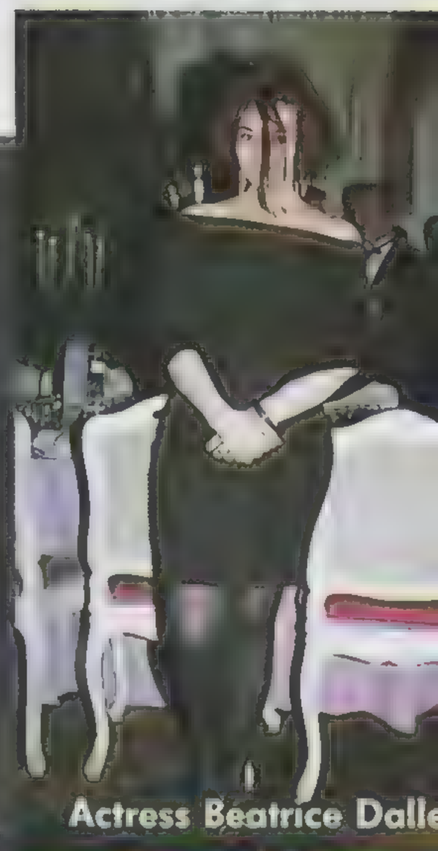
YSL's alter egos Maxime and Loulou de la Falaise

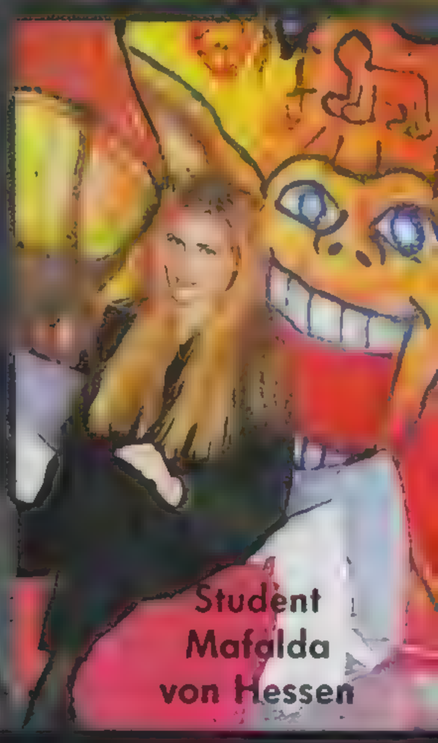
Princess Caroline of Monaco

euro anti-trash:

They can throw on an old towel and manage to look elegant. This is why we envy them.

Fantasy Gloria on TNT


Actress Beatrice Dalle


Student Mafalda von Hessen

Plus: Decorator Mica Ertegun

Furniture designer Elizabeth Garouste

Student Leonore Scherrer

Personnalité Ghislaine Lejeune

Toscani muse Kirsti

Hermès's Claude Brouet

Chanel No. 2 girl Carole Bouquet

beyond iconoclasm: Whether dressing to suit custom or their ever-changing fantasies, these fashion scofflaws are always in style.
Anna Piaggi Writer Gita Mehta Lauren Hutton

the english eccentrics:

They know that a sense of humor is next to godliness.

Magazine editor
Camilla Nickerson

"Your sense of style has to do with your childhood, I would imagine, what people around you wore when you were little. I'm sure I could be psychoanalyzed and taken back—regressed. A fashion regression."
—Wife of Bryan, Lucy Ferry (above)

Plus: Designer
Georgina Godley

Mother of Style
Vivienne Westwood

English rose
Amanda Harlech

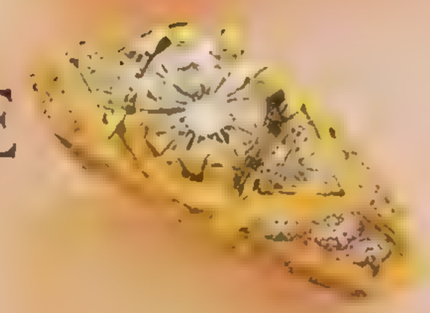
Princess Diana

Model and muse
Catherine Bailey

DETAILS, LAST PAGES

JUNE

SHOW HIM HOW TO ENSURE A LONG, HOT SUMMER.



Prediction: Diamonds will continue the warming trend. Shown here: June winners of the 1989 Diamonds of Distinction Award, honoring the best in American Design. For information and a free booklet featuring all 57 of the winning pieces, priced from $1,800-$7,500, call: 800 922-3455.

A diamond is forever.

Diamonds of Distinction • Winner 1989

TALKING FASHION

Editor: Gabé Doppelt

Cher-nobyl

Mort Zuckerman

Viscountess Rothermere; Anthony Haden-Guest

Joan Scribner

Margaret, duchess of Argyll

Miki Sarofim

Mary Tyler Moore

Dianne Brill

Exposed Band-Aids are rarely pretty, but sympathy is the reward for wearing your hurt on your sleeve

EVEN THE MOST GLAMOROUS, NIGHT-CRAWLING TYPES suffer an occasional scrape or bruise, but they don't neglect the scene while they're on the mend. The wounded trudge out bravely, day or night, to endure the sympathy and concern of onlookers who can't help but notice those huge gauze pads and Ace bandages. It's a shame these damaged revelers can't find a thing to wear that will cover up the carnage.

TALKING... ▶ 274

Top row by MARINA GARNIER; second row, left to right, by DAFYDD JONES, MARY HILLIARD, MARINA GARNIER, RON GALELLA, LTD

ANNE KLEIN II
AT YOUR SERVICE℠
CALL 1-800-451-6900 FOR YOUR FALL FASHION FORECAST

ANNE KLEIN II

PETITES ALSO AVAILABLE

© 1989 ANNE KLEIN II

TALKING FASHION

The paparazzi have long been considered the foot soldiers of photography. BEAUREGARD HOUSTON-MONTGOMERY gets the full picture

NEITHER RAIN NOR SLEET NOR SEAN PENN'S FLYING fists keep them from their appointed party rounds. Reviled by the reclusive, they will stop at nothing to capture the smiles of the rich and infamous. The successors to Weegee, they are a diverse band of individuals, whose personalized approaches allow them access to privileged (if curiously provincial) turf. The unofficial paparazzi leader (by sheer bulk) is Ron Galella. Referred to by his staff as Big Daddy, Galella is a diligent perfectionist who prowls the globe, lugging an arsenal of equipment. Even though he was banned by the court in 1982 from photographing a certain Mrs. O and her two children, Galella asserts that he's often invited on junkets by his current favorites, the un-camera-shy super-rich. Like him or not, they pander to his professionalism. Legend has it that even his nemesis Jackie never fails to dazzle Galella with her pearly choppers.

Ron "Big Daddy" Galella flashes his own celebrity smile.

Patrick McMullan

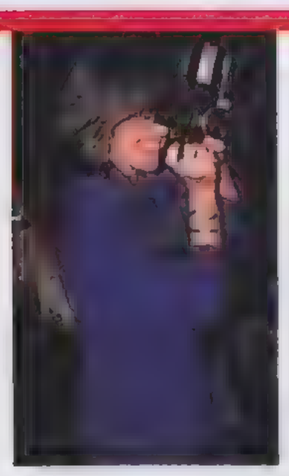
Patrick McMullan, armed with a one-shot pocket camera and his disarming son Liam, whose first word was "cheese"

PATRICK MCMULLAN bristles at the word "paparazzi." Otherwise unflappable, he thinks of himself as "one of the gang." Finding it harder to fend off people than snap them, he nonetheless asks permission, always assuring himself a place at dinner. "I socialize. I don't stand outside." In fact, during any photo opportunity, one usually finds him at the opposite end of the room. A celebrity in his own right, McMullan promotes the demimonde and himself with a passion. "I take pictures of whomever I find glamorous. They don't have to be celebs. I look for the interesting."

Miss April, John Sex, Alexis DeLago, and Wendy Wild express concern over a distinct lack of ozone.

Snooky and Tish tantalize the lens with faux fronts and genuine moxie.

The many faces of Susanne Bartsch



Mary Hilliard

IMPECCABLY WELL-MANNERED, MARY HILLIARD IS BELOVED ON THE PARK AVENUE CIRCUIT FROM charity balls to lunch at Le Cirque. ''I don't stick out like a sore thumb. I'm not one of the paparazzi. I never go anywhere unless invited.'' Deliberately unaggressive, she simply waits to capture the right moment. ''I try to make people look good. I've known many in my past lives.'' Hilliard's well-bred eye pays the perfect compliment to some swells who would otherwise never come close to having class.

Mary Mary never contrary Hilliard

Reinaldo Herrera and Mark Hampton put on a show of support for Nell Campbell.

The four faces of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Marylou Whitney

Roxanne Lowit

Alice Springs eternal as Andrée Putman puts on a happy face.

Roxanne Lowit is the perfect little lady, just don't get in her way!

''SOMETIMES I FEEL A certain power,'' says Roxanne Lowit, whose delicate physique belies nerves of steel. Professing a belief in ''the magic of the moment,'' Lowit is legendary for placing herself wherever that moment might occur. If it doesn't, she's been known to incite a few. At fashion collections, she goes backstage and even onstage, unchallenged; at openings she's been known to march boldly and inevitably to the front of the pack. ''Public people are always on. I like to catch them off.'' **TALKING . . . ▶276**

Photographers' portraits by RON GALELLA, LTD

TALKING FASHION

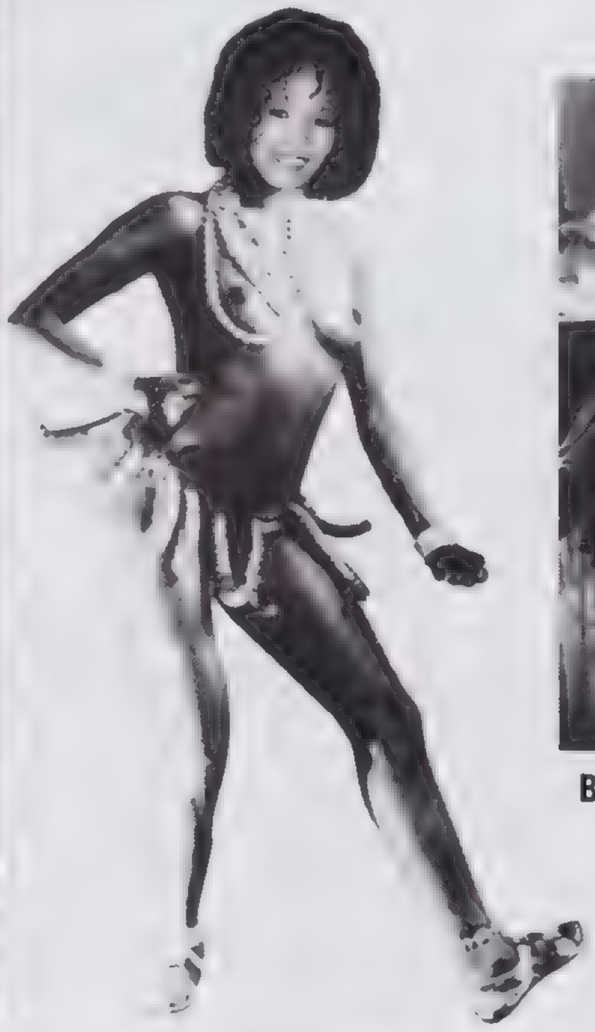
A film bio of Josephine Baker is in the works—and VOGUE has a few casting suggestions

EVER SINCE DIRECTOR HUGH Hudson announced plans to film a biography of Josephine Baker, many bona fide stars have made it known that they are available to play the first black superstar. Baker, who set *tout Paris* talking with her dancing and outrageous costumes in the 1925 *La Revue Nègre,* lived a roller-coaster expatriate life, perfect for a starring role. While some leading ladies made only halfhearted efforts to land the job—Cher bowed out because she thought Josephine's costumes were not revealing enough and Nell Carter has claimed she is too short to play Baker—others have gone wild. Why else would Diana Ross appear on *The Barbara Walters Special* the night of the Academy Awards even though she had no film projects in the works? Why else would the mysterious Bryant Gumbel/Willard Scott memo get "leaked" moments after Gumbel learned of the film? —**JIM MULLEN**

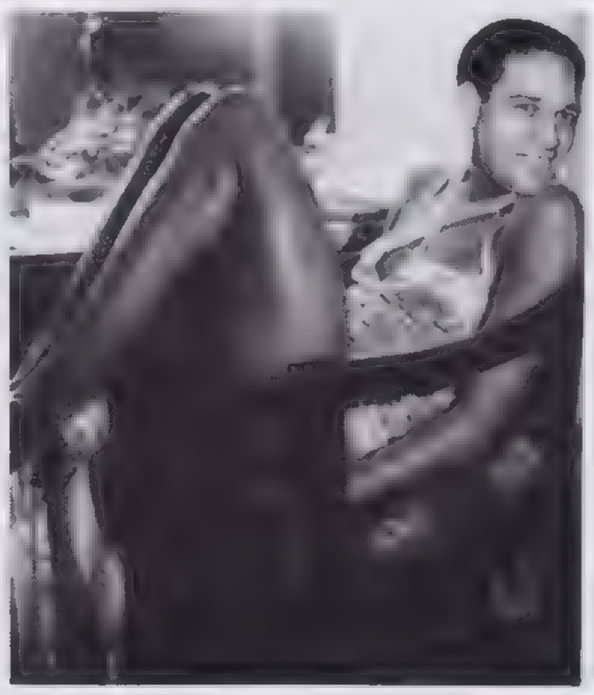
Naomi Campbell has the look, but will a runway model run away with the part?

TALKING... ▶ 278

Meryl Streep in what may prove to be the most challenging role of her career



Can the sophisticated Whitney Houston give Josephine Baker the common touch that Paris loved?



Bryant Gumbel? One problem: he's never done a show all by himself—yet.

Diana Ross said she'd do it—if it's filmed during a rainstorm in Central Park.

Top right: head, MICHAEL ROBERTS; body, Collection Viollet. *Bottom row from left to right:* heads, BRIAN ARIS/Outline; ADAM SCULL/Globe Photos; Ron Galella, Ltd.; Globe Photos Bodies, *left to right,* GEORGE HOYNINGEN-HUENE/HORST P. HORST; Collection Viollet; Collection Viollet; Collection Viollet

Arrive in Grand Style.

For gift delivery anywhere call 1-800-CHEER-UP (except where prohibited by law).

Product of France. Made with fine cognac brandy 80 proof. ©1986 Carillon Importers, Ltd., Teaneck, N.J.

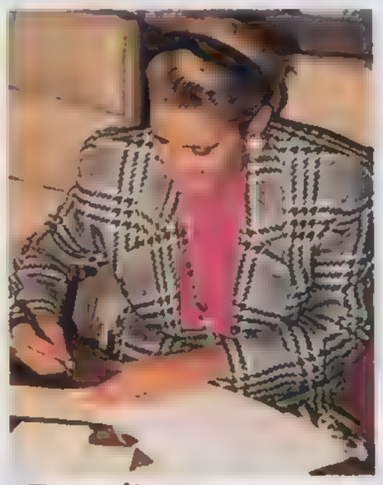
TALKING PARTIES

Getting away to it all

Keeping every hair in place takes a psychic toll, and no one knows it better than Ivana Trump. For one weekend every year, Ivana hosts a women-only spa weekend at her seventeen-acre home, Mar-A-Lago, to give ladies the R and R they deserve. For three days, a rigorous schedule of aerobics, tennis lessons, and manicures is enforced. Champagne lunches break up the day. Among those present this year were longtime Czech friends Olga Neulist and skater Aja Steindler, Washington wives, and a Texas contingent. TALKING . . . ▶ 280

Friday

The Trump Princess



Traveling secretary Lisa Calandra

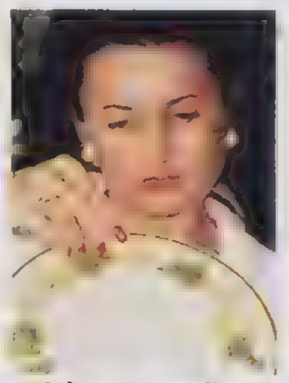
Georgette Mosbacher

Barbara Walters; Ivana Trump

Iris Love; Anne Bass

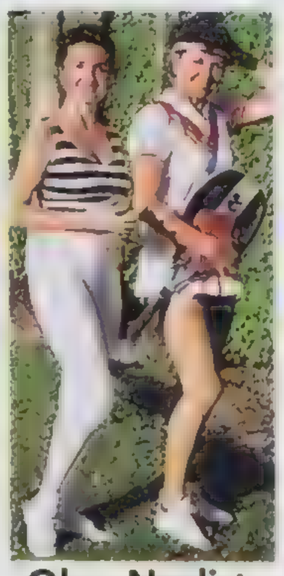
Nina Griscom

Saturday



Olga Neulist

The morning floor show



Olga Neulist; Aja Steindler

Dinner at eight for sixteen: pasta primavera and salad

"You make me want to SHOUT, put my hands up and . . ."

Sunday

Ivana: well vested

On guard against bad tidings

Barbara Walters

Neighbor Jane Dudley

Dinghy transport

Sunday lunch was held aboard the 282-foot *Trump Princess.*

Georgette Mosbacher

Left to right: Ivana Trump; Barbara Walters; Iris Love

IRIS LOVE

CARRI

the slimmest slim!

Only 9 mg tar

LIGHTS 100's

Menthol 100's: 9 mg "tar" 0.7 mg nicotine
Filter 100's: 9 mg "tar" 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

© 1989 B&W T Co.

TALKING PARTIES

Plenty of Gaul

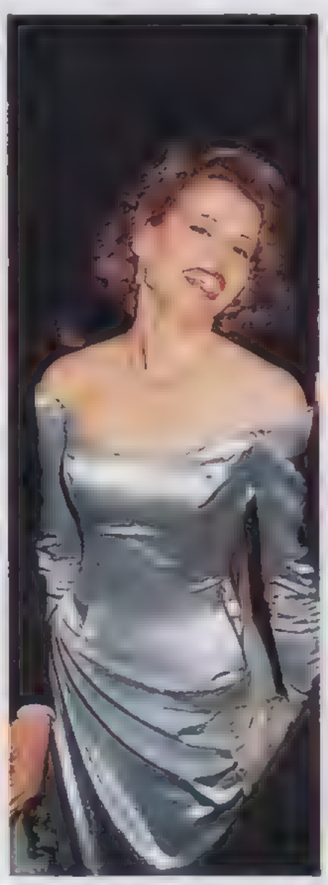
The Colbert Foundation, a group of seventy French companies, held an NYC benefit to foster Franco-American cultural exchange. American brand names—Lauders and Bloomingdales—mixed well with Laliques and Hermèses, thanks to the French champagne and chefs imported for the evening.

Left to right: Evelyn and Leonard Lauder; Betsy Bloomingdale; Marie-Claude Lalique; Rena Dumas-Hermès

The Great Impostors

Designer Franco Moschino took his practical jokes off the runway and into the street at a party to celebrate the opening of his Milan boutique. Among the impostors were Idi Amin and the queen of England, protected by a legion of centurions.

Atypically coordinated: Mr. and Mrs. John Cleese



Geena Davis

Cybill Shepherd

Hollywood's Night

With barricades, police, and wailing fans outside, Swifty Lazar's Oscar party at Spago upstaged the ceremony itself. Hair was the mane event for men—slicked back à la Tom Selleck or crew cut like Tom Cruise. Women returned to puffery—bustles, poufs, and promlike dresses proliferated.

Pocketing the Loyalties

There was nothing bookish about the crowd at Simon and Schuster's party for Carl Bernstein's *Loyalties*, at NYC's Rainbow Room. Bernstein's socialite friends came to offer their support. Fellow writers and publishers—caught, for once, without a drink or a cigarette—show the utility of this season's deep-pocketed suits. TALKING . . . ▶ 286

Arthur Schlesinger

Peter Maas

Norman Mailer

Morgan Entrekin

Stuart Applebaum; Carl Bernstein

Top right, MARY HILLIARD; *top left,* STEFANO MANDINI; *center,* ALAN BERLINER/Visages; *bottom,* ROXANNE LOWIT

SALON SELECTIVES
FROM HELENE CURTIS

LIKE YOU JUST STEPPED OUT OF A SALON

"I CAN GO BEYOND THE LIMITS OF CLEAN."

C INTRODUCING SALON SELECTIVES CLARIFYING CLEANSING TREATMENT.

Residue build-up. You get it from styling aids, regular shampoos and conditioners. Everyday washing won't remove it. Clarifying will.

Developed in the salons of Helene Curtis, only Salon Selectives Clarifying Cleansing Treatment has salon formula Type C. To gently lift and eliminate build-up. Leaving hair in its natural balanced state. Make it a once-a-week ritual. And go beyond beautiful. All the way to salon beautiful.

D L H Also try new Salon Selectives Deep Moisturizing, Leave-In Conditioning and Hot Oil Treatments.

Feel salon beautiful every day.

© 1989 Helene Curtis, Inc

IN THIS ISSUE

Details, prices, more stores, more . . . on this month's looks

Page 4 (cover): For information, see page 193. **59:** 1) Dress, $149. Available at Benetton stores. Danskin pants. Umbrella by Mespo Umbrellas. Shoes, Prada. Prada, NYC. 3) Wool and viscose dress, $400. Available at Barneys New York; Neiman Marcus, Beverly Hills; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia. 4) Linen sundress, $380. Macy's, Washington DC. La Perla silk panties, $40. Victoria's Secret stores. Ralph Lauren Footwear. Ladies Taylor Cruise, Destin FL. 5) Pajama top, $315, and pants, $295. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Shoes, Calvin Klein Collections Footwear. Available at Bergdorf Goodman. **60:** 2) Sarong, $240; cotton jacket, $390. Available at Bergdorf Goodman. 3) Cotton and Lycra jeans, $240; vest, $200. Saks Fifth Avenue; Scarboro Fair, Glencoe IL. **61:** 4) Left: Jacket, $800; silk tank, $310; pants, $470. Bergdorf Goodman; The Gazebo, Dallas. Right: Jacket, $800; silk tank, $310; shorts, $390. Available at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia. **62:** Michael Kors top, $300, and pants, $440. Bergdorf Goodman. **72:** Inset below left: Agnès B. Homme cotton shirt, $96. Agnès B., NYC, Los Angeles. Hat, American Rag. American Rag Cie, San Francisco. **80:** Comme des Garçons Noir by Rei Kawakubo silk chiffon georgette shirt, $410. Silk organdy and chiffon georgette shorts, $800. Available at Comme des Garçons, SoHo NYC, San Francisco. 2) Silk organza dress. Available at Alaïa, New York. 3) Giorgio di Sant'Angelo silk and nylon dress, $530. Available at Jimmy's, Brooklyn NY; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour FL. 4) Azzedine Alaïa silk organza dress, $1,340. Alaïa, New York. 5) Top portion of dress, cotton and Lycra; skirt portion, silk chiffon. Dress, $800. Available at Bagutta, NYC; La Boutique Francaise, Washington DC. Shoes, Calvin Klein Collections Footwear. **86:** 1) JH Collectibles blazer. Scarf, $162. Available at Barneys New York. Hat, $280. Anne Moore Boutique, NYC. 2) Mary Jane Marcasiano cotton sweater, $250. Available at Gabby, Cedarhurst NY. Hat, $150. Henri Bendel. Earrings by Brett Lewis Couture Jewelry, $80. Tucan, Trump Tower NYC. Scarf, $30. 3) Complice top. 5) Top to bottom: Glasses from Jean Paul Gaultier by Optical Affairs, $205. Available at Outer Vision, NYC; Optical Shop of Aspen, Newport CA. Alain Mikli glasses, $220. Available at Alain Mikli Boutique, NYC; City Optix, San Francisco. Christian Dior sunglasses, $200. Macy's Northeast. Glasses by Cutler & Gross, London at the Aubrey Co. D.F. Sanders, NYC. Handbag, $300. Fendi, Short Hills NJ. Hat, $70.

197

New Soft Sense Moisturizing Shave Gel

WITH VITAMIN E

You've never shaved so soft.

Only a Soft Sense® shave gives you seven rich moisturizers including Vitamin E. Every time you shave.

MANUFACTURER COUPON | EXPIRES DEC. 31, 1989

Save 50¢

on New Soft Sense Moisturizing Shave Gel with Vitamin E

CONSUMER: Limit one coupon per purchase. Coupons cannot be combined. Good only in U.S.A. on purchase of brand/size(s) indicated. Void where regulated or if altered, reproduced or transferred.

RETAILER: Cash Value: 1/20¢. Reimbursement: Face value of this coupon plus 8¢ if submitted in compliance with S.C. Johnson and Son, Inc.'s Coupon Policy dated 10/1/87. Mail to: S.C. Johnson & Son, Inc., CMS Dept., 46500 1 Fawcett Drive, Del Rio, TX 78840. Coupon policy available from same address. © 1989 S.C. Johnson & Son, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

8823

5 46500 54750 3

© 1989 S.C. Johnson & Son, Inc. All Rights Reserved

IN THIS ISSUE

Henri Bendel; Exit Shops, Miami. **91:** Azzedine Alaïa rayon, polyester, and spandex bodysuit, $660. Available at Alaïa, New York; Gallay, West Hollywood CA; Alaïa Chez Gallay, Beverly Hills. Earrings by Monet. **104:** Bathing suit by Norma Kamali. **122:** Left, top to bottom: Sunglasses by I.D.C. for Michel Lubiere, $40. Available at Charivari, NYC; Aerial, San Francisco. Leather gloves by Saranac Glove Co., $40. Herman's. Top, far left: Watch, $35. Bloomingdale's. Pouch available at the Super Runners Shop, NYC. Bottom, far left: Bag by Hammacher Schlemmer, $50. Available at Hammacher Schlemmer, NYC, Beverly Hills. Goggles by I.D.C. for Michel Lubiere, $40. Available at Charivari, NYC; Aerial, San Francisco. Watch, $35. Available at Bloomingdale's. **182-183:** 2) Painting framed by Yesteryear, Los Angeles; bedspread by Millie Greenberg Designs, Los Angeles; bed from Julian Graham-White Ltd., NYC. 3) Sconces, Venetian bookcase, and chair from Julian Graham-White Ltd., NYC; upholstery on chair by Abbot's Upholstery Co., Los Angeles; fabric on chair by Thai Silk from Ross Lawrence Silver, Los Angeles. 4) Mirror, table, and chair from Julian Graham-White Ltd., NYC; trompe l'oeil around mirror by Jeffrey Goodman Designs, Los Angeles; chair upholstered in Jab from Stroheim & Romann, NYC; trim on chairs from Houles, NYC. 5) Mantel urns converted to lamps by Carl's Custom Lamps & Shades, Los Angeles; walls upholstered by Flemming-Hegner, NYC; damask wall fabric from Stroheim & Romann, NYC. **184:** 1) Specialty antiques all found at Julian Graham-White Ltd., NYC.

White heat

188-189: Polyester and jersey swimsuit. **190:** Antron and Lycra swimsuit. **191:** Fabric at Lafitte, NYC. **192:** Nylon and spandex swimsuit. **194:** Antron and Lycra swimsuit. **195:** Polyester organza shirt. Cotton and Lycra bottom. **196:** Cotton and Lycra swimsuit also at Cameo/Waterwear, Hackensack NJ, Philadelphia; The Beach House of Naples, Naples FL; Dayton; Just Add Water, Dallas; Bullock's.

Water colors

199: Necklace and bracelets at Patricia Field, NYC; Sophy Curson, Philadelphia; Kate Clarke Collectibles, Louisville KY; Cattlebone, Pasadena CA. **201:** Nylon scarf. **208:** Nylon and spandex suit also at Dianni Aquawear, Bal Harbour FL. **210:** Silk and nylon top also at Martha, Bal Harbour FL. Rings, Kazuko Mitsushima. Artwear, NYC. **211:** Ring worn around neck, Kazuko Mitsushima. Artwear, NYC.

Mucho más: Miami moderne

213: Man's shirt, $180. Charivari, NYC; Springer's, Southampton and East Hampton NY; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; Fred Segal, Melrose CA. **214-215:** Azzedine Alaïa dress. For stores, see info. page 228. **216:** Bikini at Bloomingdale's. Sunglasses at Saks Fifth Avenue; Jordan Marsh, Boston. Earrings from Fifty/50, NYC. **217:** Nylon and polyester with cotton robe at Bergdorf Goodman; Lynnens, Greenwich CT; Night Gallery, Chapel Hill and Durham NC; McClures, Nashville TN; Lisa Norman Lingerie, Santa Monica and West Hollywood CA; Nancy Meyer, Seattle. **218:** Dress at Agnès B., NYC, Los Angeles. Scarf, John Jacobus. Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore. Man's shirt, Calvin Klein Men's Underwear. Pants, Levi Strauss & Co. **219:** Pajamas at Peress of Madison Avenue, NYC; Goods Lingerie, Boston; E. Martini, Charlotte NC; Enchante, Chicago. Hat at Betsy's, NYC. **220:** Nylon and spandex swimsuit. Polo/Ralph Lauren, Manhasset NY, Boston, Washington DC, Minneapolis, Denver, South Coast Plaza and San Francisco CA. **223:** Antron and Lycra bodysuit at Bergdorf Goodman; Night Gallery, Chapel Hill and Durham NC; McClures, Nashville TN; Lisa Norman Lingerie, Santa Monica and West Hollywood CA; Nancy Meyer, Seattle. Cotton cardigan at Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman Marcus; Frost Bros. Mules at Maud Frizon, NYC. **224:** Shirt at Bonwit Teller; Drysdales, Tulsa; Frost Bros.; The Bon Marché, Seattle. Cotton skirt at Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman Marcus. Men's clothes: shirts, Fruit of the Loom; pants, Levi Strauss & Co. **225:** Silk and nylon swimsuit at Saks Fifth Avenue; Caron Cherry, Coconut Grove FL; Gallay, West Hollywood CA. Robe at Descamps, NYC. Yves Saint Laurent Footwear. Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. **226:** Dress at Alaïa, New York; Alaïa Chez Gallay, Beverly Hills; Gallay, West Hollywood CA. **227:** Cotton terry towel. Hermès Boutiques, NYC, Boston, Palm Beach FL, Chicago, Dallas, Houston, San Francisco, Beverly Hills. **228:** Rayon, polyamide, and elastic dress. Alaïa, New York; Emphatics, Pittsburgh; Romanoff Boutique, Bal Harbour FL; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; Alaïa Chez Gallay, Beverly Hills; Gallay, West Hollywood CA. Jeans, Levi Strauss & Co. **229:** Dress to order at Alaïa, New

York; Alaïa Chez Gallay, Beverly Hills; Gallay, West Hollywood CA. Man's cotton shirt, three for $6. Dave's Army & Navy, NYC. Yves Saint Laurent Footwear. Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. **231:** Sweater and shirt at Agnès B., NYC, Los Angeles. Cotton raincoat at select Benetton stores. **238:** Top left: Melinda Sue Gordon; bottom left: Kobal Collection; bottom center: Kobal Collection; bottom right: The Bettmann Archive. **239:** Top left: Kobal Collection; left, second from top: Petrified Films, Inc.; left, third from top: George Lange; center, top left: Kobal Collection; center, bottom left: Kobal Collection; top right: The Granger Collection; center right: Elliott Erwitt/Magnum; bottom left: Chadwick Hall; bottom center: George Lange; bottom right: Timothy White/Onyx.

Second skin

252: Shorts at Frederick & Nelson, Seattle. **253:** Swimsuit at Frederick & Nelson, Seattle. **254:** Tights fabric by Darlington. Also at Roy's Sheepshead Cycle, Brooklyn NY; Cycle Scene, Highland Park IL; Maplewood Bicycle, Maplewood MI; Wheels in Motion, Arlington TX; Wheel & Sprocket, Glendale WI.

Neutral territory

256: Bracelet, Giorgio di Sant'Angelo. **257:** Silk and nylon shirt. Sarong also at Brittons, Columbia SC; Roz & Sherm, Birmingham MI; Polly Adams, Laredo TX; Miki, Mill Valley CA. Bracelet, Giorgio di Sant'Angelo. Shoes by Philippe Model for Barneys New York. **259:** Top, $4,160. Also at Krizia, Bal Harbour FL, Chicago, Houston, Dallas. Earrings, Roxanne Assoulin. Twigs, Birmingham MI. Bracelets, Gisela von Eicken. Glitz Blitz, NYC; Susanne's, Amarillo TX; Fraser & Knowles, San Francisco. **260:** Dress also at The Twenty-Four Collection, Boca Raton FL; Lilly Dodson, Dallas and Richardson TX; Tootsies, Houston; Eleanor Keeshan, Los Angeles. Necklace, Antiquarium Fine Ancient Art Gallery Ltd., NYC. Calvin Klein Collections Footwear. Bergdorf Goodman; Calvin Klein Store, Dallas. **261:** Polyester jersey swimsuit. **264:** Left, top to bottom: Shell/Ron Galella Ltd.; Walter McBride/Retna; Barry

King/Gamma-Liaison; Jim Smeal/Ron Galella, Ltd.; Ellen Forbes Burnie, hair and makeup by Sandra Bocas for the Benjamin Salon; Ellen Forbes Burnie, hair and makeup by Sandra Bocas for the Benjamin Salon. Right, clockwise from top: Nick Elgar/London Features International; Ellen Forbes Burnie, hair and makeup by Sandra Bocas for the Benjamin Salon; Ellen Forbes Burnie, hair and makeup by Sandra Bocas for the Benjamin Salon; Trel Brock, hair and makeup by Sandra Bocas for the Benjamin Salon; Barbara Walz/Outline; Ellen Forbes Burnie, hair and makeup by Sandra Bocas for the Benjamin Salon. **265:** Left, top to bottom: Wayne Maser, hair and makeup by Leonardo De Vega; Anthony Savignano/Ron Galella, Ltd. Right: Trel Brock, hair and makeup by Sandra Bocas for the Benjamin Salon; Arthur Elgort; Ruedi Hofmann, hair and makeup by Dawn Jacobson for Bumble + Bumble; Patrick McMullan. **266:** Top row, left to right: Bill Nation/Sygma; Patrick Demarchelier, hair by Serena Raedelli, makeup by Francesca Tolot; Roxanne Lowit. Second row: Ron Galella, Ltd.; Paul Cox/London Features International; Goedefroit/London Features International. Bottom row: John Bryson/Sygma; P. Carrette/Outline Press. **267:** Top row, left to right: Arthur Elgort; Kevin Mazur/London Features International; Charles Ford. Second row: Roxanne Lowit; Patrick McMullan; Kate Garner, hair and makeup by Kraige Fairbarn. Bottom row: Arthur Elgort; Roxanne Lowit; Brigitte Lacombe. **268:** Clockwise from top left: Arthur Elgort; Marina Garnier; Roxanne Lowit; Ellen Forbes Burnie, hair and makeup by Sandra Bocas for the Benjamin Salon; Roxanne Lowit; Janusz Kawa; Roxanne Lowit; Randy Bauer/Ron Galella, Ltd. **269:** From top: Alastair Thain, hair and makeup by Sarah Gregory; Andrew MacPherson, makeup by Miranda Joyce; David Bailey, hair by Sally Francomb, makeup by Frances Hathoway. **276:** Upper right: photograph of head by Michael Roberts, photograph of body by Collection Viollet. Bottom row heads, left to right: by Brian Aris/Outline; Adam Scull/Globe Photos; Ron Galella, Ltd., Globe Photos. Bodies, left to right: by Collection Viollet, Lipnitzki-Viollet; George Hoyningen-Huene/Horst P. Horst. ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE.

Correction: An art radio belonging to Madonna was misattributed in a caption on page 346 of the May issue. It is the work of Gerrie Shapiro, who is represented by the Tops Gallery in Malibu, CA.

VOGUE PATTERNS

Back views, yardage, details, page 191.

Page 191. Short coat: Isaac Mizrahi for Vogue Pattern #2279. Sizes 6-22. Size 10: 3 7/8 yards 50" fabric. $12.50. Canada, $16.50. Fabric: silk slipper satin from Clerici Tessuto at Lafitte, NYC.

2279

VOGUE IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF ADVANCE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS INC., PUBLISHED THROUGH ITS DIVISION, THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC. COPYRIGHT © 1989 BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

Vogue ISSN 0042-8000 is published monthly by The Condé Nast Publications Inc., 9100 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, CA 90212. PRINCIPAL OFFICE: 350 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10017. Bernard H. Leser, President; Eric C. Anderson, Treasurer; Pamela M. van Zandt, Secretary. Second-Class postage paid at Beverly Hills, CA, and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as Second Class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. Magazine Registration File No. 9013. Subscriptions in U.S. and possessions, $28 for one year; $54 for two years. In Canada, $47 for one year, $92 for two years. Elsewhere, $50 for one year, payable in advance. Single copies in U.S., $3; in Canada, $3.50. For subscriptions, address changes, and adjustments, write to VOGUE, Box 55980, Boulder, CO 80322. Eight weeks are required for change of address. Please give both new and old address as printed on last label. First copy of new subscription will be mailed within eight weeks after receipt of order. VOL. 179, NO. 6, WHOLE NO. 3287. Manuscripts, drawings, and other material submitted must be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. However, Vogue cannot be responsible for unsolicited material. **Postmaster: Send Form 3579 to VOGUE, Box 55980, Boulder CO 80322. SUBSCRIPTION INQUIRIES: Please write to VOGUE, Box 55980, Boulder, CO 80322 or call (800) 234-2347.** Address all editorial, business, and production correspondence to Vogue Magazine, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10017.

TALKING FASHION

For some overbooked social whirlers, sending a stand-in is the next best thing to being there. BILLY NORWICH spots a trend

Back-to-school daze: Desmond Gorges (filling in for collector Asher Edelman) at the ballet ball with old chum Pat Buckley. Drawing by Billy Norwich

IF I HAD DOMESTIC STAFF, I WOULD BE INCLINED TO view them as facsimiles of myself whom I could fax out around town. People do fax members of their staff as themselves these days, or so it appears.

Not long ago I went to a charity ball at the United Nations and sat between Missouri oil heiress Carolyn Skelly and a member of Mrs. John Hay Whitney's domestic staff. Well, the women couldn't have been nicer, and since Mrs. Whitney, sister of the late Babe Paley, is of a certain age, why shouldn't she send whomever she likes? She's paid her ballroom dues.

Faxing staff is beginning to be the rage in the rock and Hollywood worlds too. Linda Stein, the Chanel-suited real estate powerhouse (she used to manage punkdom's Ramones; her ex-husband, Seymour Stein, founded Sire Records, the label on which Madonna records), used to send her housekeeper, Carmelita Sargeant, "everywhere" for her. "She'd go to Chanel for buttons, to City Hall, and to rock concerts like Elton John's," recalls Stein. "Once in London I arrived backstage at the Royal Enclosure at Wembley Stadium for an Elton John concert, and Elton's business partner, John Reid, my best friend, said, 'Oh, Linda, come see who is here.' So I took a look, and there was Carmelita. She can mix with Royals. She's so chic!"

Some quirks need to be worked out, I guess, before the faxing of oneself becomes any more widespread. An outrage befell a pay-to-attend party recently when a certain Gilded Set tycoon and tycooness sent her hairdresser, with his beau, in lieu of their swell selves. Guests who paid $750 each to dine along with the celebrated nouveau duo were, to say the least, infuriated. No one telephoned ahead, you see, so the place cards hadn't been changed. The number of men to women was out of kilter, and, *quel scandale*, two men had to sit next to each other!

More faxing: tycoon/art collector Asher Edelman gave his suave butler, Desmond Gorges (pronounced GOR-geous), his $1,000 ticket to a ballet ball. Gorges, who now co-owns a posh catering service called Manhattan Party Planners, Inc., with Bob Guccione's majordomo, Vincent Minuto, recalls that he was seated at a dinner table next to Mrs. William F. Buckley.

"Do I know you?" she purred.

"Yes, Pat, it's Desmond," answered he.

"Oh, my God, Desmond, what are you doing in New York?"

Gorges and Mrs. Buckley were together at school in Vancouver during World War II. "We yakked away like old times at that benefit," recalls Gorges, adding, "You know, even when she was a girl, Pat always wore grown-up clothes. She had a fox fur coat and a long gold chain down to her navel with a set of false teeth hanging off it."

Gorges never did tell Mrs. Buckley what he was up to in Gotham. "Not exactly," he says. "After all, it was my night off." ▼

The first shiny, oily, glistening, tropical SPF 15.

It feels like an oil.
It protects like a lotion.
Now you can have it all.
New Tropical Blend® SPF 15 Tanning Oil.

Also in New SPF 8.

©1989, Plough, Inc.

© 1989 Del Laboratories, Inc.

The Hottest New Idea in Waxing is Cold.

If you want the results of a professional waxing, you have two choices: spend a fortune for a salon hot wax or fuss over a hot stove at home. Right? Wrong.

Now there's Natural Cold Wax from Sally Hansen, a unique depilatory that gives you the same long-lasting results, quickly and easily, without the mess or expense. Natural Cold Wax spreads on right from the tube and slows the appearance of regrowth for up to 8 weeks.

So for salon results in the comfort of your home, nothing beats Natural Cold Wax.

Sally Hansen®
BEAUTY BEGINS WITH CARE

For all your needs, try these other Sally Hansen specialty products.